Encounter

February 1982 £1.30

Leszek Kolakowski

What is Living (& what is dead) in the Social-Democratic Idea?

with an analysis of

The End of the Scandinavian "Middle Way"

DAVID GRESS

and a note on

Socialism all'Italiana

INDRO MONTANELLI

Julian Lewis

Churchill & the "Anthrax Bomb"

Exposing a BBC Myth

E. Noelle-Neumann

Are the Germans Still Steadfast?

Clive Sinclair

A Short Story

New Light on Intellectual History

Hume & Madison

an essay by

Theodore Draper

Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

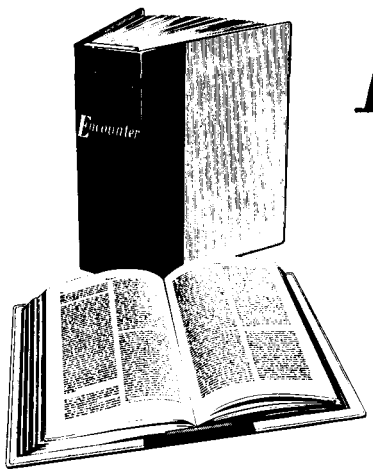
Spectator

Ferdinand Mount **Auberon Waugh**
John McEwen **Peter Ackroyd**
Richard Ingrams **Richard West**

Every week

Newsstands Thursdays 50p or by subscription

56 Doughty Street, London WC1N 2LL



Encounter BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds six copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in maroon and grey cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder costs £4.00 or $9.60, including the costs of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

ORDER BY COUPON OR SIMILAR LETTER

To **ENCOUNTER (Binder), 59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2**
Please send ..... ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s). I enclose cheque/P.O. for ..... (£4.00 or $9.60 per binder)
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

FEBRUARY 1982
VOL. LVIII No. 2
ISSN 0013-7073

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER: *Anthony Robinson*

MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley*
ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing*
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall*

ADVISORY BOARD *Maurice Cranston, D. J. Enright, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, Edward Shils, John Weightman*

PUBLISHING ADVISERS *Lord Ardwick, Blouke Carus, Leon Levy, Lord Cudlipp, Cecil Harmsworth King, Jack Watmough*

Per copy: UK £1.30: USA & Canada $3.25. Back numbers £2.00 ($5.00). Postage/packing: 40p ($1.00). Annual subscriptions: UK £15.75: USA & Canada $36.50 surface, $46.00 by air: Elsewhere £17.00. Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194). US Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York 10022. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1982 by Encounter Ltd. Binder for six copies £4.00 ($9.60). Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp or International Reply Coupons).*

GENESIS *(story)* 3 *Clive Sinclair*

WHAT IS LIVING (& WHAT IS DEAD) IN THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC IDEA? 11 *Leszek Kolakowski*

CHURCHILL & THE "ANTHRAX BOMB" 18 *Julian Lewis*

COLUMN 29 *M*

MEN & IDEAS

HUME & MADISON 34 *Theodore Draper*

POEMS

John Gohorry 10, *Derek Mahon* 17, *Geoffrey Grigson* 28, *John Fuller* 32, *George MacBeth* 33, *Peter Porter* 48, *David Rokeah* 81, *Tim Cunningham* 92

NOTES & TOPICS

EUROPEAN DIARY 49 *François Bondy*

ORTEGA Y GASSET 51 *David Mata*

LONDON COMMENTARY 53 *Edward Pearce*

ARON ON ARON 56 *François Fejtö*

THE ITALIAN DISEASE 58 *Indro Montanelli*

BOOKS & WRITERS

ANGLO-INDIAN FICTION 61 *Maria Couto*

JOURNEYS IN THE USA 66 *Anthony Bailey*

ANTHONY EDEN 70 *Max Beloff*

EAST & WEST

ARE THE GERMANS COLLAPSING? 76 *Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann*

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

SCANDINAVIA'S "MIDDLE WAY" 82 *David Gress*

BOXES

Poll (Daily Telegraph) 54, *Statism (Financial Times)* 85, *Vintage Words (Ferdinand Mount)* 95

LETTERS 93

AUTHORS 96

LIFE & LETTERS 97

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter in 1981

The following is a selection from the articles. stories and other contributions published in ENCOUNTER *during 1981. The price of these back numbers is £2.00 ($5.00) a copy, plus 40p ($1.00) for postage and packing. Please quote the month of issue when ordering.*

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI
The Devil in History: A Conversation
(January)

A. J. AYER et al.
Goronwy Rees: A Memoir
(January)

BENNY GREEN
On Mayhem, Pop & Disco
(January)

ALUN CHALFONT
Arguing about Peace
(January)

RICHARD LOWENTHAL
The "Missing Revolution" of Our Times
(February/March)

LORD HAILSHAM
Law, Ethics and Authority
(February/March)

PENELOPE LIVELY
A Short Story
(February/March)

JOHN GRIGG
Looking Back at 1943
(February/March)

ALEXANDER ZINOVIEV
The Radiant Future
(April)

D. J. ENRIGHT
American Lingo
(April)

JOHANNES GROSS
German Prosperity
(April)

ANTHONY SAMPSON
Defending the Brandt Report (with replies)
(April)

SAMUEL BRITTAN
The Wenceslas Myth
(May)

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI
A Conversation with George Urban
(May)

JULIUS GOULD
The Ideas of Edward Shils
(May)

RONALD HAYMAN
Looking for Kafka
(May)

DOUGLAS DUNN
A Short Story
(June)

LOUIS DE JONG
Was "Arnhem" Betrayed?
(June)

RICHARD MAYNE
The Binary Society
(June)

MELVIN J. LASKY
The SDP Split
(June)

NATHAN GLAZER
The Ethnic Factor
(July)

HELEN GARDNER
John Donne: A New Look
(July)

FRANÇOIS BONDY
On Sartre's Death
(July)

MICHAEL CHARLTON
How and Why Britain Lost the Leadership of Europe
(August, September, October)

WALTER REICH
Psychiatry's Second Coming
(August)

HUGH CUDLIPP
The "Military Coup" of 1968
(September)

WILLIAM TREVOR
A Short Story
(September)

GERALD HOLTON
Maps of Science
(September)

RAYMOND ARON
On Mitterrand
(September)

ALAN BROWNJOHN
Carpenter's Auden
(September)

PAUL HOLLANDER
Pilgrims on the Run
(October, November)

TED WALKER
A Short Story
(October)

ANTONY FLEW
Positivism & After
(October)

JAMES NEILSON
The Timerman Case
(November)

SHIRLEY LETWIN
The Idea of an English Gentleman
(November)

AVERELL HARRIMAN & GEORGE URBAN
Was Stalin Really a "Great Man"?
(November)

PETER CALVOCORESSI
Byzantium to Eton
(December)

RICHARD COBB
Robespierre & Thermidor
(December)

LEOPOLD LABEDZ
The Spectre of Yalta
(December)

"K-62"
Inside a Censor's Mind
(December)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clive Sinclair

Genesis

HOW LOS ANGELES has changed since my last visit! Then the giant sloth and the mastodon roamed the length of Wilshire Boulevard, the great condor nested in skyscraper cliffs, and I sported with a hairy woman. Her desires were those of an ignorant animal, too carnivorous for your fastidious narrator. Still we rolled upon the slimy grass beside black pools of oil and tar, gross symbols of her cycloptic sexual organs. She was growing dangerously impatient with my pussyfooting when our liasion was permanently fractured by the interruption of a sabre-toothed tiger. My immediate response was to tear it apart with my bare hands, but then I remembered the rules; no trespassing into the jurisdiction of the Angel of Death. So I shed my ballast and floated to freedom, while my unfortunate mate sank slowly into the sticky tar-pit as the tiger roared its disapproval. What did she matter? She was only a character in a primitive drama. Now what do I find upon that sentimental spot? A museum. To be precise; the George C. Page Museum of the La Brea Discoveries. Imagine my surprise when, wandering curiously among the reconstructed remains of my former hosts, I see a glass tomb containing the skeleton of a woman. As I stare at those bones in their dark container, flesh suddenly begins to grow upon them and I am once again in the presence of my ancient seducer. Even after all this time her powerful body is unmistakable, as is her voracious face. See how her long black locks tumble over her breasts, teasingly parted to reveal her nipples. She sensed I was exceptional, and begged me to share my knowledge with her. But it was forbidden. Now, nine thousand years later, she has got me into trouble. My imagination has developed the ability to create, and I quake for my hubris. Lucifer was shot down in flames for less. Then the vision disappears, and I am left staring into the sockets of a skull. A label beside the exhibit calmly informs me that I have experienced the magic of a three-dimensional hologram. Poor La Brea! What a way to spend eternity; to be recreated every couple of minutes as a lifeless golem! What a demonstration, also, of the limitations of human ingenuity. Forever the ape of God.

I have flown out of the shadows into the substance of your world. Where I dwell we are free from the contagion of language, our feelings float through the empyrean like balloons in a comic book. We lack appetites. We spin the Garden of Eden out of dreams, while you have transformed it into Safeways. In supermarkets the frozen lamb lies with the shark, the naked daughters of Eve smile knowingly from the magazine racks, and the fruits of the earth are gathered together. Pomegranates, persimmons, pears, plums, melons, peaches, potatoes, tomatoes, avocados, mangoes, gooseberries, strawberries, grapes, grapefruit, artichokes, asparagus, oranges, apricots, nectarines, figs; not forgetting apples. Nor is the tree of knowledge unshaken. Beside the varied versions of Eve other newspapers peddle forbidden fruit; the birth of a monster in Arkansas, the truth about the crack-up of a certain star's third marriage, a famous mother's heartbreak over her drug-addicted son. Only yesterday the thrifty shoppers of America were informed by the *Globe* or the *Star* that a recent spate of flying saucers was piloted by angels on a mission from God. A dunderhead preacher from the Deep South gave the *Globe*'s correspondent scientific proof that the angels were the Messiah's advance guard. Meanwhile, the *Star* reported that a Wyoming woman and her ailing child had

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been kidnapped by the angelic crew of a flying saucer. Within the craft they were forced to witness the horrible vivisection of a calf, which had inexplicably meritorious results. The child, the despair of doctors, was restored to health. Only I am qualified to judge the accuracy of these rumours, for I did land upon earth in a flying saucer, as my friend—the writer—observed. Driving down Laurel Canyon one evening last October he saw a yellow light flash across the smoggy sky. Without excitement he announced to his wife, "I've just seen a UFO", and thought no more about it. His sighting was confirmed on the eleven o'clock news. Now he sits at his desk, overlooking the Pacific, inventing his fictions. Awaiting inspiration he watches a whale swim breathtakingly past. Let me tell you a secret; his inspiration is actually telepathic communication. From an angel; to wit, me.

YOU WILL BE CURIOUS about certain matters. Above all, you will want to know: does He exist? Certainly. In fact, He is your *sine qua non*. Be warned, your doubts are His despair; what *chutzpah* to question the existence of your creator! What is Heaven like? Like nothing on earth. Do angels have wings? No. We are not subject to the laws of gravity (we are equally exempt from the laws of space and time, not to mention fiction). Actually, gravity is one of God's stylistic flourishes; He invented it as a metaphor for the consequences of the original sin. A constant reminder of your condition. Just think! Adam and Eve eat an apple—Man falls. Years later Isaac Newton is snoozing beneath an apple tree. Suddenly he is awakened by the falling fruit, and twigs gravity. Hey presto—a scientific explanation for your earthbound state. Grounded by the gravity of the grave. As a result I walk around Los Angeles (where else?) with heavy steps, for my shoes are filled with lead. Without those weighty soles I would float back to Heaven like a bubble of helium. To find such shoes was not as easy as you might imagine, for the feet of angels are minute. Eventually I tracked down a pair on First Street in Little Tokyo. "Never stray far from the Oriental quarter if you want to find shoes that fit", advised the sales assistant.

Shod in Chinese slippers I shuffle from the Museum into a trio of demons sent to chastise me. They look like death, their transparent black flesh revealing all their muscles and bones. Yet they pass unnoticed among the crowd in Hancock Park attending the annual Festival of Masks. They are disguised as musicians, playing melancholy folk tunes upon antique instruments. Their disquieting thoughts reach me upon harmonious waves. Something for your information: the only difference between angels and devils is one of occupation; angels are the Almighty's sycophants, whereas devils are His secret service. Heaven is Utopia. Perfect because it is only theoretical; you know what your writers say, theories would be fine if only there weren't politicians to put them into practice. But Hell is material, sure enough; a place of exile, the exquisite conclusion of all your mass movements. In short, your political philosophies begin in Heaven and end in Hell. Among its tortured denizens are those who questioned the ethical foundations of Heaven; what right had it to tranquillity when its substantial counterpart, God's creation, was in agony? Several angels demanded that God do something about the suffering on earth, and were sent straight to Hell for their pains. My brother amongst them. Being one of God's favourites, I dared ask for clemency. WHY SUCH A SHEMOZZLE OVER A FEW EARTHLINGS? AFTER ALL, THEY ARE MERELY FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION. SUBSTANCE WITHOUT SPIRIT. Like creators everywhere, God felt that His critics misunderstood His intentions. He agreed that humanity's misfortunes were upsetting, but insisted that this was a deliberate effect of His art. PERHAPS MY TALENT FOR VERISIMILITUDE IS A LITTLE DISTURBING, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT WHAT YOU SEE IS NOT REAL. IT IS A FICTION. HEAVEN CAN BE DULL. THAT'S WHY I CREATED THE WORLD. TO PROVIDE MY SUBJECTS WITH AN INFINITE SOURCE OF ENTERTAINMENT. AND BELIEVE ME, WITHOUT TSURIS THERE WOULD BE NO STORIES. Then God offered me a deal. (Forgive the capitals, but I could hardly use an image like the burning bush; these days no one—except the *Globe*—would believe it.) Anyway—the deal. Freedom for my brother if I could spend a year on earth without becoming involved in one of God's plots. KEEP AWAY FROM WOMEN, cautioned God, REMEMBER WHAT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAPPENED LAST TIME. He wanted to test my objectivity.

It was all very well for God to warn me off women, but the unearthly beauty of my shining face makes me irresistible to them. Of course their carnal desires are of little interest to me, but I can't just tell them to get lost; besides, without a woman I am dangerously vulnerable to lecherous men. Therefore, the Festival of Masks is a Godsend. At last, among the masked, I can wander freely—unmasked, unmolested. I am desired not for myself, but for what others take to be my brilliant costume. Indeed, the Park is littered with abandoned selves. Even innocent children are lining up to have their faces painted by men with chalky visages, red noses, and black eyes. Oh yes, everyone is anxious to improve upon the appearance vouchsafed them by their Maker. Obviously, deep in their minds is the idea of a masked revel, an anonymous inconsequential bacchanalia, but I'll tell you what image comes to me: the toyshop in *Coppelia*. I love the ballet. It is the only one of your art forms that gives an inkling of what it is like to be divine. How I rejoice, from the obscurity of my seat in the gods, to see the dancers defy gravity. What a ballet-dancer I would make! My *entrechâts* would be the talk of Los Angeles.

As well as the decorated children there are men and women merry-makers disguised by masks made of papier mâché, feathers, and plaster of Paris, as gargoyles, birds, horses, and demons. Alchemy is at work. The sun, turning coppery as Copernicus had predicted, is transmuting the smog into fool's gold. Gradually the grass ceases to be green, as darkness imprisons the prism, and eyes no longer dazzle the brain with impressions of the carnival. Instead, noses—excited by hitherto unnoticed perfumes of hot dog, kebab, tortilla, coffee, and marijuana—contact the stomach via the nervous system. As if with one mind the crowds begin to make for the portable dinettes that enclose them in a square. Manikins, masks, and marionettes watch open-eyed as their former admirers are blinded to their charms by aroused appetites. Somehow the twilight makes everything more grotesque; the masks look like the disembodied faces that haunt a guilty conscience, while the marionettes hang from the scaffolding like a row of political prisoners. Abandoned now, *"Masques de Ballet"* is minded by a man whose melancholy eyes belie the grinning mouthpiece he sports. His lips resemble scarlet bananas. His teeth look like piano ivories. But his eyes are real, and for a moment I am sure that he can see right through me, that he knows what I am. He knows all right—not that I am an angel—but that I am his wife's destiny. For years husband and wife have been trying to conceive; all medical remedies have been sampled, wonder rabbis have been consulted; they have made love dosed with pills, lubricated with ointments, and ornamented with amulets. But again and again they are defeated by the man's helplessly low sperm count. Eventually, broken by his wife's frantic desire for a child, he has agreed to artificial insemination. The next problem—a donor. His wife refuses to countenance the unknown medical student, and demands the right to choose the baby's father for herself. She is a fussy woman and thus far no candidate has sufficed. Until she sees me. Her unspoken desires bombard me; better than Nijinsky, better than Nureyev, better even than Barishnikov! "That's the man!" But her cry is unnecessary. Her husband knows, hence those sad eyes. I know. Her mask twitches, as though her real face were ready to burst with excitement. Standing beside her husband she looks like a swan on stilts. I flee as fast as my feet will carry me.

IT IS THE mating season. The orchard that clings to the slopes of my garden is in blossom. The air is thick with pollen. Branches are heavy with birds obediently reproducing the species; for example, this pair of hooded orioles. She lowers her back, her wings vibrate, while he lightly lands upon her rump. From the western windows of the house I rent high on Mystic Way I can see the golden crust of Laguna Beach, and the unformed waters of the Pacific Ocean. Just now the grey whales are returning from the warm lagoons of Baja California, the pregnant females leading the pups to their home waters off Alaska. The path of their migration is exactly as it was nine thousand years ago, foreshortened only by the infrequent ice-age. They provide the one continuity with my previous visit; everything else has changed, except perhaps the flight pattern

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of pelicans. Being immortal I have been spared these seasonal movements, for there are neither births nor deaths in Heaven. Nor are there mansions. We live like the whales in the water, in ecological harmony with the clouds. But here, on earth, I must copy my facsimiles and acquire a roof for my head; thus my permanent status is disguised by my temporary residence. And how do I finance my splendid hacienda? Well, in the backyard is the aerodynamic masterpiece that ferried me through the hellish heat of the earth's atmosphere, erroneously identified by my neighbours as one of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic domes. I have converted the interior into an ultra-modern gymnasium, which I advertise as the Academy of Anti-Gravity. I have assumed the credentials and credibility of an orthopaedist and run weekly Gravity Guidance Workshops for which I charge outrageous fees.

At the commencement of each class my patients don their Gravity Inversion Boots (patented by me, in partnership with my Oriental-shoe supplier) and climb the wooden bars, from which they hang upside down for the best part of an hour, during which I demonstrate an uncommon variety of postures designed to combat the compressive force of gravity on the human spine. "Is this what you call alignment awareness education?" asks one of my gulls. "I don't appease gravity, I piss upon it", I thunder. "You want Rolfing? Go to a Rolfer!" "How do you intend to release my body's natural energy flow?" he whispers, "without moving me toward verticality?" I am merciless. I bend outward at the knees, I straighten, I bend, I straighten . . . and continue upwards until my fingertips are almost at the apex of the A-frame which encloses the gym. Eyes filled with adoration, mouths agape, my batty pupils call me magus, though I joke that it is all done with magnets. Repenting my pride I explain that my spectacular abilities are based upon the springy strength of the syssarcosis in my legs, available to all with the proper exercise. Nevertheless, my leap is considered something of a phenomenon by aficionados of gossip. Soon my reputation spreads to balletomanes who arrive to see for themselves. And are astounded. After them come ballet-dancers anxious to acquire my secrets. Before long I am coaching several in private, while fending off the advances of both genders.

My most persistent suitor is Nancy, a statuesque woman some six feet tall. She towers above the other acolytes at my Wednesday night class, her flushed forehead glistening at the apogee of her hundredth *plié*. Proud and strong, she still joins the *après*-gymnastics line-up, patiently awaiting her turn for an attempt at seduction. Being well-trained, my students unconsciously form an even gradient from the shortest in the front to the tallest at the back. Thus Nancy is the lucky girl who gets me alone. She disguises self-loathing with aggression. "I suppose you think I'm a freak", she says. "A giantess who wants to be a ballerina. Well, I'm sick of the conventional wisdom that says ballerinas have to be as fragile as fairies. For God's sake, dancers are tough, they've got the stamina of marathon runners. So why the pretence? Because of a few out-moded conventions dreamed-up during some of the most autocratic régimes in history? You'll never see me tangled in the tulle of a tutu. My choreography is rugged, earthy, my feet are bare, my costume is a body-stocking." She hesitates. "Sometimes I dance naked. Would you be interested in a *pas de deux*?" I shake my head, which she bites off. "So you're just like all the rest!" she yells. "You want to screw sylphs. You've got no balls, you fucking Ariel!" Her fit of vulgarity is followed by tears. "Goddamn my sex!" she cries. "All my adolescence I dreamed of being a ballerina. But my body had other ideas. It grew and grew. Who am I kidding with my Kung Fu? My fate is always to want what I cannot have; a career, children—you." She laughs. "The trouble with me is that I'm too big for my boots." Self-pity signals defeat. "Enough", I say, "it's time for zero gravity."

SHOWERED, POWDERED, my students stand at attention beside the Samadhi flotation tanks. The contraptions come from San Francisco. One of the company's sales representatives invited me for a "be-with session" immediately after I had sampled the experience, hoping to catch me in an over-receptive frame of mind. When I ordered six you could feel his faith in zero gravity suddenly ascend to the clouds. But it's true

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough; a little while in one of those tanks and an average human is amenable to any suggestion. Deprived of all senses my pupils lie upon salt water with the lids closed upon them. Out they step hours later, blank pages ready to be rewritten for my angelic amusement. In my cramped laboratory I repeat God's universal experiment. Tod and Bob are lovers, so I persuade Bob to couple with Nancy while Tod watches in tears. I allow the charade to develop until Tod tries to strangle Bob with his leotard. With six students the permutations are endless. One week Nancy is involved in a lesbian relationship with Ilana, the next she is on her knees among the men. I invent lusts and gratifications, and wonder at the passions I unleash. Thanks to the hot water in the tanks the risk of unwanted pregnancies is close to nil, nor do the characters retain any recollections. They return home with but one memory; their love for me. Her senses still reeling, Nancy wants me to accompany her, "to see how the other half lives." "Come and meet my husband, the failed writer", she says. Why on earth do I accept such an invitation? Am I experiencing previously unknown feelings such as guilt? Impossible! Guilt is as alien to angels as loneliness. Or is it curiosity, that damnable motive? Whatever the reason I drive down to their place the following Friday.

Their apartment is a dilapidated beachfront duplex in the grubbiest section of Malibu. By the time I track it down the sacrificed sun is already bleeding into the Pacific. A somewhat primitive image, you may think, but no sooner have I been admitted than Nancy lights two candles in honour of the Sabbath. "*Shabbat shalom*", she says. Then kisses me on the mouth. "It makes a change not having to stoop", she adds. Her diminutive husband, Artie, approaches from the dismal shadows of his silent study. His melancholy eyes are unmistakable. "Welcome", he says. Welcome! Only by imagining themselves in the prow of a schooner bound for the Orient could habitation in such a dump be tolerable. We slump into beanbags sipping Zinfandel. On the walls of the lounge are a variety of masks. The swan's head Nancy had worn on the day of the Festival being perched menacingly above my seat. "We have a proposition for you", begins Artie. Is he really artful enough to persuade an angel into bed with his wife? "Go on, you fool", prompts Nancy, "he's not a mind reader." "I want you to sleep with Nancy", says Artie. He explains about his sterility.

The idiot, does he actually believe that he can snare me in his plot? But before I can dismiss the offer the earth shakes, as one of the local fault-lines slips, dropping the swan's head upon my own. "Me Leda", laughs Nancy, "you Zeus." My anger knows no bounds, it is greater than the weights in my shoes, and I fly to the ceiling. Blinded by the mask I crash around the upper reaches of the room, while my hosts watch thunderstruck. But angels don't experience anger! The thought that I might be losing control returns me to terra firma. "Now you know", I say. "I'm an angel." "Save that for the *National Enquirer*", snaps Artie. Deep-set jealousy prevents him seeing anything but a pagan phallic performance; already he is attempting to divine the meaning of which my acrobatics are but a symbolic manifestation. Nancy's interpretation is no less self-centred. "Will I learn to levitate like that?" she asks. "Certainly", I reply. "Next Wednesday we'll all hold hands and float through the roof." She goes through it soon enough, metaphorically speaking, when I reject Artie's request. She calls me a snob, says I think I'm too good for her; worse, she knows she is right. Sadly Artie invites me into his study for a man-to-man talk. His wife's passion has failed, as will his resignation. What do I know of compassion?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Artie's study is papered with rejection slips. His bookshelves are filled with the volumes of his acclaimed contemporaries, only a small space in the bottom right-hand corner being reserved for the few magazines that have published his stories. Closer inspection of the walls reveals that strata are slowly being formed; printed rejections are the bed-rock, above those are the personal rebuffs—like the one from *Esquire* which reads, "Dear Mr Wiseman, A special story, but not special enough",—and finally, providing a very sparse top layer, are the acceptances. "You shouldn't take it all so personally", I say. He looks at me as if I were mad. "So who else are they rejecting", he cries, "Mahatma Gandhi?" "Adopt the detachment of the voyeur", I advise. "There's only one

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing I want to adopt at the moment", he replies, "and that's your child." "No", I say, "it's out of the question. I cannot risk attachments." For some reason this animates Artie. "What are you, emotionally retarded?" he shouts. "At the age of ten I was a regular little monster, pulling the pigtails of girls in the school-yard and making them cry. Then I had a dream. I don't remember what it was about, but it changed me. As a result I lost my freedom of action. I guess I grew a conscience, or something. Where's yours, mister?" I have no answer, nor do I like the expression on his face, so I look toward the window instead. Not twenty feet away is another building, which consists of four apartments. One of the windows is illuminated, and within a girl is pacing back and forth. She is wearing a red dress. But not for long. Her brassière is one of those that unhook at the front. She opens it like a book to show me her breasts. They have a curious effect upon me; my breathing is no longer relaxed, nor is my heartbeat regular. Needless to say, the girl has no interest in the condition of my respiratory system. Seeing her standing there stark naked nearly takes my feet off the ground for a second time. I have to concentrate upon faking my gravity. "I see you've spotted our night club", says Artie. His grin is sly. I laugh but I accept his invitation to stay for dinner.

SOON I AM A regular Friday night guest. Naturally, neither Artie nor Nancy has an inkling of the real reason for my frequent visits; they assume our growing friendship is gradually lowering my resistance. But they are as wrong as those who believed the earth was flat so that if you sailed far enough you would drop off the edge. Without fail I find some excuse to spend time alone in Artie's study, which enables me to watch the girl prepare herself for the weekend. It is a game I do not always win. Sometimes I am frustrated by her avocado plant, the leaves of which cover her nakedness. Or she turns her face towards me, so that I must go on all fours for fear of discovery. On those occasions I emerge in an evil temper, and take it out upon Nancy the following Wednesday. To compensate for such disappointments I begin to keep a log of my successes; jotting down such remarks as, "Fine sight of her breasts as she lifted her hands to curl her hair", or, "Excellent view of pudenda as she administered vaginal deodorant." But there are glorious instances when I can feast my eyes upon her entire anatomy, newly minted by the setting sun. Like some Ptolemaic astronomer she thinks herself the centre of the universe, inspecting her reflection in the mirror, but of course she is merely a moon held in weekly orbit by the gravity of my desire. Then I re-enter the dining-room in an elated state. Mistaking my motivation Artie and Nancy exchange hopeful glances.

ONE FRIDAY when I arrive at the apartment as usual only Nancy is home. "Where's Artie?" I ask. "Don't you read the newspapers?" Nancy replies. "The Klan firebombed the Temple yesterday. He's on guard duty tonight." However, this selfless act does not prevent Nancy from trying to seduce me yet again. And to my horror I find that I am weakening, that I actually consider intercourse with no little pleasure. For in my imagination the woman squirming beneath me is not Nancy, but the girl whose body I have mapped in secret without ever seeing her face. She is the abstraction of sexual desire, of which Nancy is a material counterpart. I must have been lost in a daydream, for I am suddenly aware that Nancy has betrayed my jeans to gravity. Not only are they crumpled around my ankles, but my shirt is also unbuttoned to the waist. Nancy, likewise, is no longer dressed. She stares at me in wonder. "You're not circumcised!" she exclaims. She is so taken aback to discover that I am not Jewish that she fails to notice an even more significant feature; a belly without a belly-button. Angels are immaculate, and knowing God we require no religion. A gnosticism Nancy is prepared to forgive when she spies my erection. But biblical knowing would be unforgivable. Briefly, if I copulated with Nancy she would be burned to a crisp. A price Nancy seems prepared to pay. "Please, Nancy", I say, "I like Artie too much to do this to him, especially tonight. Besides, we're not in this for pleasure, but to reproduce. Let me collect my sperm in a jar, and we'll impregnate you by hand." Otherwise Artie would do better to run home

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his fire-extinguisher. Nancy remains unconvinced until my penis decides the issue by ceasing its anti-gravitational antic. So I shuffle shackle-ankled into Artie's study to masturbate while Nancy curses my behind.

No sooner do I look at the window than the girl's image develops upon the glass. Off comes her dress, up goes my periscope. But instead of removing her underwear she executes a series of yoga exercises she didn't learn at the Academy of Anti-Gravity. My penis is in bud, but it will not open until she is fully exposed. Frustration causes me to groan out loud. At which Nancy bursts in, and seeing at last the true object of my appetites cries out: "That slut had an abortion less than three months ago!" But I am too far gone to care, and groan even louder as she finally parts company with her brassière and steps out of her pants—to reveal yet another layer. But have no fear, she disposes of her sanitary towel as expertly as a stripper slips off her G-string. She is naked and I am lost. As my semen hits the bottom of an empty jar of artichoke hearts I know that I was mistaken about planetary motion. That girl is no moon. On the contrary, I am her satellite. I am subject to her comings and goings, not she to my desires. She pulls me toward her, at specific times, and now she has even drawn the semen from my body. Only one season has passed, and already I am in danger. I turn to Nancy, frightened for my future. Incensed, she dips a poultry-baster into the pot labelled *Hearts of Gold* and squeezes the liquid into herself. "Ouch", she hisses, "it's hot!"

Nine months later my child is due, although Artie is naturally credited with its paternity. He actually wants me to attend its birth, but I refuse. What has it to do with me? Half-way through the proceedings I get a telephone call. It is Artie. "Come quick", he begs, "Nancy's in trouble." I find her flat-out on a table in the labour room, an intravenous drip affixed to her wrist, through which she is being fed glucose. In addition a bevy of attachments is strapped to her belly. She smiles at me. "It's so silly", she says, "everything was going so well, then the labour stopped." "They got worried about the baby", Artie explains. The baby's heart-beat is displayed on a foetal monitor; the figure jumps between 140 and 90. Each time it drops to 90 I will it back up again. Always it responds. Until, without warning, it dives to zero. And there it remains. Artie doesn't. He rushes into the corridor, yelling. I cannot believe my helplessness. The obstetrician smiling demonstrates that the baby's apparent death was caused by a microphone sliding off Nancy's undulant abdomen. Shortly thereafter Nancy's wrist is penetrated by a second tube, through which pitocin is administered. Thus stimulated by the hormonal equivalent of inspiration her womb heaves, completing its dilation and catapulting the baby's head into the vagina. Simultaneously the foetal monitor registers the severity of the contraction on a tongue of paper that unrolls from its intestines. Nancy waving is wheeled into the delivery room. Eight days afterwards I am invited to my son's circumcision.

I HAVE NOT BEEN to the apartment for some time, thinking it tactful to keep my distance. Besides, I needed to prove to myself that I possessed the will-power to break away from the girl in the window—that I was still independent. Don't forget, the baby is Artie's dependent, not mine. And how happy it makes him! "I've never seen Artie looking so pleased", I tell Nancy. "Yes", she replies, "he's beaten his creative block at last." "Because of the child?" I ask. "Heavens no!" she says. "He's been to a workshop. A potent brew. Creative writing and Jin Shin Do." "It helped?" "You bet", says Nancy. "You should hear him explain how acupressure has opened up new territories of the imagination. No more typing for Artie, he taps his acupoints instead, and waits for the energy to flow. What a workshop! He sang the body electric. Also had his instructor on her yoga mat." Artie approaches, laughing. "Nancy's jealous that I had better luck with my teacher than she had with you", he says. "Sweetheart", snaps Nancy, "you may have learned the language of the body and how to embody yourself in language, but words are about the limit of your body-building abilities." Artie winks, turning Nancy against me. "It wouldn't do you any harm to read Artie's latest story", she continues. "The act of love narrated by a penis. You see, Artie's been taught to empathise with his liberated organs." The door-bell chimes. Artie hurries to admit the rabbi. "It'll serve

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you right if you identify with your son's penis tonight!" shouts Nancy.

There are no circumcisions in Heaven, so I am caught unawares by the intensity of the occasion. The baby is strapped into an Olympus Circumstraint by the *mohel*, whereupon his jaw trembles, his tongue flutters in his open mouth, and his face turns bright red. He howls in anticipation of the awful sacrifice, notwithstanding Artie's attempts to calm him with a pinkie dipped in kosher wine. I begin to feel somewhat queasy, as if the walls of the room were closing in upon me. I want to push them away, but my hands are bound. I scream. Someone pushes a finger in my mouth. A large face hangs above me. Where are his hands? Pain! Pain! A plastic cap is forced over the head of my penis. Snip go the surgical scissors. The rabbi concludes the ceremony with the traditional blessings, but they fall on deaf ears—for I have fainted. "Unfasten his tie", commands the *mohel*, "take off his shoes!" When I recover my senses I am lying on my back with a bag of ice upon my forehead. None the less, it is my feet that are cold. Sans shoes, sans socks. "Give me air", I mumble. I stumble barefoot into the Los Angeles night, a fallen angel. I stare at the stars in the heavens, an infinite distance away, and see the former Academy of Anti-Gravity graduate into darkness. I shake as Copernicus must have done when he confirmed his terrible suspicions. Somewhere God will be laughing, as His minions communicate their report. I have breathed life into a sterile womb, and now I will have to pay with my own death. I weep for my fate. I weep for my brother. I weep for my son. But if I am doomed to become the shade of a shadow I can still turn Artie into a man of substance. He publishes a book. It becomes a best-seller. What's more, the critics love it. "Artie Wiseman", reports the *New York Review of Books*, "writes like an angel."

© *Clive Sinclair 1982*

Touching

They touch one another freely, the two girls
gossiping over work in light summer dresses.
Sixteen is an age of experiment, and there is something
not quite innocent of the quality of caresses

in the way that one lays her hand on the other's
knee, and the other's encouraging smile
matches her lingering inspection of the chain
either might equally wear at her throat with style.

Their glossed lips proffer endearments—accept
compliments utterly unambiguous in the din
of apparently trivial chattering; each
channels her breath to quicken the other's skin

to that passionate longing both girls are aware
cannot be extinguished, need not wait for avowal.
After work, they will go off swimming together
and kiss tenderly, eagerly, in a shared towel

in the echoes beyond the locked changing rooms
till they drown as the pool floods and the session ends.
Then, dressed to perfection, they will go separately
to the ambivalent, steady chore of regular boyfriends.

John Gohorry

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leszek Kolakowski

What is Living (& what is dead) in the Social-Democratic Idea?

TO SAY THAT all over the world social democracy is not just a political lobby voicing the aspirations and grievances of workers, of underdogs and the oppressed, but an idea of a better human community as well is neither controversial nor very enlightening. The trouble with the social-democratic idea is that it does not stock or sell any of the exciting ideological commodities which totalitarian movements—communist, fascist, or leftist—offer dream-hungry youth.

It has no ultimate solution for all human misfortune; it has no prescription for the total salvation of mankind, it cannot promise the firework of the final revolution to settle definitively all the conflict and struggles. It has invented no miraculous devices to bring about the perfect unity of men or universal brotherhood; it believes in no final, easy victory over evil. It is not fun; it is difficult and unrewarding, and it does not suffer from self-inflicted blindness.

It requires the commitment to a number of basic values—freedom, equal opportunity, a human-oriented and publicly supervised economy—and it demands hard knowledge and rational calculation, as we need to be aware of, and to investigate as deeply as possible, the historical and economic conditions in which these values are to be implemented. It has an obstinate will to erode by inches the conditions which produce avoidable suffering, oppression, hunger, wars, racial and national hatred, insatiable greed and vindictive envy. Yet it is aware of the narrow limits within which this struggle is being waged, limits imposed by the natural framework of human existence, by innumerable historical accidents, and by various forces that have shaped for centuries today's social institutions.[1]

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC IDEA admits the inescapable truth that many of the values it honours limit each other and can be implemented only through compromises, often painful and awkward.

All the institutions of welfare and social security, all the organs of economic planning, all the social instruments for the more rational use of land and natural resources, for preventing waste and pollution, can be built only at the price of a growing state bureaucracy and of restrictions imposed on the autonomy of smaller economic and regional

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI *was, until his expulsion from Poland in 1968, Professor of the History of Philosophy at the University of Warsaw. He is a Senior Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and has been visiting professor at the Universities of Montreal, Yale, and California, Berkeley; he is currently at the University of Chicago, as a member of the Committee on Social Thought. His principal publications include "Chrétiens sans Eglise", the three volumes of "Main Currents of Marxism", "Marxism and Beyond", and "The Devil and Scripture." Among his recent contributions to* ENCOUNTER *are "The Devil in History" (a conversation with George Urban, January 1981), "How to be a Conservative-Liberal-Socialist" (October 1978), "The Euro-Communist Schism" (August 1977), "My Correct Views on Everything: A Reply to E. P. Thompson" (June 1975).*

Professor Kolakowski's article is adapted from an address given in New York to a national convention of Social Democrats.

[1] See my essay in ENCOUNTER (July 1974), "Can the Devil be Saved?".

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

units. Nobody knows how this price can be avoided, but the outcry against big government heard all over the democratic world proves that the price is heavy. Yet social democracy is ready to uphold both ideas—planning and autonomy—and it is right; it is right as long as it keeps unceasingly in mind that these two principles run counter to each other and in no conceivable society will they be implemented fully. Therefore it must not promise measures which are supposed to bring simultaneously the efficiency of high centralisation and the freedom of decentralisation.

Similar clashes are clearly unavoidable in most of the values we cherish.

Much as we might be appalled at the sight of man-made natural disasters which endanger both the human future and the existence of birds, fish, and trees, we must not forget that ecological slogans alone, isolated from the complexity of modern life, can as little contribute to rational proposals for economic organisation and political reforms as can the idea of economic growth as the supreme or exclusive objective. Zero pollution is obviously impossible without the utter destruction of civilisation and thereby of most of the human race since its survival depends largely on industry. Pollution is a matter of a rational reckoning of risks, of gains and losses. Granted that we have to worry about man's survival in the first place and about the whale's only in the second, the nature-worship ideology is incapable of taking up the challenge of the modern economy. On the other hand ecological slogans may be, and are in fact, exploited to manipulate people for various political purposes which only marginally have something to do with the welfare of butterflies, let alone of people.

AMONG THE VALUES included in the social-democratic idea, even the value of Majority Rule cannot be accepted as an absolute principle. It must be restricted by the principle of the inalienable rights of individuals, which no majority verdict may abrogate. The concept of democracy would be a parody of itself if it implied that anything endorsed by a majority were acceptable—that, for instance, 51% of a population is acting democratically if it decides to massacre the remaining 49%. If we accepted the principle of unconditional majority rule as the sufficient mark of democracy, Hitler's rule in Germany, which for a period clearly enjoyed the support of the majority, would appear as a model democracy, as would all the populist or quasi-populist dictatorships which once made claims to represent the majority and then represented it axiomatically and indefinitely because its critics were slaughtered or silenced.

We have to admit that the principle of majority rule must be constrained by the principle of individual rights which no majority may infringe upon and that the human rights concept is valid irrespective of the majority's decrees.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM has to be seen as the core of the social-democratic idea simply because without it all other values are empty and inefficient.

Put another way: social democracy defends freedom both because it is a value in itself, the most precious treasure of life, and because it is the condition within which most of the other things it defends can flourish. There is no point in talking about equality in the absence of freedom, for one of the most important goods in today's world is the free access to information and the participation in power, both of which are denied to a majority in despotic systems, totalitarian or not.

Therefore it is sheer absurdity to say, for instance, that in Cuba or China "people have less freedom, yet more equality": they have none, quite apart from the distribution of welfare and the access to scarce material goods. And, fortunately for us, civil liberties are the necessary condition of productive efficiency; slavery is economically efficient only during the earliest stages of technical development, and political slavery is an enormous obstacle to productivity.

IT IS BOTH commonsensically true and abundantly proven by the experience of Communist states that a political system operating with built-in information barriers, burdened with an obsessive secretiveness, using the criterion of political servility in promoting managerial cadres, and not having to respond to the needs and wishes of the population except under the threat of desperate revolts, is bound to be chronically sick in terms of the production of wealth. Having concentrated an enormous power without responsibility—an accumulation of power exceeding anything known in history—the ruling class, by virtue of its very position, generates permanent mismanagement and huge waste, and the attempts to set up the all-encompassing planning system end fatefully in all-pervading chaos.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The working class, adulated in slogans and kept quiet by the police machinery, has neither power nor moral or economic reasons to help the ailing economy; as the political and economic power of the Communist exploiting class support each other, so do the political and economic enslavement of the working society. The economic advantage this society enjoys consists in its being able to keep its failures, or some of them, a secret by producing false statistics or none at all.

MENDACITY is not an accidental blemish on the body of Communism: it is the absolute condition of its health, of its life, more so than in non-totalitarian tyrannies. Here is a régime which is supposed to be ruled by, and get its legitimacy from, an ideology with universalist pretensions and with an "ultimate goal"; thus all areas of life and all past and present events must be depicted as elements of the triumphant march towards this goal. A system that wants to leave no domain of human existence, including human memory, out of control, is compelled to apply the huge machinery of the lie to all forms of expression and to give mendacious names to everything it produces.

STILL, IF IT IS TRUE that among the values of social democracy freedom is the condition of all others, it is misleading to apply the name "freedom" to anything people need or claim.

The scope of freedom is defined as the area within which individuals may make decisions as they wish, unrestricted by law, and though it is obviously the case that the freedom to decide is of no use for those whose choices are anyway determined by the lack of material power, the degree of power is not to be confused with the extent of freedom. Freedom is negatively related to law, not positively to power. For people who cannot afford to travel, freedom of international travel appears of little meaning, to be sure; yet the material ability to travel, important though it might be, does not derive from freedom. There are many justifiable claims which do not derive from freedom and should not be said to. Much as we are aware of social disasters caused by large-scale unemployment—economic waste, criminality, human suffering—being employed is a condition enabling people to use their freedom in various ways; it is not itself a freedom. There is no unemployment in concentration camps, but concentration camps do not thereby become the abode of freedom; the compulsory abolishment of unemployment through forced labour hardly deserves to be hailed as a giant step in the fight for freedom. In sum, there are many well-justified claims which ought not to be confused with each other, as such a deliberate confusion is one of the ideological instruments to glorify oppression and violence.

ANOTHER CASE OF conceptual confusion which there is perhaps no need to dwell upon, as it has been repeatedly criticised recently, is the Left-Right distinction.[2]

Certainly, nowadays one hardly finds people who explicitly endorse the Stalinist formula of old, that the measure of being Left is one's attitude towards the Soviet Union. None the less, these labels are still widely employed without anybody providing us with intelligible criteria of how they are defined; and these labels carry the suggestion that the entire world of political ideas, movements, and régimes forms a continuous spectrum in which every unit may be located according to the amount of "Leftist" or "Rightist" components it contains. Various states and political movements are quasi-automatically being called "Left" (or "Marxist") if they get Soviet weapons; some others are labelled "Rightist" once they want to shed the foreign yoke if this yoke happens to be Soviet. One easily notices the persistence of absurd old clichés in journalistic jargon all over the world.

Therefore the question "Which side are you on, Left or Right?" has to be rejoined by another question: "What do you mean by asking if I am on the Left side? Do you ask if I am on the same side as the guardians of Gulag and the invaders of Czechoslovakia? If I am on the side of the policemen who two years ago savagely tortured hundreds of Polish workers and a few years earlier slaughtered a still unknown number of dockers in Polish ports in cruel revenge for their protest against increasing poverty? Or do you ask whether I am on the side of those German terrorists who in a hijacked airplane designated all the passengers with Jewish names for slaughter? Or on the side of Cambodian 'liberators', who managed to convert the entire country into a concentration camp after murdering all those suspected of being literate?"

The answer can only be: "Hell, no, I am not on the same side and I do not care a damn about being

[2] See my "How to be a Conservative-Liberal-Socialist", in ENCOUNTER (October 1978), and also the Symposium in ENCOUNTER (February and March 1977) on "Who's Left, What's Right?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called 'Left' if this means to applaud or excuse the violence, oppression, tortures, exploitation, and invasions provided only that the hangmen and the exploiters get their weapons from an anti-American source, this being the unspoken ideological criterion."

The conclusion is simple: either the distinction has lost any recognisable sense or it has to be redefined completely and be applied only to movements and attitudes within the democratic segment of the political spectrum with an unequivocal exclusion of all terroristic movements, totalitarian ideologies, police and military régimes, no matter what they call themselves.

There are no such things as reactionary tortures and progressive tortures, Left labour camps and Right labour camps, censorship for oppression and censorship for liberation. This is the reason why the non-violent anti-totalitarian movements in Soviet-dominated countries go beyond the Left-Right categories. Their claims are based on the human rights idea which cannot possibly be defined in terms borrowed from this anachronistic distinction.

THIS LEADS US to the question, often discussed, of double standards in assessing political régimes.

The point is not that we should make chimerical claims and demand that political criteria not be applied to political actions. What may be demanded instead is that political criteria not appear under the guise of moral norms. People who define themselves by the so-called Left tradition are, as a whole, more guilty of resorting to double standards, not because they are naturally immoral, but because their socially inherited reflexes render them more hypocritical, because they have always employed moralistic language, while in many countries the conservative establishment has pretended much less to be guided by moral ideals and more freely admitted a concern with matters of *Realpolitik, raison d'état*, and commerce.

The governments that do business with both Chile and the Soviet Union cannot be accused of using double standards. Leftist moralists who demonstrate before the embassies of South Africa and Iran and seem to believe that Viet Nam and Albania overflow with democratic virtue appear grotesque. However obvious might be the position of those who display their moral indignation according to their political allegiances, it is true, on the other hand, that our concern with the internal conduct of régimes of various countries is usually prompted by other considerations as well.

THE RECENT RECORD of various military dictatorships in Latin America has been arguably worse than that of European Communist states in such essential points as the scale of tortures and government-initiated assassinations. In terms of human rights the assessment is clear enough. Still, a not-negligible difference between Uruguay and the Soviet Union is that the Uruguayan régime, abominable though it might be, poses no threat of world-wide expansion supported by mighty military machinery.

We do admit—and I believe it to be a traditional element of the social-democratic approach—that no country in the world may maintain that its political régime, however oppressive, is protected from the eyes of outsiders. No, we are both entitled and duty-bound not to leave the oppressors quiet on the pretence of the non-interference principle. This readiness to behave like importunate meddlers ought to be applied evenly, of course. Yet in the case of the Soviet system, we have additional reasons for our discourteous behaviour. Unlike the case of Uruguay, South Africa, or for that matter, Albania and Cambodia, the Soviet internal régime is obviously linked with the never-saturated hunger of an imperialist state for new areas of domination. It is clearly essential to keep one's own population in ignorance, fear, and isolation, if one wants to use it as a helpless and inert tool for imperial purposes—if, for instance, one needs soldiers who, as in the case of Czechoslovakia ten years ago, either did not know which country they were in or believed that they had been sent to a Czechoslavakia which had requested aid in the face of an imminent invasion by "German fascists." In today's world the Soviet internal régime is probably the most potent single factor likely to trigger off a global war (which does not mean that this is the actual intention of its rulers).

THIS IS WHY we, people from somewhat exotic Central and East European plains, *do* believe that in exposing and opposing Soviet despotism we stand up not only for the regional interest of lands forcibly incorporated into a predatory empire as a result of the Yalta agreement, but for a better and safer world order as well. East Europeans are well aware that the West, or America alone, has no miracle-making contrivance to force changes on oppressive régimes and to reverse immediately the situation of countries which were robbed of their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national independence and democratic institutions. What they expect from America is not miracles, but a consistent strategic idea. "Strategic idea" by no means implies war planning. It means a long-term policy which seeks global order without the risk of global war, and this admittedly involves wearing out the most aggressive expansionism, encouraging by all non-violent means the diversity and variety within Soviet dependencies, opening access to truth to the peoples who were thrust into spiritual slavery. Not in spite of, but because of, the fact that the question of how to avoid the danger of global war and how to design a workable disarmament scheme has to have unconditional priority, it is of paramount importance that democratic countries exert peaceful, yet firm and unremitting pressure to advance the gradual and non-explosive disintegration of totalitarian régimes.

THAT SO MANY local issues almost automatically acquire a global meaning is a fact we cannot escape, and America is clearly incapable of shedding the responsibility for the world order it has helped to shape for many decades. The tendency to escape is sometimes expressed in slogans like "The fight for democracy begins at home." Such slogans might be all right in so far as they express simply the trivial rule that foreign-policy issues may not be used as a pretext for neglecting or disregarding a just and democratic domestic order. Remember, however, that in the Second World War the same slogan was launched to explain why the United States should not join the war. In this period the slogan meant: Let Hitler swallow the whole of Europe—Nazism and Europe are not our business. It matters not what is behind such slogans—the permanent and apparently incurable short-sightedness of big business or the outmoded Leftist inhibitions of the liberal lobbies. To say that, since we are not saints ourselves, we should forget the oppression elsewhere amounts to saying let us forget the oppression. Well, if social democracy has any meaning, it is precisely not to forget that.[3]

I AM ONE OF THOSE who see no reason why they should give credence to the prophets announcing the decline of Western civilisation, the ruin of democratic institutions, and the victorious return of barbarity, yet who *do* believe that it is spiritual, rather than economic, recession that threatens us. In other words that the roots of disarray in affluent open societies are in our minds, rather than the price of oil. The world-wide degradation of educational systems and the uncertainty about their function is a particularly glaring symptom of this disarray. Some aspects of this confusion may be accounted for by our inability to cope with changes which otherwise are obviously positive—the staggering growth of knowledge and the rapid extension of schooling. Yet there are grounds to suspect that much more is involved: a lack of confidence among older generations in the intellectual and moral standards we inherited and, consequently, the loss of a strong will to convey these standards to our successors.

It might sound impertinent when someone like myself, who is only a superficial and casual observer of the Western scene, makes comments on this subject, yet similar trends, more or less advanced, are noticeable in many highly developed areas of the world. When I had the opportunity, for the first time, to make a long sojourn in the United States in the late 1960s what struck me was that in the then-frequent discussion about the social role of the school nothing seemed to be certain except one thing: it appeared that what school is *not* about is giving the pupils knowledge and intellectual skills. Incidentally, this utter scorn for knowledge and logical abilities—for anything that one can acquire only through long and disciplined work and that cannot be converted into amusement—used to be called, grotesquely enough, "liberalism", as if liberalism consisted in self-satisfied ignorance or as if it specifically reflected the ideology of spoilt upper-middle-class children. It is consoling, though, that nowadays one hears more and more voices of people who have reached the conclusion that the old-fashioned theory that "the task of schools is to teach" was not entirely absurd after all.

YET THE ROOTS obviously go deeper than that.

There is apparently agreement that the process of spiritual self-mutilation of youth we witnessed in the late 1960s is not over, even though its forms have changed, and that it resulted from the collapse of the value system young people had inherited from us. One cannot take satisfaction in the fact that subsequently this breakdown found puerile, absurd, or sometimes barbarian outlets or that it was politically expressed in the pathetic fudge of the New Left that had no solutions and no alter-

[3] I have dealt with other aspects of this in my reply to E. P. Thompson: "My Correct Views on Everything", ENCOUNTER (June 1975).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natives to offer. Under the ideological rubbish there was real despair. Drugs, false mysticism, and revolutionary daydreams were three main pseudo-cures for a genuine disease which cannot simply be dismissed by pointing out the inefficacy of the medicaments. These were three ways of escaping a world young people felt they did not fit in any longer.

To be sure, no political party or movement may claim to have found a successful therapy for the moral void. No artificially concocted ideals or mirages can be imposed on people. Ultimately the new generations have to seek out ways for themselves to rediscover the meaning-giving life forms. Political movements, except for totalitarian ones, are anyway not capable of providing solutions for metaphysical and religious worries; they ought not to try to expand their ideas into a sort of all-embracing world-view with ready-made catechisms. They must not, nevertheless, evade the question: what went wrong and what is wrong with the set of values which we were brought up with, why have so many people not found these values life-supporting, which means: why are they not ready to die for them?

The reply will perhaps not be beyond our reach if we are prepared to confront all the sides of the question. It might turn out that after all most of our traditional values are neither dead nor obsolete, even though they were probably very badly ordered; and that there are viable possibilities besides the withdrawal from the world, putting one's own reason to sleep, or sinking into despair (three aspects of each of three false cures I have just mentioned).

WE SHOULD ADMIT that we have no prescription for the perfect world, hold no secret of happiness and no clue to the riddle of the universe, and yet we are perhaps able to show more modest things and more modest goals which can give meaning to life. In the world as it is, full of misery, hunger, and oppression, this much at least seems to be clear: that neither technical devices alone nor political measures alone are sufficient to bring about the hope for a peaceful and more equitable order. Something more is needed which cannot be a by-product of institutional and technical improvements: reorientation of both individual and collective value attitudes.

This is admittedly a generality that does not yet entail any well-defined and feasible proposals. But this generality is good enough to pose a permanent challenge to social democracy if it wants to remain equal to its best tradition and to its very name.

IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF such world-shaking events as the revolution in Iran and the earthquake in Poland, one final observation is appropriate.

All the major political events of the past three years should, in my view, be seen as spectacular symptoms of the increasing ideological disarray and uncertainty in all segments of the Western political spectrum, whether they are labelled "Right" or "Left." There is no discernible pattern expressed in electoral changes. In recent years we witnessed the victory of the Tories in Britain, the victory of President Reagan in the US, the victory of Socialists in France (in good measure caused by the Communists' decline) and now in Greece, the losses of Socialists in Norway and West Berlin, the violent split in Britain's Labour Party. Is the world moving "to the Left" or "to the Right"? The question has, I repeat, lost any recognisable meaning. (The Persian Shah was a terrible "Rightist", so presumably the mullahs represent the enlightened "Left", etc.) All traditional political ideologies are affected by a grave, and perhaps mortal, disease, all of them have become more and more nebulous, less and less relevant to the burning issues of our time. The political identities of old (to be a communist, a socialist, a liberal, an anarchist, a conservative) are still defined by a number of phrases which, however, disintegrate on closer inspection, being either meaningless or demonstrably counterproductive.

The traditional Socialist idea is clearly among the victims of the general ideological impotence. Once we try to press its adherents to explain its content in general terms, and not in specific terms of current international conflicts, it turns out invariably that it boils down to the same universal medicine for all human predicaments: the state should nationalise everything. They do not deny, if pressed strongly enough, that the medicine has been in fact repeatedly applied and—for obvious reasons—resulted everywhere, without exception, in totalitarian despotism; but they keep promising us that *they* will do better because of their vaunted democratic credentials. Admittedly, they prefer to speak more often of "social justice", but where nowadays can one find any political movement, ideology, party or leader, which is opposed to "social justice"?

As to the social-democratic idea, we observe a curious history of the word. Time was when there

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was no clear distinction between a Socialist and a Social Democrat. Lenin's party bore the label "Social-democratic" before the Russian revolution, and in Poland the same label had been taken up by the radical off-shoot of the socialist movement, the "Social Democracy of the Polish Kingdom and Lithuania", the direct forerunner of the Communist Party. After the First World War and indeed until recently, both "Socialists" and "Social Democrats"—in so far as the distinction had a meaning—defined themselves clearly in opposition to the Communist totalitarianism, stressing their commitment both to the defence of democratic institutions and to the European cultural tradition threatened by the expansion of Sovietism. This has changed. This can be seen vividly in the policy of the Socialist International which, during recent years, focused its efforts on supporting anything in the world that happened to be "anti-American" (or anti-Israeli) while very carefully avoiding any moves which might provoke the displeasure of the rulers of the Soviet empire. Anti-Americanism has been increasingly becoming the ideological staple of the International (not of all the parties involved, to be sure, and not to the same degree). Occasionally the delegates of ruling parties from Communist countries (where the socialist movements were destroyed by police violence) are hailed as "brothers", and sometimes even as "comrades", at socialist congresses. Thereby the old distinction between "socialists" and "social democrats" began to re-emerge and to re-establish itself.

Social democracy, I repeat, does not pretend to have "the solution" to all human problems or to be the happy vehicle of an all-encompassing and all-explaining ideology; it is not a universal "programme" to be applied in all parts of the world. It is an approach to social issues which is, in my view, limited by a few very general (both negative and positive) rules:

(1) unequivocal commitment to the democratic values of an open, constitutional society;

(2) unequivocal commitment to a welfare state, i.e. the acceptance of a publicly-run insurance system encompassing the basic needs of all;

(3) a clear admission that both radically liberal and totalitarian solutions are worse than the diseases they pretend to cure;

(4) a commitment to the promotion of the idea of equal opportunity by educational effort, but not by the growth of police restrictions and of bureaucratic rule;

(5) a commitment to the cause of "underdogs", of the old and the sick, of the poor and the oppressed, and not to the cause of would-be authoritarians trying only to subvert establishments in order to seize despotic power.

The distinction between social democracy and all those who define themselves as the militants of a socialist Left should be clear.

NONE OF THIS MEANS that the social-democratic idea itself is not plagued with ambiguities, and that the solutions it offers with some self-critical confidence are not themselves problematical. But it has no dogma and promises no millennium. It is merely the safest political manner so far devised for dealing with the explosive issues of a dangerous and endangered world.

Coca-Cola

Grail of the one-tap shanty towns,
A pop-art twinkle at the rim,
It fades to anthropology, as
Unashamed as big-band jazz
Or the girls of 1940
In an era of ringed cans,
Reminding us how we used to live.

But the stuff itself remains
Unchanged, or nearly so,
Its sparkling depths
The colour of the universe,
The formula known only to a few.

Derek Mahon

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Plan that Never Was

Churchill & the "Anthrax Bomb"

A BBC Myth—By JULIAN LEWIS

LAST SUMMER, a sensational allegation was widely reported by the British press (and then echoed internationally, not least in the German newspapers): CHURCHILL GERM RAID PLAN DISCLOSED (*The Guardian*); HORROR BID TO END WAR (*The Sun*); BLITZ OF POISON—CHURCHILL PLANNED TO BOMB GERMAN CITIES WITH ANTHRAX (*Daily Express*); CHURCHILL PLANNED ANTHRAX BOMB RAID ON GERMANY (*Daily Telegraph*). All these headlines derived from a BBC television feature programme (*Newsnight*, transmitted on 1 May 1981), and all of them were wrong.

This passage from the broadcast, and I take it from the BBC transcript, shows how its tone was demagogically set from the beginning:

> PETER SNOW: . . . "I suppose it's only natural that the British like to think that whatever the Nazis stooped to during the Second World War at least we tried to maintain standards of conduct which set us apart from the tyranny we were fighting. But *Newsnight* has uncovered evidence of a terrible weapon invented, developed and tested by British scientists during those dark days of the early 1940s, and even today, forty years on, if you venture too close to the test site you too could still fall victim to a deadly disease."

Apparently, then, Wartime Britain had done something to place herself on a par with Nazi Germany. But what could this possibly be? In the report by Robert Harris which followed, the answer took a long time in coming.

Most of the *Newsnight* feature simply related how the British germ warfare programme developed, rightly indicating as its motivating force the fear of a German biological attack. The deadly effects of anthrax were spelt out—this being the disease on which research was concentrated by scientists at Porton, near Salisbury, from August 1940. A detailed account was also given of the testing of an anthrax device on a small Scottish island nearly two years later, and of the continuing contamination of that island up to the present day. Yet there was nothing fundamentally new, or scandalous, in these revelations. As the obituarists of Paul Fildes, the principal bacteriologist involved, had noted in a memoir published in 1973[1]:

> "That much of the war work at Porton has now become declassified is evident from the publicity given in television programmes to the experiments on Gruinard Island. Tourist trips from Ullapool round the 'forbidden island' are advertised as a holiday attraction."

One such programme had been broadcast by the BBC itself in April 1967. An account based upon it had appeared in print in 1969, naming anthrax as the agent used on Gruinard and quoting the then Director of the Porton centre as predicting no reduction in the level of contamination for a further hundred years.[2]

It was only in the closing stages of the *Newsnight* report that the screw began to tighten. Robert Harris's emphasis shifted from eyewitness accounts of the nature and development of biological weapons to what was claimed to be documentary evidence of an intention to initiate their use. The viewers were told how America developed the British discoveries as a result of inter-Allied cooperation. It was also revealed that in 1944 Churchill approved a proposal to order 500,000 anthrax bombs from the United States government. However, the purely defensive rationale for this step was not referred to, though clearly set out by the Prime Minister when he took it on 8 March:

[1] G. P. Gladstone, *et al.*, "Paul Gordon Fildes", in *Biographical Memoirs of Fellows of the Royal Society* (1973), Vol. XIX, p. 337.

[2] R. W. Reid, *Tongues of Conscience: War & the Scientist's Dilemma* (1969), pp. 307–8.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . I have had most secret consultations with my Military Advisers. They consider, and I entirely agree, that if our enemies should indulge in this form of warfare, the only deterrent would be our power to retaliate."[3]

Nor had his thinking changed by 21 May, when he directed his military advisers—the Chiefs of Staff—to take over responsibility in this field from the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. To his personal representative on the CoS Committee, Lieutenant-General Sir Hastings Ismay, he wrote:

"As you know, great progress has been made in bacteriological warfare and we have ordered a half million bombs from America for use should this mode of warfare be employed against us. . . ."[4]

As I later managed to confirm, Mr Harris was familiar with both these minutes. But the inclusion of such remarks would hardly have been helpful to what was to follow.

Since this is an article about bowdlerisation and selective misquotation, the following paragraphs are reproduced in full from pp. 5–6 of the BBC transcript:

"HARRIS: In 1944 the secret weapon which Hitler had warned the Allies about at Danzig finally appeared. It was not a germ weapon. It was the flying bomb. Soon it was causing such damage in London that the British began to consider using anthrax as a reprisal against German cities. We have discovered a previously unpublished memorandum written by the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, to the Chiefs of Staff. From the very beginning he had taken a close interest in the development of poison gas and germ weapons. Now, he argued, was perhaps the moment to use them:

[CHURCHILL:] 'If the bombardment of London really became a serious nuisance [. . .], I should be prepared to do *anything* that would hit the enemy in a murderous place. [. . .] I do not see why we should always have all the disadvantages of being the gentleman while they have all the advantages of being the cad. [. . .] It may be several weeks, or even months, before I shall ask you to drench Germany with poison gas and, if we do it, let us do it one hundred percent. In the meantime I want the matter studied in cold blood by sensible people and not by that particular set of psalm-singing, uniformed defeatists which one runs across now, here and there. Pray address yourself to this.'

HARRIS [holding open file of documents]: This was the report that Churchill's military advisers produced. It's a chilling assessment of what using chemical and biological weapons would have meant in the Second World War. They advised against using poison gas on the grounds that the bombs we were dropping on German cities were already doing enough damage, but they put biological weapons in a different category.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] 'Biological warfare would cause heavy casualties, panic and confusion in the areas affected. It might lead to a breakdown in administration with a consequent decisive influence on the outcome of the war.'

HARRIS: Everything had been worked out to the last detail. [FRONT COVER OF DOCUMENT SHOWN] This top secret report shows how scientists reduced the mass destructive power of anthrax into a neat mathematical formula. The Allies code-named the anthrax weapon *N*. Each bomb weighed four pounds. They were loaded into large aircraft cluster bombs 106 at a time. *N* was not designed for use on the battlefield but specifically for strategic bombing against enemy cities. A few hundred feet above the target the large mother bomb would burst open and scatter the anthrax bomblets over a wide area.

Six German cities were provisionally selected as targets: Aachen, Wilhelmshaven, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Berlin. They were all to be attacked in a single day by a force of 2,700 heavy bombers carrying over 40,000 cluster bombs. Twelve cluster bombs to the square mile; 1,273 anthrax bomblets in that square mile. An almost total saturation of bacteria.

The cities would have become a wasteland. According to the scientists' report 50% of the inhabitants might be killed by inhalation, many more might die through contamination of the skin. This would have meant a death toll of around three million people.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] 'The terrain will be contaminated for years, and danger from skin infection should be great enough to enforce evacuation. [. . .]

[3] P.M.'s Personal Min. No. M.246/4, Churchill to Brown, 8 March 1944, in PREM 3/65.

[4] P.M.'s Personal Min. No. D.162/4, Churchill to Ismay, 21 May 1944, in CAB 120/782.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is no satisfactory method of decontamination. There is no preventive inoculation [. . .].'

[HARRIS:] What stopped Churchill using anthrax against Germany was not moral scruples but time. His military advisers told him that the American factories were not yet producing *N* bombs in sufficient quantities to enable a full scale attack to be launched.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] '[. . .] There is no likelihood of a sustained attack being possible much before the middle of 1945.'

[HARRIS:] Germany was saved from biological attack by her own defeat.

All this took place little more than two years after Dr Fildes and his team first rode out to Gruinard with their prototype anthrax bomb. If a handful of bombs could make this island uninhabitable for forty years, what might have happened if the Allies had gone ahead with their plans to drop four and a quarter million bombs on Germany?"

WITH THE OBVIOUS ANSWER secured from the Director of Porton that cities like Berlin would still be contaminated had anthrax been used against the Germans, and after adding that "there does now seem to be little doubt that at one time it was contemplated", Mr Harris concluded that biological warfare "is arguably the last great Allied secret of the war." A closing studio reference to "Robert Harris's disturbing report" rounded off *Newsnight*'s contribution to British military historiography. The newspaper headlines followed.

The Planning Machinery

ALTHOUGH it had little to do with Churchill *per se*, the academic research I was completing when the story broke included a long section on the British biological warfare programme and was based on some three years' study of the documents of Churchill's (and Clement Attlee's) military advisers. These were the Chiefs of Staff, and some grasp of the nature of their organisation is essential for an understanding of what really happened in 1944.

The CoS Committee was made up of the heads of the three Services, the Chief of Combined Operations (when such matters were under consideration), and the Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence—General Ismay. Ismay was Churchill's channel of communication with his military advisers who sat at the head of a pyramid of inter-Service sub-committees and staffs. There was also a Vice-Chiefs of Staff Committee, set up in 1940 to lighten the decision-making burden of the main body. Of the specialist sub-committees, only the Joint Planning Staff was charged with the preparation of strategic plans for the consideration of the Service Chiefs or Vice-Chiefs. The Joint Intelligence Sub-Committee collated information on which plans might be based. The Joint Technical Warfare Committee coordinated the technical study of operational projects and problems. The Inter-Service Committee on Chemical Warfare and the Inter-Service Sub-Committee on Biological Warfare respectively supervised all developments appertaining to poison gas and germs. But the JTWC, the ISCCW, and the ISSBW had *no strategic planning role* at all. They were purely technical and/or administrative bodies, and the papers they produced were designed to show the strategic planners what was technically feasible and what simply could not be done. Their adoption of a particular strategic hypothesis in the course of a given feasibility study in no way implied that the implementation of that hypothesis had ever been considered as a matter of policy by the responsible military authorities.

Nor did the strategic views of the Joint Planning Staff itself count for anything in advance of endorsement by the parent CoS Committee. As Brigadier A. T. Cornwall-Jones, a former secretary to the CoS organisation, had warned me in a letter of 18 May 1976 (near the start of my research):

> ". . . it needs to be understood that the views of these bodies were never authoritative. They were groups of men who operated under the Chiefs of Staff but it was the Chiefs of Staff whose views mattered, it being accepted that the signature of the Vice-Chiefs was just as good as the Chiefs' on any but the terribly big issues. . . . Very often the planners' views would be accepted. Just as often perhaps they would be changed and sometimes 'chucked out'."

In the summer of 1981, for example, it was a failure to clarify the precise status and purposes of certain Joint Technical Warfare Committee papers drawn up soon after the War which led to a press report headed "GERM ATTACK IN 1946 CONSIDERED" and to a mischievous Parliamentary Question in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the House of Lords from Fenner Brockway.[5] In fact, these "plans for an attack on Russian cities by Britain using atomic bombs and germ warfare weapons" were nothing more than hypothetical studies compiled to help the JTWC assess the likely future nature of warfare. They were not even "contingency plans" against the Russians. Not only had Britain no atomic weapons in 1946, but—as will be seen—she had no effective biological weapons either.

Gas, Not Germs: The Misquoted Minute

SHORTLY AFTER the programme was screened, I got in touch with Professor R. V. Jones of Aberdeen University. As Churchill's Assistant Director of Intelligence (Science) at the Air Ministry during the War, he had been a key figure in the fight against Hitler's flying bombs and rockets. He confirmed what my reading of such CoS documents on the subject as I had already seen suggested: that the Prime Minister had advocated the use of gas, not germs, in response to the *V*-weapon threat. Indeed, he had mentioned this incident himself in a biographical memoir of Churchill published by the Royal Society in 1966, and in connection with a television series which gave rise to a BBC publication in 1978. His own book on British scientific intelligence in the Second World War had stressed how greatly the "experts" had erred in overestimating the size of the *V.2* rocket (*not* the *V.1* flying bomb referred to by Harris on the BBC), with each being thought capable by some of inflicting up to 4,000 casualties (according to the Ministry of Home Security in 1943), and with the size of the warhead still being thought—at the time of the Churchill initiative of July 1944 dramatised by *Newsnight*—to be between three and seven times as great as it really was.[6] In any case, as Professor Jones wrote on 5 May to George Carey, the programme's editor:

> "There was no mention, so far as I know, of biological, as opposed to chemical, warfare in what Churchill had said, and I think that the anthrax story is really quite distinct."

In this belief he was absolutely correct; but the BBC *Newsnight* team remained resolutely unimpressed.

The charges levelled against the BBC during the press controversy that followed the broadcast concentrated on its misrepresentation of comments about the use of poison gas (a crude, and rather ineffective weapon) as relating also to germ warfare, and its interleaving and distortion of CoS material in such a way as to confuse hypothetical contingency planning with serious consideration of germ warfare as a policy for implementation.[7] These charges were perfectly well-founded. Yet there was an even more basic flaw in the *Newsnight* case which only systematic research could uncover: (*1*) that Churchill never asked for the use of anthrax to be considered in any way whatever, and (*2*) that the document in which it was claimed that he did never even existed.

LET ME EXAMINE first the Prime Minister's outspoken 6 July 1944 minute[8]—*Newsnight*'s prized discovery purportedly showing that "the British" began to consider using anthrax in response to "the flying bomb", and in which Churchill was originally claimed to have "argued" that the moment to use "gas *and germs*" had perhaps arrived. It was addressed to General Ismay for the Chiefs of Staff Committee, and its serial number was *D.217/4*. This number is important. We shall be meeting it again, so it is as well to understand that every such minute had its own serial number, the last figure of which was simply the last figure of the year in which it was written—in this case, 1944. The subject of the minute was spelt out in its opening paragraph. It was not anthrax.

> "*1.* I want you to think very seriously over this question of poison gas. I would not use it unless it could be shown either that (*a*) it was life or death for us, or (*b*) that it would shorten the war by a year.
>
> *2.* It is absurd to consider morality on this topic when everybody used it in the last war without a word of complaint from the moralists

[5] *The Times*, 15 June 1981; Lord Brockway, House of Lords Debate, *Hansard* (Vol. 422, No. 107, Col. 188), 30 June 1981.

[6] R. V. Jones, "Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill", in *Biographical Memoirs of Fellows of the Royal Society* (1966), Vol. XII, pp. 82–3. Brian Johnson, *The Secret War* (BBC, 1978; Arrow, 1979), p. 199. R. V. Jones, *Most Secret War* (Hamish Hamilton, 1978; Coronet, 1979), pp. 437, 547–8, 562–8.

[7] *The Guardian*, 7, 9, 13, 20, 30 May 1981, 2 June 1981; *The Times*, 11, 20 May 1981; *Daily Telegraph*, 18, 21, 25, 29 May 1981, 2, 11 June 1981; *The Listener*, 4, 25 June 1981, 2 July 1981, 17 August 1981.

[8] P.M.'s Personal Min. No. D.217/4, 6 July 1944, in PREM 3/89 (also in CAB 120/775).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the Church. On the other hand, in the last war the bombing of open cities was regarded as forbidden. Now everybody does it as a matter of course. It is simply a question of fashion changing as she does between long and short skirts for women.

3. I want a cold-blooded calculation made as to how it would pay us to use poison gas, by which I mean principally mustard. We will want to gain more ground in Normandy so as not to be cooped up in a small area. We could probably deliver 20 tons to their 1 and for the sake of the 1 they would bring their bomber aircraft into the area against our superiority, thus paying a heavy toll.

4. Why have the Germans not used it? Not certainly out of moral scruples or affection for us. They have not used it because it does not pay them. The greatest temptation ever offered to them was the beaches of Normandy. This they could have drenched with gas greatly to the hindrance of our troops. That they thought about it is certain and that they prepared against our use of gas is also certain. But the only reason they have not used it against us is that they fear the retaliation. What is to their detriment is to our advantage.

5. Although one sees how unpleasant it is to receive poison gas attacks, from which nearly everyone recovers, it is useless to protest that an equal amount of H.E. [high explosive] will not inflict greater cruelties and sufferings on troops or civilians. One really must not be bound within silly conventions of the mind whether they be those that ruled in the last war or those in reverse which rule in this.

6. If the bombardment of London really became a serious nuisance and great rockets with far-reaching and devastating effect fell on many centres of Government and labour, I should be prepared to do *anything* that would hit the enemy in a murderous place. I may certainly have to ask you to support me in using poison gas. We could drench the cities of the Ruhr and many other cities in Germany in such a way that most of the population would be requiring constant medical attention. We could stop all work at the flying bomb starting points. I do not see why we should always have all the disadvantages of being the gentleman while they have all the advantages of being the cad. There are times when this may be so but not now.

7. I quite agree it may be several weeks or even months before I shall ask you to drench Germany with poison gas, and if we do it, let us do it one hundred per cent. In the meanwhile, I want the matter studied in cold blood by sensible people and not by that particular set of psalm-singing uniformed defeatists which one runs across now here now there. Pray address yourself to this. It is a big thing and can only be discarded for a big reason. I shall of course have to square Uncle Joe [Stalin] and the President; but you need not bring this into your calculations at the present time. Just try to find out what it is like on its merits.

W.S.C."

A COMPARISON of this minute with the first two of the *Newsnight* paragraphs quoted on pp. 19-20 shows how seriously it was mistreated. If its opening passage had to be suppressed, it should at least have been accurately paraphrased. Nothing could justify the assertion that Churchill was recommending the use of biological as well as chemical warfare. As Peter Hennessy (whose accurate summaries of the relevant documents were written for *The Times* without the benefit of a viewing of the *Newsnight* report) told me on 18 August:

> "It appeared to me from the moment I read the documents that the two things—mustard and anthrax—were entirely separate; and I didn't actually make a great point of saying to myself 'Ah, these are separate and we must be careful', because it was obvious to me that they were."

Nor were the Chiefs of Staff in any doubt about what Churchill was discussing. Two of them kept unofficial diaries on a daily basis during their period of office, and those of the Chief of the Naval Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, are now available in the British Library archives. This is what Cunningham wrote on Saturday, 8 July 1944:

> "C.O.S. meeting at 1100. Discussion on P.M.'s rather immoderate minutes (*a*) on the use of gas (*b*) on General Alexander's plans in Italy. In the first he talks of 'uniformed psalm-singers' presumably referring to the Directors of Plans [on the Joint Planning Staff]. . . . He obviously had a bad day after his statement [of 6 July, on flying bombs] in H[ouse] of C[ommons]."[9]

It was certainly true that the Joint Planning Staff had very recently deprecated using gas, which was

[9] Cunningham Papers, Vol. XXI, *Diary*, 1944 (British Library, Add. MS. 52577).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt unlikely to stop the *V*-weapon campaign and more likely to prove a net disadvantage to advancing Allied troops.[10] Churchill's 6 July outburst had been largely in response to this JPS report, but the Chiefs of Staff agreed with the views of their own strategic planners. As Cunningham noted, the question was considered just two days later. The Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, launched the main attack on what the official record described as "a minute (Serial No. *D.217/4*) from the Prime Minister directing that a comprehensive examination be made of *the question of employing gas* against Germany" (italics added). In his view, gas would not produce the effects Churchill anticipated. It would be very difficult to achieve a heavy concentration of gas over a wide area, and Portal simply did not believe that concentrated attacks on flying-bomb sites would prove effective either. The JPS planners had already made one attempt on the problem, and in the ensuing discussion it was suggested that the task should be undertaken under the supervision of the Vice-Chiefs of Staff this time, and that both the Chemical *and* Biological Warfare sub-committees should also be consulted. In other words, the Chiefs of Staff took it upon themselves to widen the terms of reference for the proposed report to bring in germ warfare as well as gas. This broadening of the task was specified in the formal instruction to the Vice-Chiefs to "carry out a comprehensive examination of the points raised in the Prime Minister's minute, and to include in their examination consideration of the possibilities of biological warfare and of the form which enemy reprisals might take."[11] As Churchill had not asked for biological warfare also to be covered, the CoS secretary who reported back to him immediately after the meeting did not even bother to mention that it had also been decided to take a look at germs as well as gas in the feasibility study:

> "Prime Minister, Reference your minute at Flag 'A' (*D.217/4*) about the use of gas, the Chiefs of Staff this morning directed the Vice-Chiefs of Staff to go into this matter with the greatest care and thoroughness, bringing into consultation all interested authorities.
>
> 2. A report will be submitted to you as soon as possible."[12]

[10] JP(44)177(Final), 5 July 1944, in CAB 84/64.

[11] CoS(44)227th Mtg (0)(14), 8 July 1944, in CAB 79/77.

[12] CoS Sec. Min. 1140/4, Hollis to Churchill, 8 July 1944, in CAB 120/775.

The Non-Existent Paper

ON 4 JUNE 1981, an article appeared in *The Listener*, in which Robert Harris significantly modified what had been broadcast by *Newsnight*. *The Listener* is a weekly BBC journal normally publishing items based on broadcasts within days of their transmission. When I suggested that a month's hiatus—as in this case—was rather unusual, one of the *Listener* editorial staff agreed. It seemed to me that efforts were being made to rectify in print what had been irresponsibly put out over the air but subsequently challenged by Professor R. V. Jones, Winston Churchill, MP, and myself.

In particular, the 6 July minute was no longer claimed to be about anthrax. The crucial opening paragraph was belatedly restored; and the expostulation about being prepared to do "*anything*" was described merely as a "hint" by Churchill that "he might go even further than using poison gas." The phrase about "great rockets with far-reaching and devastating effect" falling on London was still cut out, however; and the point that the massive overestimation of their potential had been rectified by mid-August—before the *V.2* attack had even begun—was never made at all.

What Robert Harris really now relied upon ("Churchill and the Germ Bomb", *The Listener*, 4 June 1981) was his belief that

> "a week later, in an individual minute circulated to each of the Vice-Chiefs of Staff, Churchill significantly extended the terms of reference of the report he wanted on poison gas: now he called for an evaluation of the implications of using gas '*or any other method of warfare* [Harris's italics] which we have hitherto refrained from using against the Germans.' This was a carefully veiled but unmistakable reference to anthrax."

Carefully veiled? Unmistakable? If indeed it was a reference to anthrax, it had certainly not been made by the Prime Minister. . . .

As the controversy progressed, I had been becoming increasingly dubious about this so-called 13 July minute by Churchill. It was true that I had seen a CoS document indicating that the Prime Minister had asked for other methods in addition to gas also to be considered. I had mentioned this in my first critique of the *Newsnight* report, published in *The Guardian* on 7 May. And I had presumed that Mr Harris must have seen some such further minute from Churchill (as his replies in the press implied) since he seemed able to assign a precise date to it. In this I was very much mistaken. All my

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subsequent efforts to track down this document proved fruitless. It was certainly not to be found in the Prime Minister's file cited by Robert Harris in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* published on 21 May 1981. Eventually, on 25 June, I wrote to Professor Jones, who had referred to it in one of his own criticisms of the *Newsnight* presentation. In his reply (29 June), he drew my attention to page 726 of Anthony Cave Brown's *Bodyguard of Lies*.

This book had aired some contentious hypotheses when it appeared in 1976. One of its most notorious charges had been that in November 1940 Churchill deliberately failed to take the maximum possible level of measures to protect the city of Coventry from impending aerial attack—a decision which was praised as essential for the security of the "*Ultra*" code-breaking technique. But in fact it was a melodramatic myth. The Official History of Wartime Intelligence later showed that the identity of the target city simply had not been known in time for extra preparations to be made.

AS IT TURNED OUT, Anthony Cave Brown's propensity for documentary imprecision had reasserted itself in his coverage of biological warfare, and Mr Harris had drawn on Cave Brown without checking the "sources" for himself. For there was no "13 July minute." Churchill had never expanded his request for a report on gas to include anthrax at all. After his initial approach, he did not again raise the subject with the CoS organisation until 25 July 1944,[13] when he rather testily reminded Ismay that:

> "On July 6 I asked for a dispassionate report on the military aspects of threatening to use lethal and corrosive gases on the enemy if they did not stop the use of indiscriminate weapons.
>
> I now request this report within three days.
>
> *W.S.C.*"

This minute referred neither to anthrax nor as a matter of fact to any intervening instruction to widen the scope of the report. And a copy of it was included in the principal file cited by Robert Harris in his *Daily Telegraph* correspondence.

What had happened between 6 and 25 July? It is not hard to find this out from a close reading of the Chiefs of Staff papers. Unlike those of the Prime Minister's Office (on which *Newsnight* had mainly relied), CoS documents nearly always cited the serial numbers of minutes to which cross-reference might be made. The record of the meeting of the Vice-Chiefs of Staff, *held on 13 July* with a view to discharging the task laid upon them by their Chiefs five days earlier, was no exception in this respect.

Certainly the Vice-Chiefs considered the contents of a minute by Churchill—but, as the serial number cited in the record of the meeting shows, *it was the very same minute he had written on 6 July*—which Mr Harris's *Listener* article belatedly conceded to have been a minute about poison gas. What the Vice-Chiefs had before them was

> "a minute (*COS.1150/4*) by the Secretary, circulated personally to each Vice-Chief of Staff, referring to a minute (Serial No. *D.217/4*) by the Prime Minister directing that a comprehensive examination be made of the question of employing gas against Germany."

It was agreed that the examination would have to be carried out by the Joint Planning Staff as the (technical) Inter-Service Committee on Chemical Warfare "was not a suitable body to carry out an investigation of this nature." Clear terms of reference would have to be given to the JPS and these should exclude ethical and political factors. The only specific reference to germ warfare came right at the end of the VCoS discussion, and even that was of a rather indirect nature:

> "With reference to the decision that the investigation should cover all forms of chemical and biological warfare [*i.e.* the decision of the Chiefs of Staff on 8 July], it was suggested that the Germans might react to the initiation of gas warfare by the employment of bacteriological warfare. The investigation should, therefore, include consideration of German readiness to undertake bacteriological warfare."

The CoS secretariat was set to work to draft appropriate terms of reference for the Joint Planning Staff, which would receive technical advice from the other (non-strategic) sub-committees of the Chiefs of Staff.[14]

On 16 July 1944, Colonel Denis Capel-Dunn, head of the Joint Staffs secretariat, drew up the document which ultimately misled Robert Harris, Anthony Cave Brown, an earlier historian—Roger Parkinson, on whose book, *A Day's March Nearer Home* (1974), both drew heavily—and also myself, until I went into the matter a little more systematically. For in issuing these terms of reference to the JPS, Colonel Capel-Dunn failed to differentiate between what the Prime Minister had

[13] P.M.'s Personal Min. No. D.234/4, Churchill to Ismay, 25 July 1944, in PREM 3/89 (also in CAB 120/775).

[14] CoS(44)234th Mtg (0) (1) (Confidential Annex), 13 July 1944, in CAB 79/89.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked for on 6 July and the decision of the Chiefs of Staff, on considering Churchill's minute two days later, that biological warfare should also be looked into. It was irrelevant to the task in hand to make such a distinction, so Colonel Capel-Dunn conflated the two strands in the following way:[15]

> "The Prime Minister has directed that a comprehensive examination should be undertaken of the military implications of our deciding on an all-out use of gas, principally mustard gas, or any other method of warfare which we have hitherto refrained from using against the Germans in the following circumstances:—
>
> (*a*) As a counter-offensive in the event of the use by the enemy of flying bombs and/or giant rockets developing into a serious threat to our ability to prosecute the war;
>
> or, alternatively,
>
> (*b*) as a means of shortening the war or of bringing to an end a situation in which there was a danger of a stalemate."

That was the passage which had suggested to me that a further Churchill minute must have been written between 6 and 16 July. It had been more seriously misread by Harris, Cave Brown and Parkinson, who took it to be the text of another Churchill minute and presumed it to be what the Vice-Chiefs had seen at their 13 July meeting. But, as we now know, it was merely a gloss on what Churchill had written about gas (6 July), what the Chiefs of Staff had added about germs without telling him (8 July), and what the Vice-Chiefs had decided about how to tackle the job (13 July). The CoS and VCoS contributions were implied more strongly in the second paragraph of Capel-Dunn's directive to the Joint Planning Staff:

> "2. The Chiefs of Staff have instructed the Joint Planning Staff [another gloss—the CoS actually instructed the VCoS, who in turn instructed the JPS] to carry out this examination, which should cover the possibilities of the use of biological warfare by us or by the enemy. It should take the form of a thorough and practical examination of the military factors involved and should ignore ethical and political considerations. . . . "

I do not doubt that Robert Harris genuinely, though erroneously, believed that the Prime Minister had followed up his 6 July minute about gas with a further one asking for any other unused methods of warfare also to be considered. Yet, had he troubled to look behind his secondary sources (Cave Brown and Parkinson) both of which dealt with this topic only as a side issue, he would have found—as I did—that Churchill never expanded his request for a report about gas in any way whatsoever. With that, any vestige of an excuse for quoting the 6 July minute as if its comments about gas also applied to anthrax would have finally disappeared.

The "Chilling" Assessment & the Interleaved Report

MORE BLAMEWORTHY by far than the mistreatment of the 6 July minute, however, was *Newsnight*'s presentation of the report that the Joint Planning Staff eventually produced in response to it. At least four separate copies of this paper were openly declassified at the Public Record Office in 1972 when most of the Wartime material was released,[16] so it can hardly be described as having accidentally slipped out.

The record of the Chiefs of Staff meeting of 26 July 1944 notes that they considered Churchill's 25 July minute as the sixth item on their agenda that day. As the CoS secretary put it, this requested that the Prime Minister "should be provided, within three days, with the report on the military aspects of the initiation of gas warfare for which he had asked (*D.217/4*) on July 6th."[17] The report was completed late that night. It was overwhelmingly concerned with poison gas (eight-and-a-half pages). Not only was anthrax covered in much less detail (one-and-a-half pages), but there was also no conceptual comparison between the two. Whereas gas warfare was distinctly possible and was argued against at length, germ warfare was simply out of the question. And, as the short section on anthrax showed, an anthrax attack was a non-starter because Britain simply did not have the bombs which would be needed. So it was pointless to go into the question of what targets to attack or what even the military effects of long-term contamination would be. Neither was considered. Both sections of the report were prefaced by a summary of the whole. It had this to say about biological warfare:[18]

> "19. [*Paras. 2–18 were all about gas*] If the claims of *N* [anthrax] are substantiated, its use

[15] JP(44)190 (0) (T.R.), 16 July 1944, in CAB 84/64.
[16] See: PREM 3/89; CAB 80/85; CAB 84/64; CAB 120/775.
[17] CoS(44)248th Mtg (0) (6), 26 July 1944, in CAB 79/78.
[18] CoS(44)661 (0), 26 July 1944, in CAB 80/85.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could probably make a material change in the war situation, but there is no likelihood of a sustained attack being possible before the middle of 1945.

20. There is no known prophylactic against *N*. If it can be used in practice, the effect on morale will be profound.

21. It is improbable that the Germans will initiate biological warfare. There is no evidence to show whether they are in a position to retaliate in kind, were we to initiate it."

ROBERT HARRIS'S VERSION in a letter to *The Listener* given pride of place on 2 July 1981 was rather different:

> "The one and a half pages on anthrax were sufficiently detailed to show that an anthrax attack was feasible [he wrote], given the bombs."

In the words of Norris McWhirter (who replied on 17 August), this was "like claiming that a man can be described as a millionaire 'given enough wealth' while omitting to mention that he is, in fact, an undischarged bankrupt! . . . " Mr Harris's problem was that, if anthrax really was out of the question, any rejection by Churchill of the report's conclusions could only apply to gas. This was something I had always maintained to be obvious—even without knowing that Churchill's interest in "any other method of warfare" was just a secretary's gloss.

The fact of the matter was that, while the Joint Planning Staff report claimed chemical (*i.e.* gas) warfare to be feasible but undesirable, it showed effective biological warfare not to be feasible at all.

The Chiefs of Staff discussed the report at their 28 July 1944 meeting. The records show their deliberations to have been limited to the case against using gas.[19] In view of his impatience to obtain a response to his 6 July minute, Churchill had been given a copy the night before. Ismay now wrote to tell him of the amendments made, and the endorsement given to it by the Service Chiefs. His letter to the Prime Minister again referred only to the chemical warfare aspect. Churchill's last words on the subject were in reply to that communication from Ismay:[20]

> "I am not at all convinced by this negative report. But clearly I cannot make head against the parsons and the warriors at the same time.
>
> The matter should be kept under review and brought up again when things get worse.
>
> *W.S.C.*"

Given the sheer impossibility of a germ attack (not to mention the fact that he had only asked about gas anyway, as we now know), it was clearly nonsensical to claim that these remarks applied to anthrax. At an early stage in the controversy, Robert Harris said that he knew of "no evidence whatever" for my assertion that this 29 July minute was a minute about gas. Though I failed to see the need for "evidence" of what was fairly obvious, I was able to point out that on 31 July the Chiefs of Staff had taken note of Churchill's remarks as comments on their report on initiating "chemical" warfare, and that the relevant record was actually included in a file used for the programme.[21] This drew the response (*Daily Telegraph*, 2 June 1981) that I had alighted on "merely a routine acknowledgement" and loaded it "with enormous significance" to suit my own case. Considering the weight placed on the vaguest phrases by Mr Harris himself, I referred to Admiral Cunningham's diary[22] which was not subject to the considerations of brevity or security suggested by Mr Harris as grounds for CoS coyness in official minutes. This is what it said:

> "*Monday, July 31st, 1944.*
> C.O.S. meeting at 1100. Nothing much of importance, P.M.'s minute on the study of retaliation by gas was to the effect that he could do nothing if the warriors as well as the parsons were against him."

And what, now, about the BBC's description of the JPS report as "a chilling assessment of what using chemical *and biological* weapons would have meant in the Second World War"; what now of all those delightful predictions of three million deaths, specific target cities, and near-permanent contamination, culminating in a reversion to the JPS conclusion that insufficient bombs would be available for a sustained attack as the reason that this never came to pass? Curiously enough, Anthony Cave Brown had also described the report as "a chilling assessment"—of the advantages and disadvantages of poison gas.

Any assessment of the use of anthrax in warfare—however cursory—can by definition be regarded as chilling. But the fact remains that most of the horrifying details quoted in *Newsnight* were

---

[19] CoS(44)251st Mtg (0) (7), 28 July 1944, in CAB 79/78.

[20] Ismay to Churchill, 28 July 1944 & P.M.'s Personal Min. No. D.238/4, Churchill to Ismay, 29 July 1944, both in PREM 3/89 (also in CAB 120/775).

[21] CoS(44)253rd Mtg (0) (3), 31 July 1944, in PREM 3/89.

[22] Cunningham Papers. Vol. XXI, *Diary*, 1944 (British Library, Add. MS. 52577).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simply not in the report which Churchill was given. They came from a completely different document prepared (by the Inter-Service Sub-Committee on Biological Warfare for the Joint Technical Warfare Committee) in November 1945, long after the War was over, and even longer after Churchill had left office. *That* was the "scientists' report" in which "Everything had been worked out to the last detail." It had nothing at all to do with the July 1944 *V*-weapon crisis. Indeed, the notion of having enough anthrax bombs to attack six German cities, should retaliation against German biological aggression prove to be necessary, had been worked out long before that crisis. The 500,000 bombs ordered from the Americans in March 1944 had been thought sufficient for this, should retaliation against German biological aggression prove to be necessary. However, in October 1944, the Biological Warfare sub-committee told the Chiefs of Staff[23] that

> "it may be necessary to arrange provision of 8 times this number of bombs in order to achieve results on the scale originally intended."

The empty bomb cases were being manufactured satisfactorily, but preparation of their contents was fraught with difficulties which had not been overcome even by the end of the War. The hypothetical figure of bombs required to "saturate" six cities thus went up—in theory—from 500,000 to the $4\frac{1}{4}$ million cited in the 1945 "scientists' report" used by *Newsnight* to step up the horror of the very limited coverage of anthrax in the 1944 report which Churchill received.

THE ALLIES never had a plan to drop this quantity of bombs on Germany as the BBC claimed. Nor did Britain. Nor did the Chiefs of Staff, who decided on 13 October 1944 to let what was termed "the present token order for 500,000 bombs" stand.[24] There was never any question of ordering another $3\frac{3}{4}$ million of them. What Robert Harris did was to take an essentially academic study prepared by one technical CoS sub-committee to help another in its post-War calculations of the future potentialities of mass-destruction weapons, and to intertwine its contents with those of the July 1944 Joint Planning Staff feasibility study.

[23] Closed (50 years) Document: BW(44)21, 10 October 1944.

[24] CoS(44)338th Mtg (0) (7), 13 October 1944, in CAB 79/81.

Not a word was said in the TV programme to make it clear that two reports, not one, were being quoted. As the camera zoomed in portentously to focus on the words "TOP SECRET" on the 1945 report—in reality, a very common Chiefs of Staff classification—its date could admittedly be seen for a few seconds. But I doubt if even one viewer in a hundred appreciated its significance. Apart from Peter Hennessy's *Times* reports (written before he had seen the programme), all the newspaper accounts erroneously conflated the two documents—as if Churchill had wanted the six German cities (cited by Dr Fildes, the Porton bacteriologist, merely as "typical") actually to be attacked with anthrax. These accounts were based on a Press Association release by Robert Hutchinson which completely failed to distinguish between the separate CoS papers quoted (exactly as one might expect). Publicly, it was maintained that the BBC had at no stage even implied that Churchill saw the 1945 document, but privately Mr Harris was more forthcoming. As he told me on 6 July 1981:

> "What I think is fair comment and attack is the fact that the film could have so misled at least one journalist [Hutchinson]. I accept what you say—that it could have led people to have said: 'Churchill planned the death of three million civilians', and that I think is fair criticism of the programme. . . ."

He also dissociated himself from the introductory comparison with the Nazis. Apparently, he had not seen this before it went out over the air. Even on his interpretation of Churchill's actions he felt, he says, that the Prime Minister had behaved perfectly justifiably under the prevailing circumstances. And so far as the categorical claim that "Germany was saved from biological attack by her own defeat" was concerned, it was good to hear him concede: "I think that, given my time again, I wouldn't have said that. . . ."

REGRETTABLY, the fact remains that it *was* said, and Churchill's reputation was gravely damaged as a result of the programme, notwithstanding the good intentions which possibly underlay it.

The most that can be said of the 1944 events is that on one brief occasion the feasibility of using anthrax was investigated by the Chiefs of Staff organisation, only to be immediately dismissed as impracticable. The first Churchill knew of this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investigation was when he saw it tacked on to the end of a report on gas warfare as an unavailable extra option about which he had never inquired. Nor would it have made any difference even if the War had lasted longer, as Harris, Cave Brown and Parkinson all suggested, for the production difficulties proved far too great to be fully overcome even by November 1945 and a further eight months at least would have been required to produce enough charged bombs to attack "six German cities." By this time a far more effective agent had been discovered in the United States—brucella, seldom fatal, simpler to produce, unlikely to cause contamination for more than a period of days rather than years, and requiring perhaps only a tenth of the weight of bombs necessary to deliver an equivalent attack with anthrax. . . .

[25] Retained Document: Note by Defence Research Policy Committee, 23 March 1949.

As for the British programme of Biological Warfare research, the chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee noted as late as March 1949: "Although there is no practical weapon of biological warfare yet in sight, it may be fairly said that the possibilities of producing one are at least as high as the possibilities of producing atomic weapons were in 1940. . . ."[25] And that was five years before the atom bomb finally appeared.

War history is too important to be left to television sensationalism, eager to ferret out "secrets" whether they exist or not. More than that, the Wartime record of the Western democracies should not be left undefended against those who, in distorting the historical evidence (the bombing of Coventry, the "murder" of General Sikorski, the anthrax bomb), suggest that there was nothing to choose between Churchill and Hitler, between one side and the other in the Second World War.

Abandoned Village

After a thousand years this village dies:
A cough sounds from a last inhabitant
Through a shuttered door. Below, cliffs
Of a gorge. In clefts, only a loose-stone path
Goes down, above rapids, pools and falls. So,
A last man-life dies.

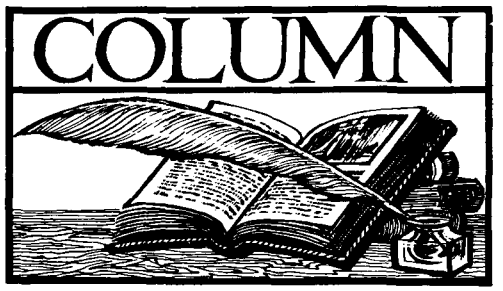
Rats left long ago. Swallows ceased coming. No
Swifts scythe screaming in, under stone tiles.
High nettles cross still-sooted oven mouths.
Nothing crows, bleats, mews, barks, lows. Only
Coughing again behind that bolted door, as
A last man-life dies.

Between crags in shadow and sunlight higher,
A slow eagle family soars. These eagles
Catch a lift of air, these eagles have nothing
At all to fear. By other living life
Is re-assured, though this last man-life
Coughs up and dies.

Down here pennywort flattens to lizard
Walls and water-boatmen skate a black
Polished pool, from which a trickle slides.
So be it. Coughing comes feebler from behind
These unplastered, brown, wind-bitten walls, as
This last man-life dies.

Geoffrey Grigson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AFTER the Untied Nations and President Reagan's unclear deterrent, what next? It could be nu-employment. I don't mean economic resurgence or job creation, but new patterns of work.

My father, like his father before him, led an orderly life. He wore a waistcoat with a gold watch-chain, a stiff collar, and a bowler hat. He carried a furled umbrella. Every weekday morning at 8.15 he walked to the railway station and caught the train up to town. We called this "going to business." At six o'clock every evening, we heard his key in the lock and his voice or whistle in the hall. He took holidays at Christmas and Easter, and three weeks in the late summer; after World War II, he enjoyed two-day weekends. He retired at the age of sixty-five after a working lifetime in the same "business."

Rather reluctantly, I seemed destined for a similar "career"—a wild word for so placid a prospect. School taught the habit of office hours; so did life in the services; university lectures also structured the day. When I first earned a salary, I was already programmed to sell my mornings and afternoons.

Yet, even at that time, the practice seemed slightly bizarre. I had worked on my own before—on essays, research, translating, journalism: but now I was being paid for merely being on the spot. Like Robert Benchley or, later, C. Northcote Parkinson, I was surprised to find how idle office life could be. Simple jobs were delayed or prolonged; social life developed round the coffee-urn, the tea trolley, or the water-cooler; time was wasted trying to make telephone connections; "meetings" dragged on interminably; "working lunches" involved more lunch than work. Never mind, I told my dozing conscience: it's your time they've hired—let the taximeter tick away.

It didn't last. I left for a more demanding job—and worked all hours of the day and night. Thus reprogrammed, I switched from my father's nine-to-five, one-career pattern, and became what he might have called "a rolling stone." I was never sure whether gathering moss meant growing rich or getting rusty; but from then until now I've not done the same thing for more than six years at a stretch.

"Jack of all trades and master of none" should now flash up on your mental terminal. It still does on mine. But a growing number of studies, recently collated by two senior editors of *International Management*, suggest that my pattern of work, not my father's, is on the increase everywhere. The results, for society generally, may be quite profound.[1]

One sign of change, in the 1960s was "flexi-time" or flexible working hours. It began in Germany, as *Gleitzeit* or "sliding time": the aerospace company MBB introduced it, partly to avoid traffic jams. Now, an estimated 5,000 firms in Europe have followed suit, and 20,000 throughout the world. In a typical example, people may clock in when they choose between 7.30 and 10.00 a.m., and clock out between 4.00 p.m. and 6.00. The central "core time" is compulsory: so is a minimum of total hours. In some instances, flexi-time can be weekly or monthly; and at least a dozen firms in Germany are experimenting with a flexible year. Most employees like the system. "Owls" can work late: "fowls" can start early; avoiding rush hours, they feel less tense; they no longer need filch time to shop or go to the bank. Employers like it too. It helps recruitment and slows down labour turnover; it cuts overtime and absenteeism; it encourages people to finish a job rather than leaving it overnight. In all these ways it helps productivity. I tried it myself some years ago, letting office drivers come in early and sort the mail, and accountants work either late or early when all was quiet. They all enjoyed the privilege and pulled their weight.

Firms report similar benefits from part-time working and job-sharing—although in some countries the law and social-security requirements add to the cost. Unemployment insurance in the United States, for instance, is funded *per capita*, so two half-time employees have to be paid for twice. Unions, likewise, are wary of part-time working, for fear of attempts to undercut normal wages and conditions: this can be remedied by changing the law.

BUT THE MOST spectacular innovation in recent years has been the growth of the so-called "electronic cottage", making it possible to work at home. Cottage industries in the old sense still flourish—if that's an apt word for sometimes sweated labour. British barristers' wigs, for instance, sell at about £240 apiece; but the women who work at home lacerating their fingers to make the little coils of horsehair on a long waxed string get only £50 for a 40-metre length. At the other end of the scale, automated sewing machines can make

[1] *The Re-making of Work: Changing Work Patterns and How to Capitalize on Them.* By DAVID CLUTTERBUCK & ROY HILL. Grant McIntyre/International Management, £8.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home seamstresses a tidy living. And the real revolution involves the home computer terminal, pioneered mainly for programmers in firms like the British-based F. International or the customer services segment of International Computers Ltd., but spreading now into banking, telecommunications, and other fields. The buzz-word for this is "telecommuting"—which is self-explanatory. When one company in California offered employees either a company car to commute with or a terminal to operate at home, "a significant proportion", we're told, chose the terminal. Well, wouldn't you?

THERE ARE two kinds of futurologist. Both make their fortunes by telling us how fast the year 2000 is approaching. For one, it spells pollution, over-crowding, famine, the decay of the ozone layer, nuclear holocaust, or universal rock music: for the other, a quaint Jules Verne or H. G. Wells vision of clean-cut superpersons in unisex frocks, whizzing about in spaceships, endlessly enthralled by gadgets. Reading about the "electronic cottage", it's hard to avoid picturing the superpersons, probably in simple line drawings, with dentifrice smiles and speech balloons saying "Great!" and "Ace!"

How splendid, in fact, to be a telecommuter. No need for a business suit or an office hair-do: slop around all day in leisure clothes. Right after breakfast, no need to drive or catch public transport: just sit at the terminal and scan the workload for the day. Knock off half of it down the line before coffee. Limber up in the rumpus room, dig the garden, or take a jog in the park. Grab a milk-and-crispbread snack instead of an official lunch. Take a catnap, then back to the terminal. Deal with the remaining problems—okay automatic signing of your word-processed letters—set up some queries for tomorrow: then sign off, and play chess or Space Invaders on the same screen with some pal in a distant continent. Be around when the kids come in. Never fear being shifted to Biloxi. Keep tabs on rivals via monitor cameras. Bankrupt the airlines by holding tele-conferences. Wear out your modular swivel chair.

It's a tempting lifestyle; and it certainly fits a growing number of people. One French official, with Jules Verne enthusiasm, has predicted that 400,000 workers in France will be using remote terminals by the mid-1980s—some in collective out-of-town locations, some at home. An IBM study in 1978 foresaw 320,000 by 1990; and most observers see the 1990s as the decade of real growth. This is partly a matter of technology: optical fibres can carry up to 15,000 telephone channels on one glass cable as thin as a hair. But there's also a social factor encouraging the "electronic cottage." This is a long-term change in human habits and goals. Fewer people now, if they have the choice, would lead the life my father and grandfather took for granted. *Métro-boulot-dodo*, as the gibe implies, is a dog's life. No sane person wants to be, in E. B. White's words, a

> *Commuter—one who spends his life*
> *In riding to and from his wife;*
> *A man who shaves and takes a train,*
> *And then rides back to shave again.*

No: more and more men of my acquaintance are becoming homebodies, handy not only at handicrafts but at housecraft and babycare. Less defensive about their masculinity, they're happier to swap both practical and emotional roles. With do-it-yourself from the 1950s onwards, the home loomed very much larger in people's concerns: the colour supplements today are essentially *souqs* selling dreams of home improvement, with editorial background music droning on between the ads. Nor are these impressions just subjective. SRI International, investigating what people seek from their working lives, has found that fewer now want simply "success" or "power": what they long for—apart from jobs and money—is "fulfilment." In 1968, only 2% of the US adult population seemed to feel that way. Ten years later, it was 17%; by 1988 (SRI predicted) it might well be 27%. If true, this confirms the stereotype of the caring, sharing dropout: but, without going to Haight-Ashbury lengths, one can certainly sense a more critical attitude to business priorities, and stronger allegiance to the family and the home. It's almost as if some deep movement in popular feeling had anticipated a time when jobs would be scarcer, and technology could begin to decentralise work.

I DON'T WANT to sound too reassuring. Many of the projections confidently made a few years ago look pretty silly in the depths of a world slump. Changes that are possible now may go on being resisted. In one outfit I worked in, it took five years to persuade management to try out a teleconference; and the same people still resist "bleepers" to summon absent staff. What's more, my own experience of working at home reveals some expectable problems. If the top man or woman is out of the office too much, morale seems to slacken: mere physical presence makes an occult difference, however much one may telephone in. Working at home, too, challenges the worker. He or she needs a place to work, which the architect may not have thought of; it needs to be fairly sound-proof; it needs to be safe from intrusion by visitors, children, and pets. Then there are the household crises: a sick relative, an empty refrigerator, an empty purse, a salesman at the door, a child to be driven to school or to a party, a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delivery of coal or fuel-oil, a leaking cistern, a plague of ants. It's very hard not to be diverted by these and other distractions. Some writer friends of mine actually rent offices away from home; one owns a second house in which he works. And even then, working alone demands rigorous self-discipline. The price of freedom may be solitude—and an iron super-ego.

WHICH BRINGS ME to a further set of problems. All the examples I've quoted so far have been of white-collar workers. Flexi-time and job-sharing, it's true, are being extended, cautiously, into blue-collar, shop-floor jobs. This is much more difficult, and its scope may well be limited. Working at home is more limited still. This isn't to say that blue-collar jobs will remain unchanged; some of them, as we know all too well, are being eliminated. I've seen steelworks where most of the work is done by white-coated technicians sitting at panels in gantries above the track, and virtually nobody works on the shop floor. It used to be thought that technology would create more jobs than it destroyed—that surplus manual workers would find cleaner work in the service industries; but now we're no longer so sure. One of the problems for the future, then, may be to find ways of distributing—with dignity—the wealth earned by machines. Even if the machines' owners and operators can be persuaded to be so generous, the recipients of their bounty need persuasion too. People need to feel that they've earned their money, not simply been put on the dole.

Even if that problem's solved, there are plenty of others. A further change in work patterns is blurring the distinction between blue-collar and white. Not before time, I hear you mutter: it was always a thorn in the flesh. But what's happening now is that shop-floor workers in the newest industries are becoming highly-trained experts, sometimes with skills more expensive than those of the people who plan and direct their work. This is a challenge to management; and here, as in other instances, the armed forces may have a lesson to teach. In most technical services, aspiring officers are required to follow, however sketchily, the training undergone by their specialist troops. In theory, at least, they should be able to do anything they ask their men to do. In practice, they may make a muck of it—but at least they'll realise what they've done.

IN ALL THESE WAYS, technology is changing work patterns. To the Jules Verne futurologist, it offers a breezy prospect: no more drudgery, no more nine-to-five time-keeping, no more rush-hour travel, no more working to exhaustion at the same pension-carroted job. But the doomster futurologist has one final question. What's going to happen to all those ordinary men and women who aren't superpersons, and can't find a niche in this brave new hyper-intelligent world?

It's a genuine worry—foreshadowed many years ago by Michael Young's *The Rise of the Meritocracy*. If the shop floor of the new hygienic factory is staffed by sophisticated engineers and electronics repairmen; if the offices are run by fascinating part-timers; if the most responsible and disciplined employees are allowed to stay home and mind baby computer terminals—where do the rest of us come in? Are the unskilled going to be condemned to monotonous dial-watching or operating word-processors? Will they find themselves doing even more menial jobs for which machines are too expensive?

One day in Italy, I was taken round an amazingly up-to-date factory. It was almost deserted. Everything seemed to work automatically, by itself. Then, right at the end of the line, I saw a human being. He was sitting wielding a rubber stamp on the end of a long wooden handle. As the goods passed out into the daylight, he rubber-stamped them one by one.

A dignified dole? What price a good steady job?

M

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George MacBeth

To Preserve Figs

for Iseult

Go up the whitewashed ladder, by the wall,
And you'll find seven pounds
Of them, half-ripened, on the tree.
The rest were low
I picked before. They wallowed free
Near to the ground's
Welter of nettles, apples, weeds. I know,
You'll have to take care. You might fall.

But there are plenty, seven pounds I'd say,
Still floundering heavy, green
And solid in the August air,
And you can reach
Them if you climb. So go up there
And get them, keen
As fig-juice in your envy. Gather each
Into your fingers, let none stay,

On the branch. It makes a metaphor for lust,
This grasping for the rounds
Of unripe figs that ooze their juice,
Their sperm. It burns,
That juice, and has no helpful use.
You'll live with mounds
Of severed energy, with jaded urns
Whose milked white necks you'll have to trust

Through all your life. It's best you learn that soon.
The acid in the fruit
Prickles the world with its pain
And nothing breaks
The dour addiction of the brain
To what may suit,
Or spoil. So watch your mother while she makes
These tractable. Take up a spoon

And help. Three times they boil, and have to steep,
Then boil again. Three times
It always has to be. So let
Them dry in trays
In your burning oven. Go and get
A sugary slime's
Blandishing oil. In winter, black to your gaze,
Like whales from arctic ice, they'll leap.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Fuller

Sonata

The body leaning slightly back, the arms held firm and straight
As if she found those first deliberate chords a heavy weight
Impelling sound to herald, like the raising of a curtain,
A massive concentration on the things we find uncertain,
And with a noble carelessness of what she there might find,
She starts upon her journey to the centre of the mind.

At first the notes are confident of all they understand,
As if the sum of human purpose lies beneath each hand.
The cadences of concord cross the measured page in pairs
As calmly as a couple might descend the morning stairs
Or children playing in a garden weave the air with thirds
As though for simple happiness their calls were those of birds.

But then her eyes perceive ahead a shift in the notation.
An allargando of regret, bereavement's modulation,
Reveals the theme's distinction to be that of comprehending
How every ravishment contains the sourness of pretending
That in our perfect virtue it may chance to last for ever,
If destiny so smiles upon our singular endeavour.

Its falling minims lucidly declare the fight will fail
To win ourselves the closure of the lucky fairy-tale.
The sober music now decides the battle has been done.
Its message to the pianist is that nothing has been won.
Not even sheer persistence in the struggle for expression
Ever deprives the darkness of the fullness of possession.

Descending octaves falter as the left hand turns the page
Revealing flocks of quavers beating wings against their cage.
The fingers fumble wildly in their effort to release
The soul that mocks their movements from the prison of the piece.
She offers it the freedom that its dumbness cannot learn
Though she bargains for its ransom, trying all the keys in turn.

The music turns to panic only stubbornness denies,
As if the fingers' questions forced the vagueness of replies,
Until with all the righteousness of having come so far
It thunders to exhaustion at the final double bar.
Her hands remain a moment on the flat and silent keys
And then she slowly places them together on her knees.

Her head is motionless and bowed, hair faintly disarranged.
The silence holds suspended everything her hands have changed,
In muted echoes from the mind of what the air has lost.
Her feet have quietly drawn back from the pedals, ankles crossed,
As if conclusion could admonish how the sound behaves
When granted independence from the locked and blackened staves.

This moment is what you or I, had we been there to hear,
Would call the grave illusion of the will to persevere,
Since all except our love for her has vanished like a vapour
And nothing is at rest, or certain, save the printed paper,
For love demands a truth the music has denied in vain
And what it said contented us, and will content again.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hume & Madison

The Secrets of Federalist Paper No. 10

By THEODORE DRAPER

NO. 10 of *The Federalist* has long been regarded as the greatest paper in that greatest of all works of American political thought. The most recent testimony to its enduring importance and fascination is Garry Wills' new book, *Explaining America: The Federalist*.[1] His explanation comes to a climax with an extended consideration of No. 10 and the secret which had long been buried in it: Where did James Madison get the idea for his "extended republic"?

The idea had long been considered peculiarly Madisonian. Only after 156 years was the secret revealed. In 1943, it was disclosed by Douglass Adair in a doctoral dissertation at Yale University entitled "The Intellectual Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy: Republicanism, the Class Struggle, and the Virtuous Farmer." Adair never published his dissertation, apparently because he changed his mind about its pro-Madisonian, anti-Hamiltonian bias. A portion of it dealing with the historical background of the tenth *Federalist* appeared, however, in the *William and Mary Quarterly* (of which Adair was then editor) in 1951; another portion dealing with his great discovery of Madison's intellectual debt finally came out in the *Huntington Library Quarterly* in 1957. They did not become generally available until they were included in a posthumous collection of Adair's essays, entitled *Fame and the Founding Fathers* (from its opening essay), published in 1974.

Wills fully and handsomely acknowledges his own debt to Adair, to whose memory he dedicates his book as the one "who saw it first." The "it" is the source of Madison's "extended republic." The source that Adair first pointed out was the Scottish philosopher and historian, David Hume. The *locus classicus* was the next to last paragraph in the last of Hume's *Essays*, entitled "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth" (1752). Adair proved his case by a process of literary detection, at which he was a past master. It was a brilliant deduction; no reader of Hume's lines and Madison's paraphrase and development of them can be left unpersuaded. Oddly, in 1954, eleven years after Adair had finished his dissertation but three years before the Hume-Madison connection in it had appeared in print, Professor Geoffrey Marshall of the University of Glasgow independently made the same discovery, which he set forth without much fanfare.[2]

IT MAY BE WONDERED why the Humean derivation of No. 10 should have aroused such intense and lasting scholarly interest. One reason is that anything that casts new light on *The Federalist* in general and this paper in particular is apt to take on a special glamour and importance. *The Federalist*, after all, was written by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay to obtain the ratification of the Constitution, without which the United States would not be what it is today. No. 10 provided the clinching argument on one of the main issues that stood in the way of ratification—the dispute over small and large republics. It is hard today to recapture the gravity and urgency of that dispute. Yet it is of far more than antiquarian interest.

The United States would not be a "world power", not even a great power, if the decision on the small *vs.* large republic had gone the other way. A small republic favoured the Articles of Confederation with their virtually autonomous thirteen states; a large republic then meant a federal union of the thirteen states with a strong central government. In the long run, a small republic implied that "this rising empire"—Washington's famous phrase—would not have risen very much in area or in power. A large republic, even if limited to the thirteen states, opened the way to the vast expanse and immense power of the future.

[1] *Explaining America: The Federalist*. By GARRY WILLS. Doubleday, $14.95; Athlone Press, £14.50.

[2] David Hume, *Essays Moral, Political, and Literary*, ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose (1875), Vol. I, pp. 480–493 (hereafter *Hume's Essays*). Geoffrey Marshall, *The Philosophical Quarterly*, July 1954, pp. 255–256.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THESE ISSUES the founders were very much divided. Some did not want the United States to become a large and great power, because it was part of the accepted wisdom of the age that power corrupted and destroyed republics. There were other important differences; this one has received relatively little attention and reverberates most in the present. The victors (who, as usual, wrote the history) stressed the "self-interest" and muted the principles which motivated the spokesmen of the opposition.

Adair and Wills pay little attention to this aspect of No. 10. One little secret of No. 10 is that Madison was carrying on a debate with founders whose motives were just as honourable and patriotic as his own.

Power or Liberty

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the great debate was, among others, Patrick Henry, whose revolutionary credentials needed no vindication. One need only listen again to his words in the Virginia Ratifying Convention to be struck by the passion and conviction with which the principle of smallness was held:

> "If we admit this consolidated government, it will be because we like a great, splendid one. Some way or other we must be a great and mighty empire; we must have an army, and a navy, and a number of things. When the American spirit was in its youth, the language of America was different: liberty, sir, was then the primary object. . . . But now, sir, the American spirit, assisted by the ropes and chains of consolidation, is about to convert this country into a powerful and mighty empire."

He was not the only one. George Mason said: "It is ascertained, by history, that there never was a government over a very large extensive country without destroying the liberties of the people." Benjamin Harrison said: "I see an earnest desire in gentlemen to bring this country to be great and powerful. . . . The attempt will bring ruin and destruction upon us." John Tyler said: "But much is said of the propriety of our becoming a great and powerful nation"; he disagreed. Henry, Mason, Harrison and Tyler spoke these words in Madison's home state, in the presence of Madison, who tried to mollify Henry by agreeing with him that "national splendour and glory are not our objects."[3]

All the weight of authority and tradition favoured the small-republic party. From Aristotle to Montesquieu, the great thinkers had warned that republics should not be too large. According to Aristotle, there was a natural limit to all states, so that they could not retain their "natural power" if they were too large or too small. Machiavelli had recommended that a republic which wished to enjoy peace and happiness should remain "quiet" and "within narrow limits." The alternative was "to expand, like Rome, in dominion and power"—a choice which Machiavelli preferred but which the American founders abhorred. Machiavelli had cautioned: "So then, if you try to make a people so numerous and so well-armed that it can produce a great empire, you make it such that you cannot manage it as you wish. . . ."[4]

Above all, Montesquieu had taught that a republic should not be too large or too small. If large, it would be "ruined by an internal imperfection", if small it would be "destroyed by a foreign force." Montesquieu's idea of a large republic admittedly referred to an area smaller than any of the thirteen states with the possible exception of Delaware and Rhode Island.[5] According to this rule, almost all thirteen states were outlandishly large for a republic. For children of the Enlightenment, such as the American founders, disagreement with Montesquieu was no light matter in the latter half of the 18th century.

The Articles of Confederation were later given a bad name for precisely the reason that had recom-

DAVID HUME

[3] *The Debates in the Several State Conventions on the Adoption of the Federal Constitution*, ed. Jonathan Elliot (1861), Vol. III, pp. 30, 53–54, 135, 629, 640.

[4] *Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livius*, translated by Allan Gilbert (1965), Vol. I, Book I, Ch. 6, p. 209.

[5] Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, Book IX, Ch. 1. Hamilton admitted that Montesquieu had meant an area smaller than almost any of the thirteen states (*The Federalist*, No. 9, p. 52). At the Virginia Ratifying Convention, Francis Corbin asserted that only Delaware and Rhode Island could qualify for republican government (*Debates in Several State Conventions*, Vol. III, p. 108).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mended them in the first place—to prevent a central government from obtaining too much power over too large an area. The concessions made by the states to the confederation were already greater than the ideas of the time need have countenanced.[6] Now, in 1787, Hamilton, Madison and Jay had to argue for a type of government which flouted the inherited political tradition and betrayed the original compact into which the states had entered. The authors of *The Federalist* had to find ways to defend a radical and heterodox doctrine to win votes for the new Constitution. It was a tough assignment.

IF THE TRUE BELIEVERS in the small republic had had their way, there would have been no Louisiana Purchase that more than doubled the size of the country and brought out the same dispute fifteen years later; no war with Mexico for the acquisition of Texas, California and the south-west; no near-conflict with Great Britain over the Oregon territory; no war with Spain that resulted in expansion across the Pacific—to stay within the 19th century. Thus the issue which Madison attacked frontally in No. 10 set the United States on a course which stretches from that day to this. What began as a rationale for the domestic tranquillity, common defence, general welfare and the blessings of liberty for thirteen states ended by extending the reach of the republic to 50 states and "world power." From this point of view, No. 10 is still very much with us.

MADISON DID NOT defend the large republic for its own sake. In fact, he cautiously reiterated the admonitions of Aristotle and Montesquieu against making a state too large or too small. Madison approached the subject obliquely by making it an adjunct to the problem of controlling "factions", the bugaboo of the founders. He produced a number of different arguments, but the main one contended that large republics were more likely to elect better representatives and prevent any single party or interest from usurping too much power. Inasmuch as factions flourished and hardened into parties after the Constitution was adopted (partly as a result of Madison's own effort in the formation of the Jeffersonian Republican party), it cannot be said that Madison's point was historically vindicated.

In any case, the large republic he had in mind amounted to the thirteen states and "such other States, as may arise in their own bosoms or in their neighborhoods."[7] He had enough trouble defending this "great extent of country" without raising the spectre of anything even larger. He was not advocating—as has been claimed—an "ever-expanding" empire.[8] Madison had no fixation on bigness. He frankly admitted that even the "extended republic" of 1787 was unprecedented and experimental.

The argument linking factions with size had already been made by David Hume. In one of his earlier essays, "Of Parties in General" (1742), Hume had savagely assailed sects and factions which, he advised legislators and founders of states, should be "detested and hated." After dividing factions into "personal" and "real", he had followed with: "Personal factions arise most easily in small republics."[9] Hume, as we shall see, said other things as well about small and large republics, but the tie-up between factions and extent of area was clearly present in this essay.

Adair caught the resemblance between Hume's treatment of factions and Madison's, though he seems to have had some trouble making up his mind how much Madison owed to Hume. On one page, Adair gave Madison credit for having "independently" arrived at the different types of troublesome factions, though it is hard to see how he could be sure of this. On the next page, Adair was convinced that Madison had used Hume's work in preparing his own survey of factions. In any case, the main point had been made by Hume 45 years earlier; Madison adapted and embellished it in his own way.[10]

ANOTHER REASON FOR Adair's fame as the discoverer of Hume's role in the conception of No. 10 is the obsession of American historians since the Second World War with American intellectual history. Much that passes for intellectual history is the search for the sources and traditions on which the Founding Fathers drew. The guiding question always seems to be: Where did their ideas come from? The title of Professor Bernard Bailyn's seminal work, *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* (1967), is nothing less than the programme of this school. Adair had shown the way more than two decades earlier by tracking down the ideological origins of No. 10.

In one respect, Adair had a deeper purpose than

---

[6] Edmund Cody Burnett, *Continental Congress* (1941), p. 258.

[7] *The Federalist*, ed. Jacob E. Cooke (1961), No. 14, p. 86.

[8] William Appleton Williams, *The Roots of the Modern American Empire* (1969), p. 51.

[9] Hume's *Essays*, pp. 127–128.

[10] Douglass Adair, *Fame and the Founding Fathers* (1974), pp. 103–104 (hereafter *Fame*). The same words appear in the 1943 dissertation, pp. 261, 263. Garry Wills merely says that Hume's essays, "as Adair demonstrated, are the source of Madison's reflections on faction as the great menace to republics" (*Explaining America*, p. 211).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mere collation of texts. He thought that he was saving Madison and No. 10 from the previously reigning interpretation of Charles A. Beard, who had used No. 10 as the main exhibit in his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* (1913). It had served to bolster Beard's argument that the Constitution of 1787 was the legal instrument of a dominant economic class, designed to impose its rules and privileges on the whole country, present and future. Adair accused Beard of representing the Founding Fathers as merely "practical" men, with little or no interest in "theory", driven by selfish economic motives. To Adair, it was vital to save the Fathers from this imputation; his case rested primarily on Madison, whom he was determined to portray as a theorist *par excellence*, the only real philosopher among the founders. Madison's study of and borrowing from Hume was somehow made to redound to Madison's credit and to make of him a theoretical and philosophical mastermind.[11]

FOR BOTH Adair and Wills, there is only one great secret of No. 10 to divulge—the debt to Hume. But it was not the only one. Other questions about the famous paper beg to be asked; other secrets are buried there, waiting to be uncovered.

[11] Adair did less than justice to Beard's appreciation of Madison as a theorist and philosopher. Beard gave Madison's No. 10 credit for having been "a masterly statement of the theory of economic determinism in politics." Whether Beard was right or wrong about "economic determinism", he recognised it as a theory of which No. 10 was a "masterly statement." Again, Beard wrote: "The most philosophical examination of the foundations of political science is made by Madison in the tenth number." Beard also referred to "the fundamental theory of political economy thus stated by Madison." Adair did not fail to note that Beard had actually praised No. 10 as embodying the "master theory" of the Constitution, hardly evidence that Beard's "major thesis about the Constitution can be taken to imply that 'theory' played little or no part in the creation of the federal Union" (*Fame*, p. 87). Adair went so far in his polemic against Beard as to cite a phrase about a "*coup d'état*" as if it came from Beard, though it had appeared in a passage by Professor J. W. Burgess, quoted by Beard, and as if it pertained to the Federal Convention, whereas it referred to a smaller, previous convention at Annapolis (Adair, p. 87; Beard, p. 62). This quarrel with Beard over Madison's theoretical and philosophical merits was far-fetched and unnecessary; Beard had given an economic interpretation, however open to criticism, of Madison's "masterly statement of the theory" and "most philosophical examination." Adair was so offended by Beard's interpretation that he could not bear to admit that a theory or philosophy of government was just what Beard had set out to interpret.

[12] *The Papers of James Madison*, ed. William T. Hutchinson and William M. E. Rachal (1962), Vol. I, pp. 303–307.

[13] *The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787*, ed. Max Farrand (1911), Vol. I, p. 136.

To Cite or Not to Cite

WHY WAS MADISON so secretive about his debt to Hume?

In all the nine volumes of the older edition of Madison's *Writings* (edited by Gaillard Hunt) there is not a single mention of Hume. In the new edition of Madison's *Papers*, not yet completed, the editors have included a document written by Madison in which Hume is mentioned once—only in order for Madison to disagree with him.[12]

In the Federal Convention of 1787, Hume was cited only once—by Hamilton, who called him "one of the ablest politicians." Madison did not cite Hume, even though he introduced the Humean idea—"to enlarge the sphere"—in a speech on 6 June, more than five months before the appearance of No. 10.[13] Montesquieu, however, was cited seven times, twice by Madison himself, once as "the celebrated Montesquieu", which was how the French political philosopher was usually styled by Americans of that period. In a letter of 5 December 1780, Madison had already referred to "the great Montesquieu" to make a point. He never referred in such, or any, terms to Hume, even when he had already decided to use Hume's idea of the "extended republic."

Plenty of great and celebrated names were cited in *The Federalist*. Madison was not backward in conforming to this practice. In No. 18, he cited Demosthenes, Plutarch, Abbé Milot and Abbé Mably. In No. 19, he referred in a footnote to the obscure Christian Fredrich Pfeffel. In No. 20, he cited Grotius, Sir William Temple, and Abbé Mably. In No. 43, he saw fit to quote two entire sentences from Montesquieu, with attribution. In No. 47, he based much of his argument on Montesquieu, to whom he paid this tribute: "The oracle who is always consulted on this subject [the separation of legislative, executive and judiciary departments], is the celebrated Montesquieu." In No. 63, Polybius came in for mention. Hamilton cited Montesquieu twice; Blackstone twice; and once each the Earl of Chesterfield, Thomas Rutherford, and Grotius.

Citing great and celebrated names, ancient and modern, was *de rigueur* in the period of the founding fathers. The practice was a token of seriousness of purpose and profundity of knowledge. John Adams was probably the champion quoter and citer of them all. Madison and Hamilton were adepts at the game, proud of the reading and research that went into their thinking and writing. No one can read even the pamphlets of the pre- and post-Revolutionary periods without being impressed by the strenuous efforts to maintain a semblance of lofty intellectual standards by means of apt quotation and historical allusion.

If ever Hume ought to have been mentioned, if not given credit for his contribution, it ought to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been in No. 10. Adair was so convinced that Madison had borrowed words, entire sentences, and even more, "the exactly parallel march of ideas" from Hume that he was sure "Hume's book was open on the table beside him" as Madison wrote No. 10. Wills, without any evidence, goes so far as to call Hume's *Essays* the favourite book of Hamilton—and Madison.[14] Madison was never indebted to Montesquieu as he was in this instance to Hume. Yet he could not bring himself to cite Hume by name.

Strangely, Adair raised a somewhat similar problem about Hamilton. In one of his masterful essays, "The Authorship of the Disputed Federalist Papers", Adair wondered why Hamilton had been so reluctant to make public who of the three collaborators on *The Federalist* had written which papers. "Why", Adair asked, "did Hamilton bridle at the innocent request of Hopkins [a New York printer] for a list of authors?" Adair's solution is that Hamilton had changed his mind about some of the arguments he had used in *The Federalist*, as a result of which identification "in 1802 would have been both personally embarrassing and politically inexpedient." Madison had also suffered from the same inhibition.

Yet Adair never asked why Madison had bridled at citing Hume as the inspiration and authority for the very argument to which he was helping himself so liberally in the greatest of his papers. Wills equally fails to raise the question. It is long overdue.

WE CAN ONLY speculate, but there are plenty of clues to speculate with.

There must have been something about Hume's reputation that made Madison so squeamish about bringing his intellectual debt to Hume out into the open. For an American founder to cite Montesquieu, Hutcheson, Harrington or Locke, which they did at almost every opportunity, was something to be proud of. To cite Hume was something else.

There is no doubt that Hume's political essays and especially his *History of England* were widely read in the pre- and post-Revolutionary periods. One of the earliest references by an American to a book by Hume occurred in a letter of 1755 by the theologian Jonathan Edwards, in which he called the book "corrupt" but went on to praise the author as a man "of considerable genius." Another clergyman, Ezra Stiles, later president of Yale College, took Hume to task in a letter of 1759 for having treated supernatural Revelation "with Caprice & Insolence." Benjamin Franklin was the only founder personally acquainted with Hume (whom he met in London in 1757 and to whom he wrote a letter in 1760 congratulating him on one of his essays).[15] John Adams cited Hume's *History* in 1767 and again in 1773.[16] In his famous *Letters of a Farmer in Pennsylvania* of 1768, John Dickinson felt safe enough to refer to Hume as "the elegant and ingenious Mr Hume", "this great man, whose political reflections are so much admired", and as among "some of the best writers."[17] Samuel Adams also had no qualms about citing Hume at least twice, in 1771 and in 1772.

On the other hand, Hume figured as a point of contention in a heated controversy carried on in 1773 by Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Daniel Dulany. When Carroll referred to Hume's *History* to bolster his case, Dulany, another famous pre-Revolutionary pamphleteer, struck back by denouncing it as nothing more than "a studied apology for the Stuarts, especially Charles I"—fighting words to Americans, for whom the Stuart line represented the blackest reaction.[18] By 1776, the year he died, David Hume was clearly running the risk of guilt by association. A Loyalist in Philadelphia, James Chalmers, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Plain Truth*, a reply to Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, which had appeared earlier that year, in which Chalmers referred to "the profound and elegant Hume", "the learned Hume", and "the famed Hume."[19]

THE ONLY ONE of the major founders who never seems to have wavered in his admiration for Hume was Hamilton. He cited Hume as "a celebrated author" in one of his earliest pro-Revolutionary pamphlets, written in 1775 at the age of eighteen. In later years, Hamilton praised Hume as "a very ingenious and sensible writer", "the profound and ingenious Hume", and as "one of the ablest politicians."[20] One of Hamilton's biographers recognises that "in the wider realm of ideas the influence of David Hume was of paramount importance" to Hamilton throughout his career.[21] If Hume was of such paramount importance to

[14] *Explaining America*, p. 183.

[15] Franklin's relations with Hume make a story in themselves and are briefly told by Melvin H. Buxbaum, "Hume, Franklin and America: A Matter of Loyalties", *Enlightenment Essays*, Vol. III, No. 2 (Summer 1972), pp. 93–105.

[16] *The Works of John Adams*, ed. Charles Francis Adams (1853), Vol. III, pp. 493, 528–520, 543.

[17] *The Writings of John Dickinson*, ed. Paul Leicester Ford (1895), Vol. I, pp. 364–365, 388.

[18] John M. Werner, "David Hume and America", *Journal of the History of Ideas*, July–September 1972, p. 449.

[19] The pamphlet is reprinted in *Tracts of the American Revolution 1763–1776*, ed. Merrill Jensen (1967), pp. 447–488.

[20] *The Papers of Alexander Hamilton*, ed. Harold C. Syrett (1961), Vol. I, p. 94; Vol. III, p. 77; Vol. IV, p. 217.

[21] John C. Miller, *Alexander Hamilton* (1959), p. 46.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamilton, who openly avowed his admiration and indebtedness, perhaps that was one of the reasons Madison was less likely to do so.

As of 1787, when Madison composed No. 10, there is little direct evidence on the reason why he should have gone to such lengths to cover up his obligation to Hume. The most suggestive clues come from a much later period, not from Madison himself but from Jefferson and John Adams.

JEFFERSON'S ANIMUS against Hume seems to have developed gradually. In 1790, three years after No. 10, he first alluded to Hume in advising a correspondent: "Several of Hume's political essays are good also."[22] In fact, none of Hume's essays ever came under attack by Jefferson or by any of the founders. It was Hume's *History* that made him *persona non grata* in post-Revolutionary America. The second time Jefferson referred to Hume was in 1807 in a discussion of histories of England.

> "The elegant one of Hume [Jefferson complained] seems intended to disguise and discredit the good principles of the government, and is so plausible and pleasing in its style and manner, as to instil its errors and heresies insensibly into the minds of unwary readers."

It soon turned out that Jefferson himself had been one of Hume's "unwary readers", a memory that must have made Hume more dangerous in his eyes, because more seductive. In his youth (as Jefferson confessed in 1810), he had enthusiastically "devoured" Hume's *History*. Now he sadly regretted "the length of time, the research and reflection which were necessary to eradicate the poison it had instilled into my mind." He denounced Hume for still infecting young people with "the poison of his own principles of government." Hume's book, he went on, "has undermined the free principles of the English government."

In another letter of 1814, Jefferson added Blackstone to Hume on his black list.

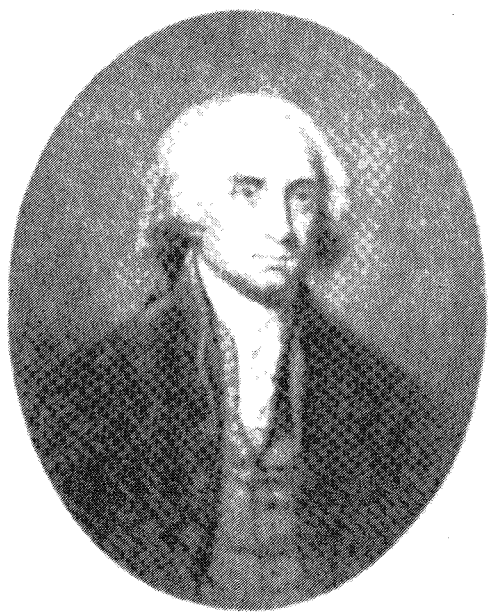
> "In truth, Blackstone and Hume have made tories of all England, and are making tories of those young Americans whose native feelings of independence do not place them above the wily sophistries of a Hume or a Blackstone."

However bad Blackstone was, Hume was worse. In what must have been a rage, Jefferson fumed against the books of Hume and Blackstone, "but especially the former", for having "done more towards the suppression of the liberties of man, than all the million of men in arms of Bonaparte."[23]

IN HIS POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY and view of human nature, John Adams was much closer to Hume than Jefferson was. Adams frequently cited Hume in his own published works, whereas Jefferson did not. Adams's first reference to Hume seems to have come in 1779, eight years before No. 10. In June of that year, Adams was returning home from France aboard a French frigate. Another passenger was the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, then going over to serve as secretary of the new French minister and later Napoleon's finance minister.

Marbois happened to praise the great favourite of the French, Benjamin Franklin, as one who "adores only great Nature, which has interested a great many People of both sexes in his favour" (as Adams recorded it in his diary). This innocent enough remark brought out the prig in Adams, who hastened to reply with a laugh: "Yes, all the Atheists, Deists and Libertines, as well as Philosophers and Ladies are in his Train—another Voltaire and Hume."[24] To put Hume as well as Franklin and Voltaire in the company of atheists, deists and libertines was nothing to laugh about in the tight, if penetrating, mind of John Adams.

Three years after No. 10, in 1790, John Adams blew hot and cold on the subject of Hume in a letter to his second cousin, Sam Adams. "I am not often satisfied with the opinions of Hume", John pontificated, but he was forced to agree with Hume



JAMES MADISON

[22] *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, ed. Julius P. Boyd, Vol. XVI (1961), p. 449.

[23] *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, ed. Andrew A. Lipscomb and Albert E. Bergh (1903), Vol. XI, p. 223; Vol. XII, pp. 405–406; Vol. XIV, p. 120.

[24] *Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*, ed. L. H. Butterfield (1961), Vol. II, p. 391.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on one thing—that all actions of government based on "the supposition or expectation of extraordinary degrees of virtue [in people] are evidently chimerical."[25] There was more Hume in Adams than the latter was willing to admit.

After Adams and Jefferson were reconciled in 1812 and began their long, unrivalled correspondence, the two old warriors—Jefferson was then 69 and Adams 77—exchanged memories and opinions on any subject that happened to occur to them. One was the contagious wickedness of David Hume.

ADAMS LED OFF in 1813. One summer's day, he grumbled that "David Hume had made himself so fashionable with the Aid of the Court and Clergy, A theist [*sic*], as they call'd him, and by his elegant Lies against the Republicans and gaudy daubings of the Courtiers." That same winter, he referred to Hume as "a conceited Scotchman." Jefferson had other things on his mind at the time and did not respond in kind. Three years later (and 40 years after the death of Hume), however, Jefferson joined in the great anti-Hume competition. On 3 May, Adams opened with a relatively mild comment—that "Hume aukwardly Affect[ed] to sport away all sober thoughts."

Not until November did Jefferson decide to enter the contest. He took aim at their old *bête noire*, Hume's *History*:

> "This single book has done more to sap the free principles of the English constitution than the largest standing army of which their patriots have been so jealous."

Relaxing for a moment, he gave Hume credit for a "fascinating style", but soon recovered sufficiently to blame him for having belittled the Whig principles of the British constitution as "the unfounded pretensions of factious demagogues."

A month later, Adams returned to the charge. One of Jefferson's remarks did not satisfy him. Jefferson had commented that Tories and Whigs had been disappearing anyway since Hume began to publish his *History*. Adams would have none of such complacency. Nothing would satisfy him but that Hume's *History* "has only increased the Tories and diminished the Whigs." Sentence after sentence of rage followed:

> "That History has been the Bane of G[reat] B[ritain]. It has destroyed many of the best Effects of the Revolution of 1688. Style has governed the Empire. Swift, Pope and Hume have disgraced all the honest Historians."[26]

Jefferson continued to express disapproval of Hume almost to his dying day.[27]

We thus have unfavourable references to Hume by Adams from 1779 to 1816 and by Jefferson from at least 1810 to 1825. That these two, whose political outlooks differed so much, should have agreed on Hume's iniquity indicates how widespread Hume's disrepute must have been. Jefferson and Madison, as one well-known book on their collaboration put it, "had been joined in an intimate and congenial partnership for a period of almost fifty years."[28] That partnership long antedated the composition of No. 10 by Madison in 1787.

THE QUESTION IS, then, whether we can read back the abhorrence of David Hume later expressed by Adams and especially by Jefferson into the double secret of No. 10—that Madison took the key idea from Hume, and that he was so careful to hide the source. Since Madison must have been well aware that Hume was regarded as "poison" in his own circle and even in that of Adams,[29] it would have been an act of discretion to cover up his debt to Hume and to do it so thoroughly that it was not discerned for 156 years. Adair and Wills happily attribute the key idea of No. 10 to Hume as if it would have been the most natural thing in the world for someone like Madison to pore over Hume's works and to help himself to as much as he wanted from them. They altogether miss the drama of the guilty conscience that must have been attached to this aid and comfort from the enemy, and that made itself manifest by the anxiety to conceal the debt.

Factionalism & the Extended Republic

WHY HAS IT been assumed that only Madison was clever enough to read Hume's essay and see that it could be used in behalf of the ratification of the Constitution?

Whether exalted or execrated, Hume's essays were the common intellectual property of the entire American Revolutionary generation. In the same

[25] *The Selected Writings of John and John Quincy Adams*, ed. Adrienne Koch and William Peden (1946), pp. 119–120.

[26] *The Adams-Jefferson Letters*, ed. Lester J. Cappon (1959), Vol. II, pp. 357, 410, 470, 498–499, 502.

[27] *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, Vol. XVI, pp. 44 (1824), 125–126 (1825).

[28] Adrienne Koch, *Jefferson and Madison* (1950), p. vii.

[29] The Adamses' abhorrence of Hume carried over to John Quincy Adams who once denounced Jefferson for having grown up under the influence of an "infidel school" of Bolingbroke, Hume, Voltaire, Diderot "and the rest of that gang." Samuel Flagg Bemis, *John Quincy Adams and the Union* (1956), p. 217.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year as No. 10, John Adams specifically cited in "A Defence of the Constitution of the United States of America" the very essay, "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth", from which Madison took so much. Madison was not taking anything from a rare, esoteric source, whose relevance to the immediate task of ratifying the Constitution only he had the wit to see.

Indeed, the essential idea had already occurred to someone else. He was William Vans Murray of Maryland, an American student of law at the Middle Temple in London. Murray, 24 years old in 1784, spent the next three years in London, where one of his friends was James Boswell. Later, Murray served three terms in the House of Representatives, and afterwards distinguished himself in diplomatic posts.[30]

In 1784–1785, Murray spent some of his time in London writing six *Political Sketches*. They were published anonymously early in 1787 in London, dedicated to John Adams, then American Minister to Great Britain, who as President appointed Murray Minister to the Netherlands. In April 1787, seven months before No. 10, Murray sent his *Sketches* to the editor of *The American Museum, and Repository* (published by Mathew Carey) where it appeared in the issue of September 1787, two months before No. 10.

The fourth of Murray's sketches was entitled "Extent of Territory." In it, Murray clearly adapted Hume's argument in the "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth" to one of the issues then uppermost in American politics—the contravention of Montesquieu's rule that republics had to be small in territory.

> "To vindicate the American democracies of all objection [wrote Murray], the theory of Montesquieu, wherein a small territory is made an essential property of their forms is to be combatted."

Murray argued that "the extent of territory cannot form an objection", if the government was able to provide "an efficiency, a celerity, and an accommodation of the laws."

Murray said little more. His sketch cannot compare in depth and complexity to No. 10. Nevertheless, he had hit on the very point that Hume had made against Montesquieu—that a republic did not need a small territory. The nub of the matter was there, even if Murray did not make much of it.

But there was someone else, far more important than Murray, who deserves far more attention—Alexander Hamilton.

HAMILTON, AFTER ALL, conceived of and planned the *Federalist* project. He chose the collaborators (Madison was not his first choice; he came in after two others had disappointed Hamilton). Hamilton composed the prospectus for the entire series and in some cases gave Madison sketchy notes for final elaboration. Madison wrote on subjects assigned to him by Hamilton; where both were likely to touch on the same topic, "their papers would supplement each other instead of presenting repetitious arguments."[31] This intellectual cooperation or supplementation was never more evident than in the case of No. 10.

No. 10 and its follow-up, No. 14, according to Adair, were "obvious interpolations" by Madison in a series of papers which Hamilton had assigned to himself. Hamilton wrote Nos. 6 to 9, then 11 to 13, and carried on with 15 to 17. As Adair and others have long noted, Hamilton's No. 9 meshes with Madison's No. 10. In fact, No. 9 anticipates No. 10 in its main point, if not in the exact line of argument.

The main point as stated by Hamilton was—"the ENLARGEMENT of the ORBIT" either within the dimensions of a single state or by the consolidation of several smaller states into a great confederacy. The latter applied to the United States and, as Hamilton saw it, served "to suppress faction" and safeguard domestic tranquillity. We have here for the first time in *The Federalist* the connection between an "enlarged orbit" and the control of factions. It was to be the central connection of Madison's argument in the very next paper.

From this point, Hamilton departed from Madison. He sought to get around the difficulty of Montesquieu's authority by quoting Montesquieu against Montesquieu. He could not deny that the latter had recommended "a small extent for republics", but he saw a way out by citing at length other passages in which Montesquieu had approved of a "confederate republic" as a way of "extending the sphere of popular government." Thus Hamilton managed in No. 9 to use the phrase "extending the sphere" as well as "ENLARGEMENT of the ORBIT." Inasmuch as the Constitution made the United States into a "confederate republic", he argued, it could extend the sphere without violating Montesquieu's injunction. One historian has wryly commented that Montesquieu would have gone into "a state of shock" if he had ever seen a nation "so huge and loose-jointed" as the post-Constitution United States.[32]

Hamilton's gambit was not Madison's. The two were not contradictory; both could be right. In fact, as we have seen, Hamilton had not contented

---

[30] Peter P. Hill, *William Vans Murray: Federalist Diplomat* (1971). John Quincy Adams wrote his obituary notice for an American magazine; his career was sufficiently noteworthy to deserve a full-scale biography.

[31] Douglass Adair, *Fame* p. 60.

[32] Clinton Rossiter, *The American Quest, 1790–1860* (1971), p. 130.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself with out-Montesquieuing Montesquieu; he had also outlined Madison's case in No. 10. It must be remembered that the task before the authors of *The Federalist* was to produce any argument that would help the cause of ratification of the Constitution. Adair notes:

> "In 1787–1788, Hamilton, Madison and Jay were not conscious of producing a 'classic', nor were they concerned about future literary fame. *The Federalist* was at bottom an electioneering pamphlet written to persuade contemporary New Yorkers to vote right."

THERE IS NO REASON to believe that Madison disapproved of Hamilton's ruse for getting around Montesquieu. Nowhere in No. 10 does Madison take on Montesquieu, as Hume did indirectly in "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth." In fact, in No. 43, Madison referred to Montesquieu on the advantages of a confederate republic as if to suggest that the French thinker's views were consonant with his own. In No. 47, Madison made a painstaking effort to show that a proper interpretation of Montesquieu on the division of legislative, executive, and judicial powers was consistent with American practice. Once Hamilton had dealt at length with Montesquieu in No. 9, Madison was free to develop another theme stated *in petto* by Hamilton.

That theme—the decreased danger of factions in a large republic—was as familiar to Hamilton as to Madison, though the latter made it his own by devoting an entire paper to it. Hamilton knew in advance that Madison was going to develop this theme because he gave him the assignment to do so and even told the readers of No. 9 what to expect in No. 10.

Just after mentioning the objection to "ENLARGEMENT of the ORBIT", Hamilton advised the reader: "It will however be of use to examine the principle in its application to a single state which shall be attended to in another place." Three paragraphs later in No. 9, Hamilton again referred the reader for an examination of the large-republic principle "to another place." Even more decisively, Madison himself tied up Hamilton's No. 9 with his own No. 10. In No. 14, Madison wrote: "The error which limits Republican Government to a narrow district, has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers."

In No. 27, Hamilton reverted to the same issue, and, in a lengthy paragraph, virtually summarised Madison's arguments in Nos. 10 and 14, including the argument about reducing the danger of factions. Hamilton's paragraph in *The Federalist*, No. 27, begins:

> "Various reasons have been suggested in the course of these papers, to induce a probability that the General Government will be better administered than the particular governments: The principal of which reasons are that the *extension of the spheres* of election will present a greater option, or latitude of choice to the people, that through the medium of the State Legislatures, which are select bodies of men, and who are to appoint the members of the national Senate,—there is reason to expect that this branch will generally be composed with peculiar care and judgment: That these circumstances promise greater knowledge and more extensive information in the national councils: And that they will be less apt to be tainted by the *spirit of faction*, and more out of the reach of those occasional ill humors or temporary prejudices and propensities, which in smaller societies frequently contaminate the public councils, beget injustice and oppression of a part of the community, and engender schemes, which though they gratify a momentary inclination or desire, terminate in general distress, dissatisfaction and disgust." (*italics added*)

This passage by Hamilton was clearly a compression and reworking of Madison's arguments in Nos. 10 and 14. One might say that Hamilton rewrote Madison the way Madison rewrote Hume—or that both Madison and Hamilton were quite capable of independently making their own adaptations and orchestrations of the Humean theme.

HAMILTON AND MADISON had obviously been working in tandem in Nos. 9, 10, 14 and 27. Yet Hamilton and Madison have been counterposed to each other, as if Hamilton had not been capable of conceiving of Madison's more sophisticated reasoning. In his dissertation of 1943, Adair himself encouraged a Hamilton *vs.* Madison interpretation of Nos. 9 and 10.

> "Alexander Hamilton was content to comb Montesquieu's own work and to pull out of its eclectic mass a remark that favored a confederated republic in a sizable area [Adair wrote contemptuously], but Madison, the thorough scholar, wanted to do more than bandy quotations from different chapters of the same book."[33]

[33] Adair forgot or neglected to mention that Madison had also bandied quotations from Montesquieu in No. 47. In his published version of this section of the dissertation in 1957, Adair simply omitted all mention of Hamilton. Garry Wills has chapters on "Faction" and "Extent of Territory"—key terms of No. 10—in which Hamilton's name never appears. Though Hamilton is mentioned in his book, Hamilton's name is strangely missing from its index, though many lesser figures, some of them quite obscure, manage to make it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is one more peculiar thing about Hamilton's and Madison's relationship with the idea of the "extended republic." Once he had exploited it so effectively in No. 10, Madison does not seem to have had any more use for it; and as we shall see, he even began to move away from it the following year. Hamilton, however, did not drop it and, thanks to him, it might have appeared in the most famous presidential address in American history.

GEORGE WASHINGTON knew, in 1796, that his second term was coming to an end and that he would not run again. He asked Hamilton, who was his chief "idea man" and favourite ghost-writer (even though his ideas and words were not always accepted), to prepare a draft of his Farewell Address. Of all the existing threats to the Republic, the exacerbation of factionalism and the "Spirit of Party" worried Washington the most. Hamilton composed a long passage on the subject, only part of which Washington decided to use. The part that he omitted as originally proposed by Hamilton read:

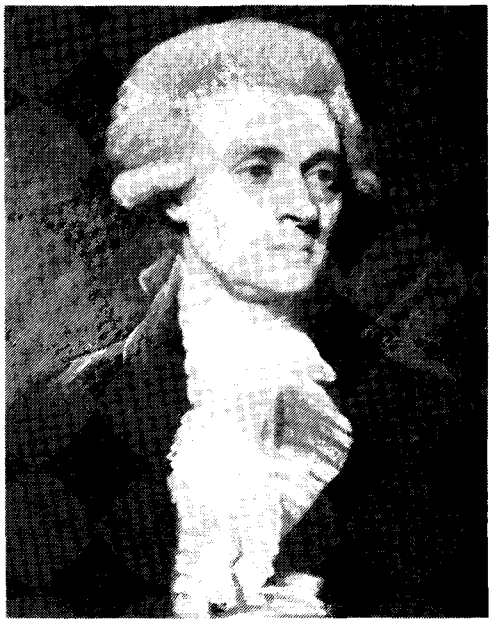
> "In republics of narrow extent, it is not difficult for those who at any time possess the reins of administration, or even for partial combinations of men, who from birth, riches and other sources of distinction have an extraordinary influence by possessing or acquiring the direction of the military force or by sudden efforts of partisans & followers to overturn the established order of things and effect a usurpation,—But in republics of large extent the one or the other is scarcely possible.—The powers and opportunities of resistance of a numerous and wide extended nation defy the successful efforts of the ordinary military force or of any collections [or assemblages] which wealth and patronage may call to their aid—especially if there be no city of overbearing force, resources and influence."[34]

We have here, nine years after No. 10, the argument against small and for large republics in a different form. Hamilton characteristically added a military dimension to the political and economic threat. Much shorter and far less impressive than Madison's earlier version, Hamilton's rendering was nevertheless an obvious offshoot of the same Humean idea which had served Madison so well. We will never know why Washington accepted, in slightly different form, the sentences before and after this passage but struck out the passage itself, in its entirety. In any case, Hamilton thought it important enough to try to put it in.

THE READER is left by Adair and Wills with the impression that only Madison was capable of begetting the key idea in No. 10 out of Hume and that no one else had a share in it. In truth, the idea was in the air; Madison's version was only one of several. One reason No. 10 was so effective was that it did not shock and scandalise, certainly not Hamilton, who could have cut Madison off and need not have used the same idea himself. Instead, Hamilton took pains to prepare the way for Madison and to make use of the same idea—admittedly in a much less finished form—before and after No. 10.

Hume vs. Hume

YET ANOTHER SECRET of No. 10 is about David Hume himself. It seems to be assumed that there was only one Humean position on the large as against the small republic. No one mentions that Madison might just as well have used Hume to argue the case for the small republic. For a careful reading of Hume's essays turns up two Humes—one a partisan of the large republic and the other of the small republic. The large-republic Hume is found, as we have seen, towards the end of "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth." But Hume wrote another essay, "The Rise of Arts and



THOMAS JEFFERSON

[34] "Hamilton's Original Major Draft", in Victor Hugo Paltsits, *Washington's Farewell Address* (1935), pp. 189–190. There is a somewhat different version in the holograph of Washington's "Final Manuscript" (p. 149).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sciences", published ten years earlier (in 1742). In it he made these observations:

> "Extended governments, where a single person has great influence, soon become absolute; but small ones change naturally into commonwealths. A large government is accustomed by degrees to tyranny; because each act of violence is at first performed upon a part, which, being distant from the majority, is not taken notice of, nor excites any violent ferment. Besides, a large government, though the whole be discontented, may, by a little art, be kept in obedience; while each part, ignorant of the resolutions of the rest, is afraid to begin any commotion or insurrection."

After the bad news about what could go wrong in extended or large states, Hume gave the good news about what was right about small states:

> "In a small government, any act of oppression is immediately known throughout the whole: The murmurs and discontents, proceeding from it, are easily communicated: And the indignation rises the higher, because the subjects are not apt to apprehend in such states, that the distance is very wide between themselves and their sovereign."

Hume also maintained that "the divisions into small states are favourable to learning." He gave the cluster of little principalities which made up Greece as an example of this advantage, and the vastness of China's empire as the reason for its slow scientific progress. No human genius, Hume held, could "balance a large state or society, whether monarchical or republican, on general laws", to which he attributed progress in the sciences, liberal arts, law, manual arts and manufactures. In effect, a reader of this essay might easily be persuaded that Hume was an ardent advocate of small, not large, states or republics.[35]

It may be objected that Hume's panegyric of small states appeared in one of his first sets of essays published in 1742 and that he may well have changed his mind by the time he published the second set in 1752. In the first essay of the second set, entitled "Of Commerce", however, Hume briefly returned to the advantage of being a small state. In a discussion of Rome and other ancient republics, he observed:

> "Freedom naturally begets public spirit, especially in small states; and this public spirit, this *amor patriae*, must encrease, when the public is almost in continual alarm, and men are obliged, every moment, to expose themselves to the greatest dangers for its defense."

Even in the essay which is the key to Adair's case, "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth", Hume had a kind word for small republics:

> "A small commonwealth is the happiest government in the world within itself, because every thing lies under the eye of the rulers: But it may be subdued by great force from without."

To the Founding Fathers, it could not have been a small thing that small commonwealths were supposed to be the happiest, even if they were more vulnerable to great external force. Madison, however, was not looking for what was good about small republics; he had his eye out for what could be said in favour of largeness.

THE QUESTION HERE is not whether Hume was right or wrong; it is whether he was saying something about small states that would have made them preferable to large states, and clearly, he was saying just such a thing. Hume evidently argued in some places in favour of small states and in others of large states. He may have been inconsistent, but that is not our problem here.

What concerns us is the peculiar legacy of Hume on the question of small *vs.* large republics. Hume gave Madison a choice of Humes. If Madison studied Hume's essays as diligently as Adair thinks he did, he must have known that Hume could also be cited on the other side of the question. This ambivalence in Hume may have inhibited Madison from citing him as the main source of No. 10. In effect, Madison's connection with Hume was not as simple as it has been made to appear, because Hume did not give him a simple solution to the small *vs.* large republic problem.

Of Property & Factions

IF MADISON BORROWED so much from Hume in No. 10, what was Madison's original contribution in that most famous of all papers in *The Federalist*?

Adair struggled mightily with this awkward question. In his dissertation of 1943, he tried repeatedly to have it both ways. He gave Hume credit for having "most stimulated James Madison's thought on factions." He imagined that two sentences of Hume "must have electrified Madison." Madison wrote some preliminary "Notes" in preparation for No. 10, in which "all of Hume's speculations on the ideal government are paralleled." He defended Madison against the charge of "slavish imitation" but admitted that he had borrowed words, lifted a sentence almost in its entirety, and (above all) reproduced "the exactly parallel march of ideas" from one of Hume's essays. Adair acknowledged that a great deal of

[35] Hume's *Essays*, pp. 181-185.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison's thought was "derivative" and that "the ideas that he manipulated were all more or less current in eighteenth-century America."

Nevertheless, Adair was determined to praise Madison, not to bury him as a political philosopher. He referred to Madison's "new departure in political theory." He claimed that Madison had found only the "germ", only "fragmentary bits and pieces", of that theory in Hume's *Essays* and had turned them into a coherent "system." In the end, Adair held that "Madison's was essentially an original mind", and that he had recreated the "ideas, theories, assumptions, and value-scheme current in his own way."

Yet Adair could find only one theme in David Hume which James Madison had developed in his own way. That theme was the economic basis of political factions, or, as Madison had put it, "the most common and durable source of factions, has been the various and unequal distribution of property." Charles Beard's economic interpretation of No. 10 had played up another famous sentence:

> "A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a monied interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views."

To Beard, this line of thought had made Madison into an "economic determinist" a half century before Karl Marx. To Adair, it made Madison into an original thinker beyond Hume.

ADAIR ASSUMED that Madison had developed the germ of this idea from Hume's essay, "Of Parties in General." There Hume had observed that "the distinct orders of men, nobles and people, soldiers and merchants, have all a distinct interest" in the formation of factions. Adair claimed that Hume had quickly "dismissed the subject of economic factions", leaving it to Madison to make it peculiarly his own.

Adair was only partly right. To David Hume, the influence of property in politics was already a commonplace.

> "It is sufficiently understood [he had written in a previous essay, 'Of the First Principles of Government'] that the opinion of right to property is of moment in all matters of government. A noted author [James Harrington] has made property the foundation of all government; and most of our political writers seem inclined to follow him in that particular."

Hume thought that was going too far; property for him had great but not exclusive influence. In another essay, "Whether the British Government inclines more to Absolute Monarchy, or to a Republic", Hume again adverted to the influence of property, which, he conceded, "has a great influence on power", but again not unlimited.

Thus Madison's emphasis on "the various and unequal distribution of property" could have come right out of Hume. What did not come out of Hume was the way Madison worked out the distribution of power in terms more understandable to Americans of his time and how he fitted it into his entire argument for a large republic. Hume's "orders of men" became Madison's landed, manufacturing, mercantile and monied interests and classes. The latter were not unknown to Hume; he had mentioned all of them in his economic essays, but in different connections. Hume had alluded to the importance of property in politics without reference to the large republic and to the large republic without reference to property in politics. Madison put them together.

Moreover, "classes" were not Madison's discovery or monopoly. In No. 35 of *The Federalist*, Hamilton went into even greater detail about the different "classes"—mechanics and manufacturers, merchants and landlords—in an argument designed to show that landholders, merchants and men of the learned professions would be mainly represented in the new Congress. The "economic determinism" that Madison used for one purpose, Hamilton used for another.

What, then, is left? One thing cannot be denied: Madison did a superb rewrite job in No. 10. As Adair said, Madison turned Hume's "fragmentary bits and pieces"—sometimes not so fragmentary—into a functional and coherent system, peculiarly suitable to meet the exigencies of ratifying the Constitution in 1787. No. 10 stitched together a number of ideas which Hume had thrown out separately and in different contexts; it succeeded in giving them an orderly progression and internal consistency as if they had been made for each other. But such masterly draftsmanship is hardly the same as great originality or profundity. Madison's achievement in No. 10 was a political *tour de force*; it succeeded in its immediate purpose of providing an intellectually respectable answer to the Montesquieuan objection to a large republic. How satisfactory it was as political theory and practice is something else.

Madison's Paradox

GARRY WILLS also knows a "secret"—the secret of what No. 10 really means. No one, if we may trust Wills, had ever truly understood No. 10 before. If he is right, it has taken 194 years to get it straight.

Briefly, Wills contends that Madison expected his extended republic to produce representatives

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

endowed with disinterestedness, impartiality, candour, clarity and virtue. All this would be accomplished by a "refining" and "filtering" process brought about by the distance of the national government from the localities. Wills lingers lovingly over three sentences in which this interpretation of No. 10 is said to be revealed. He gives the impression that Madison thought that the republic would come to an end if political candidates professed this or that kind of interest or belonged to a party.

In this interpretation, a utopian Madison emerges from No. 10. He seems to be expecting paragons of political virtue to result from the enlargement of territory. Madison himself, however, was more cautious in his claims than Wills lets on.

In the first of Wills's crucial sentences, Madison held that the representatives of a republic—as against a direct democracy, which he and the other founders distrusted—"may best discern" the country's true interests and "be least likely" to sacrifice it to temporary or partial considerations. The extensive republic, he went on to say, was "most favorable" to the election of such representatives. In the second of Wills's exhibits, Madison argued that it would be "more difficult" in the large republic for unworthy candidates to win elections and "more likely" for meritorious candidates to succeed. In the third sentence, Madison suggested that the greater the number of electors, the more they would distrust and check those candidates with "unjust or dishonorable purposes."

It may be seen that, even in these carefully chosen passages, Madison merely claimed relative advantages for the large republic. "May best . . . least likely . . . most favorable" hardly betokened that the "refining" and "filtering" process was sure to purge self-interest and distil republican virtue. The most that Madison ever alleged, to put it simply (which Wills does not), is that a large republic was likely to end up with better representatives. He could scarcely have held out hope for less.

HOWEVER, THE NUB of the matter in No. 10 concerned the terrible threat of factions. If Madison had been as optimistic as Wills makes him out to be, he would have been less worried about factions. They were, he argued, "less to be dreaded" in a republican system with "the greater number of citizens and extent of territory." Then came the famous passage in the paper at the very core of Madison's thesis:

> "The smaller the society, the fewer probably will be the distinct parties and interests composing it; the fewer the distinct parties and interests, the more frequently will a majority be found of the same party; and the smaller the number of individuals composing a majority, and the smaller the compass within which they are placed, the more easily will they concert and execute their plan of oppression. Extend the sphere, and you take in a greater variety of parties and interests; you make it less probable that a majority of the whole will have a common motive to invade the rights of other citizens; or if such a common motive exists, it will be more difficult for all who feel it to discover their own strength, and to act in unison with each other."

Madison was here playing with a paradox. He was in principle opposed to factions, parties and interests on any account. He admitted that the smaller republic would have fewer factions, parties, and interests. But instead of favouring this manner of reducing their number, he succeeded in turning the argument around by maintaining that "the smaller the compass" the easier it would be for any one faction to gain control of the whole. Then he reversed the procedure for the larger republic. It would have "a greater variety of parties and interests", but the very multiplicity would make it less probable that they could invade the rights of other citizens or act in unison. Thus Madison found himself arguing that a larger republic, which would breed more parties and interests, was less dangerous than a smaller republic with fewer parties and interests.

Wills has a great deal of trouble with this Madisonian dialectic. He tries to get around it by claiming that Madison was "not trying to encourage [political] competition but preclude it." Some pages later, however, he has Madison taking the position that "the causes of faction could not be removed (that would mean removing freedom), but the effects could be inhibited—not at the local level, perhaps, but in the national councils."[37]

WILLS CANNOT HAVE IT both ways. If Madison intended to *preclude* factional competition, he would not have needed to *inhibit* it. Preclude means to make impossible; inhibit means to discourage, to restrain. If Madison had meant preclusion or prevention, he would not have used the relative terms "less probable" and "more difficult" in the crucial "extend the sphere" sentence. In fact, Wills is much closer with "inhibit" than with "preclude"; for understanding No. 10, there is a world of difference between the two. "Preclude" tends to support the notion that all those high-minded virtuous representatives would be refined and distilled by territorial extension; "inhibit" suggests that Madison was putting the best face on a process

[37] Wills, *Explaining America*, pp. 221, 229.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which could only make it harder for factional—"factious" in the language of the time—representatives to flourish. And flourish is what he implied by assuming that the extended republic would have "a greater variety of parties and interests."

Wills devotes eleven chapters of laborious exegesis to No. 10. If it needed all that explication, one wonders what its original readers got out of it. If they had had to read Wills's explanation, the Constitution might never have been ratified.

FOR ALL ITS FAME, the basic argument in No. 10 is apt to tax the credulity of a contemporary reader. It sought to promote the large republic as the best means to control factions and parties. No sooner did it succeed in its primary purpose of getting the Constitution ratified than the country was almost torn apart by the rise of the Republican party led by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and the Federalist party led by John Adams and Alexander Hamilton. Then the latter was almost torn apart by the factional struggle between Adams and Hamilton.

Madison's basic argument made it appear that the demons of society could be held in check by giving them enough room to play in. The demons, however, could grow larger as society grew larger. The larger the government, the smaller each individual feels. The larger the modern corporation, the smaller the percentage of shares needed to control it. The more interests there are, the more easily can one or a few related interests extort an undue share of power and privilege by controlling the balance between the larger interests. These modern misgivings were not yet Madison's concern. No. 10 was from this point of view a creature of its time. The thirteen states as a whole were still small enough—barely one quarter of the area with only one two-hundred-and-fiftieth the population of the United States today—to make the small *vs.* large republic debate take place within a relatively narrow compass. "Big government" in 1787 was absurdly small by present standards.

Curiously, American politics developed in a direction that both confirmed and belied Madison's basic thesis. It was confirmed because the very magnitude of the United States created a multitude of different "parties" and interests. This diversity and complexity made it difficult for a "plan of oppression" to be imposed on the whole country or at least for very long. But for almost all of its national life, the United States has had as few as two dominant parties, so few that Madison would probably have considered the number to be characteristic of a small society. What happened, of course, is that the multitude of mini-parties and interests have been held in some sort of creative tension by finding that they have to work within a minimal number of dominant parties. It is, somehow, not the same as and not altogether different from what Madison had in mind.

Madison himself wrote and said so much more than he put in No. 10 that it may be said to represent his thought only at a certain time for a certain occasion. Adair knew that there was "another Madison." In his published article on Hume, Madison, and the tenth *Federalist* paper Adair attempted nothing critical of Madison's thought. But in his dissertation he followed his discovery of Hume's influence with a chapter which ended on a strangely discordant note.

Madison's extended republic, Adair pointed out, was predicated on the assumption of its agrarian character. As early as 1788, however, Madison had expressed the foreboding that the population of the United States would double in 25 years, and where population increased, manufacturing was taking hold. The trend was for him already ominous.

Much later, in 1829-30, long after his retirement, Madison's disquietude almost gave way to despair. He estimated that the United States a century later would contain a population of about 192 millions. He was too optimistic or perhaps pessimistic; he overshot the mark by about 70 millions; his figure was not reached until the end of the 1960s. With the enormous increase in population, Madison foresaw a crisis in 1930 (!)—the surplus population would be "necessarily reduced by a competition for employment to wages which would afford them the bare necessities of life." The agricultural portion of the population would be swamped; the poor would far outnumber the rich; the extended republic would have its social and political base transformed against all that Madison had believed in and had counted on.

At this point, Adair dramatically recalled something that Madison had said back in 1788:

> "I go on this great republican principle, that the people will have virtue and intelligence to select men of virtue and wisdom. Is there no virtue among us? If there be not, we are in a wretched situation. No theoretical checks, no form of government can render us secure. To suppose that any form of government will secure liberty or happiness without any virtue in the people, is a chimerical idea."

All that Adair says of these words is that they were "probably the wisest thing that James Madison said during the whole period that the new Constitution was under advisement." If so, they were wiser than No. 10 with its theoretical checks and extended form of government. It made virtue and intelligence in the people the abiding assurance that they would get representatives of virtue and wisdom. Madison himself may well have revealed the secret of No. 10's fatal flaw.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Porter

Student Canteen

An arsenal of tilting flesh
Around me with its trays and shine,
Its absolutes of yours and mine,
Impatience's cute micromesh
That keeps the oldest envy fresh—
Is anything more ordinary,
More just the thing you're expecting,
Decent students one weekday?

And yet to license girls with such
Lethal weapons as their own
Faces, voices, tilt of bone,
Characteristic stance, is much
As if the upper goddess touched
Down on earth Endymion-wards,
Not for the sake of beauty's ache
But to ring sex about with swords.

The dream which keeps us comatose
However haggard we become
Is that the moon will think us young,
Go down on us where we repose,
An open excellence like a rose,
And show that hope is truly love—
What we have done concerns no one
Since value is confessed above.

You cannot hold such fancies here
Where youth is massing for the kill
(It doesn't know this is its skill).
The creamy tension of this fear
Lights the coffee, dulls the beer,
Sets constellations in the hair
Of sultry teens of average means,
Their novels unread on a chair.

I come here almost every day
As if I walked from heavy dreams
Into some light supporting scenes,
Metalogue to a Satyr Play.
Discontent won't go away,
It marches miles from class to quad
To parody humourlessly
The chauvinism of a god.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

By François Bondy

Where is Prussia?

Berlin

ONE could over the years see bits of "Prussian feeling" accumulating, and now the gigantic West Berlin exhibition has tried to "draw a balance" of the splendours and miseries of the Prussian past. A Socialist mayor took the initiative, a Conservative mayor opened it; but little was heard from the "legitimate successors" of the powers-that-used-to-be in Mark Brandenburg. Neither President Carstens nor Chancellor Schmidt made the trip from Bonn, and I detected no trace of any Minister. If these still be "Prussians", neither punctuality nor the old sense of duty sways them. To be sure, old Dr Adenauer wouldn't have turned up either, not merely because "*der Alte*" didn't care much for Berlin—like Churchill he was firmly convinced that Prussia was the root of all German evils.

And with that we are already deep into the controversy of the Prussian Exhibition. There must be a hundred books and at least a thousand important articles published on the subject, *pro et contra*, over this past year. Even the Exhibition itself is hard to get hold of, spreading as it does over some 33 different shows. One can easily go astray, and no wonder that important themes seem to have been lost—foreign critics have been wondering whatever happened to Hegel, and where did Bismarck disappear to, and can it be true that Kant's old city of Königsberg is now Kaliningrad?

I listened to a half-dozen lectures and round-table discussions, and the one word which was repeated most often was "*Ambivalenz*." The American historian of Prussia, Gordon Craig, seemed to be especially amused by this most un-Prussian notion. But surely this is the key concept, for Prussian history, soberly presented and analysed, exhibits both tolerance and drill, militarism and cultural vitality, imperialism and the rule of law, class- and caste-feelings and popular Social Democratic breakthroughs, cosmopolitan academic centres and narrow-minded censors. You clicks your heels and takes your choice: high stylistic power, or low brutality.

When did it really end? Some say with the establishment of the all-German *Reich* in 1871, others with the Kaiser's defeat in 1918, still others with the dismissal of that Prussian Social-Democrat Braun in 1932; and a few insist that it all really crashed only when the Allies formally abrogated the word, the name, the state, the geographical area after World War II. But what does remain indisputable is that in 1981 Prussia is "in."

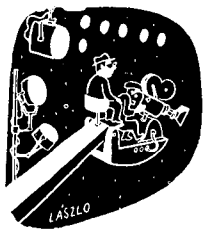
Thirty years ago, to the West and the East the Cold War competition was only over who was really and truly more "anti-Prussian", the *DDR* or the *BRD*. If in the West all the Bismarck statues disappeared, in the East a whole magnificent Prussian Palace, the *Königschloss*, was blown to pieces. Times change. In the *DDR* there is a best-selling life of Frederick the Great by Ingrid Mittenzweig, and there were some who thought that this Marxist voice should have been added to the Berlin discussions. Still, there was controversy enough as evening after evening old ex-Prussians and non-would-be Prussians, plus a few Swabians, Gauls, Latins, Celts and Yankees, sat around conference tables in endless open-forum conversations. The audiences were large, patient, intensely interested. I couldn't help feeling that they couldn't be there simply out of curiosity. For a people plagued by an "identity crisis", here clearly was longing, genuine *Nostalgie*.

But where indeed was the Prussia being longed for or sentimentally mourned? The Potsdam of the Hohenzollerns lies out of reach of the half-Berlin of today. It lies in a new Communist half-German State, which may pride itself on "tradition" (its Army goose-steps elegantly), but when they get around to putting up the statue of Frederick the Great on Unter den Linden again, *der alte Fritz* would not be looking out at his prized *Refugium* for harassed writers (after all, he gave Voltaire political asylum). A few vital life-lines to the past have been broken. And yet, as the East German poet, Gunther Kunert (now in the West), tried to argue the other evening, "it is all so very Prussian . . . ." The adjective is real, but where is the old place, the sandy Mark, with all its splendours, miseries, and ambivalence? On show, in 33 different exhibitions, until next April.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Vienna Woods

Vienna



IT WAS NOT QUITE the old-time "Four in a Jeep", but we all sat together, Easterners and Westerners, for several days under the camera-eye of Austrian Television and within shouting distance of its microphones, trying to make believe we had some kind of "togetherness" in common. But then came one foreign correspondent with a long tale of woe of how for frustrating months in the Soviet Union he couldn't get in to film a Russian hospital or a Siberian school. At which point a *Pravda* editor recounted how he couldn't get very far out of Washington or New York when he was there as a reporter. Things (as a neutral Austrian observer remarked) are tough all over. Or, as a witty Hungarian journalist cracked (at midnight, discreetly, in a Grinzing *Weinstube*), "We'll stop telling lies about you, if you'll stop telling the truth about us. . . ."

This is the way it usually runs at East-West conferences of journalists and intellectuals. By day: stiff, formal, undecisive chess-games, as white moves against black, and vice versa. By night: some more honest sense of the realities underneath. One wonders if anybody, even the Party-line delegates themselves, believes the routine formalities of their ideological presentations. Editors from the official Government and Party newspapers of Poland, Hungary, and East Germany were unanimous in their outrage at the Western press, manipulated by the bourgeoisie, meekly following every signal and instruction from the American Pentagon. What impression can it possibly make when newspapermen from *Le Monde* and from the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* to insist that they never ever had an order to distort, that they always wrote as their conscience (and their professionalism) dictated?

One was grateful for the occasional breakthrough of the more neutral Austrian atmosphere: a scintillating two-hour press conference with Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, full of subtleties and surprises, almost as if the Metternichean tradition had not died; and every now and then an intervention from an Austrian diplomat or indeed from Dr Gerd Bacher, the Viennese TV-host, which cut across the conventions and the clichés. For the rest I came away only with a number of current ironies and paradoxes. How could it be otherwise when I found myself sitting between two Hungarian colleagues—both had been prominent editors in Budapest in 1956, both participated in the Revolution on the side of Imre Nagy; one remained and became a Party ideologue for Kadar, the other fled to Vienna and became the leading Austrian expert on repressive East European régimes. . . .

MASSIVE WAS THE ATTACK from the East on the West's "anti-Communist" reporting. But to no avail, for in the first place there isn't really so much of it around in the West any more; and in the second place that wasn't the real cause of their anger and discomfort. Actually what upset them most grievously is the enthusiastic attention being paid these days to certain new Eastern developments, the positive efforts to report what is going on in Poland and to give a picture of the dissident tendencies in Russian, Czech, and East German culture. The very facts are subversive. The intellectual inquiry—why were things so much more obviously liberal in the Budapest and Warsaw of today than in Sofia, East Berlin, or Moscow?—is even more "counter-revolutionary." One needs no prejudice or instructions or ideology to be able to note the difference between the official treatments of Russian Nobel-Prize-winners Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn, and the honours recently awarded to the Polish Nobel laureate, Czeslaw Milosz, when he returned from the USA to visit the land of his mother-tongue. No signal is needed to be impressed by the social (and cultural) divergences of Hungary and Romania. Privately, not a few like to boast of the differences; publicly, they protest at "imperialist efforts" to "divide and rule." Not that they protest too much; only that they never were really prepared to concede in argument what they were really mad about: not what *we* think, but what their own people think. . . .

The second paradox was that inside every East-West debate there is actually a West-West discussion struggling to get out. One half of the West European and American press corps is "Defensist", eager and proud to contrast their liberties with totalitarian censorship. The other half couldn't care less, and they busied themselves with their continuing struggle against their own Establishment, investigating it, exposing it come what may. One editor from London waxed almost lyrical about his freedom to edit and to write as he pleased. One correspondent from the *New York Times* saw only the dangers at home, the bureaucratic enemies of a free unfettered press littering the banks of the Potomac—like some sheriff bringing a new law and order to a wild frontier, he announced his credo as being, "Walk down the street and fire at all sides. . . ." A gentle BBC broadcaster demurred, "I hope you're not shooting real people. . . ."

What are real people? As I say, by day we all shot at each other, and only in the Viennese evening were there moments when the firing had to stop.

F.B.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Voice from the Present

A Word for Ortega y Gasset

By David Mata

Paris

ONE SOMETIMES suspects that our intelligentsia are empty vessels—and what a lot of noise these learned French lecturers tirelessly emit as on the air, on television, or in the big literary weeklies they zig and zag through the 20th century's holy scriptures, quoting Freud, or Marx, or Lévi-Strauss, or their various saprophytes.

Yet there is one name which goes unmentioned by the guardians of the cultural pantheon, not even in passing—that of the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset. For some time now I have been puzzled by this omission, and wondered why a philosopher of such scope and power should have continued, twenty-five years after his death, to be missing from the French cultural scene, and perhaps too from the rest of Europe.

To take just one example among many, the *Petit dictionnaire de le philosophie* (published by Fernand Nathan in the series "*Les ABC du Bac*") dismisses him in two lines:

> "ORTEGA Y GASSET (*1883–1955*), Spanish philosopher, author of *The Revolt of the Masses* and *History as System*."

One mark out of ten. And why is it that only these two books, if any, are ever cited? Why do those publishers and universities, so eager to broadcast every last thought of every pundit who still has the strength to pick up a microphone and open and close his mouth, persist in ignoring a man who foresaw and predicted so much? First, Existentialism, when he wrote in "Ideas and Beliefs": "Life is a radical insecurity. It is the sense of being a castaway. . . . In the face of revelation, pure reason emerged. In the face of pure Reason there now arises life itself, which is to say living Reason, *la raison vitale*. . . ."

And is it not Structuralism which is foreshadowed in the following remarks? "We make a grave mistake in our interpretation of bygone eras. We suppose that what makes them different is the content of their minds, their ideas, their norms. The truth is that eras differ one from another in the structure and function of the mind. Man is other in every era. More than any cultural credo, what separates us from 18th-century man is a different psychic mechanism. . . ."

Ortega can also be seen as a prophet predicting the new currents of thought (those currents called extremist or marginal, which elude the reigning ideologies and the blinkers of Marxism or Freudianism) when he says: "Democracy in religion, art, thought and gesture, heart and custom, is the most fatal disease which can afflict a society. The 19th century distorted perspective by placing politics in the foreground and making it the main principle of our life. With a preposterous audacity it christened itself the modern era. It is pathological to make *progress* the focus of our preoccupations. . . ."

In the same essay (which appears in one of the volumes of *El Espectador*) Ortega makes the very contemporary remark: "I feel very twentieth-century, and not at all modern."

In another text, *The Dehumanisation of Art*, there appear the following lines (which ought to give food for thought to the blind theorists who in their celebration of present-day creativity are too ready to confuse crisis with apotheosis): "If anybody thinks that Cubism is for our own day what Velazquez or Rembrandt were for theirs, he is grossly mistaken." Is this conservatism? By no means. Ortega goes on to write:

> "It is possible that the art of the present day has only a slight aesthetic value, but anyone who saw it as pure caprice would be betraying a total incomprehension. The artistic products of the nineteenth century, far from representing a normal type of art, are perhaps the greatest anomaly in the history of taste.
>
> All the great ages of art have avoided situating the centre of gravity of the work in the human. The exclusive realism of the nineteenth century is an unparalleled monstrosity. That is why the new art, so extravagant in appearance, rejoins in at least one sense the royal road of art. That road is called the will to style."

Being thoroughly heterodox, because thoroughly free, in his *Meditations on Don Quixote* Ortega put forward a conception of the novel which vexed some readers. "The novel", he asserted, "is the locus of a conflict between everyday reality and myth, the former being destructive of the latter. If this conflict is only barely visible in the contemporary novel, that is due to the fact that the *ideals* which it combats are situated only a slight distance from reality. The ideal does not fall from very high. For this reason, the novel of the nineteenth century will very soon be unreadable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It contains the minimum of poetic dynamism, whereas the tension of Quixote is nowhere near extinction."

IN SPITE OF masterly texts in which not one of our ills goes undiagnosed, and despite books which are remarkable too for the quality of their prose, José Ortega remains a great unknown. When he is not being trivialised, as the academic world does when it embalms him in phrases such as "ratio-vitalism", he is blamed for not having paid enough heed to social factors—they say that he "undervalues economic conditions" and reduce him to a latterday exponent of 19th-century liberalism.

The truth is that Ortega is unequalled as a debunker of dogmatisms, and this still bothers people. The truth is that he was the first to dissect "the mass-man", and to denounce the danger he constitutes. But it would not be correct to equate this man with the proletariat. For Ortega, the mass-man flourishes as profusely among the upper as in the lower classes. Not that this man of the world will always look like a philistine. He has read Nietzsche; he has read everything; he knows that philosophy is play, that it is ludic. And play he does, observing that no truth binds him other than Life, which is a riddle. But of course, this game is serious: the whole vital drama of life is expressed in it, when it is Schopenhauer or Ortega who plays.

Where is the life in the systematising, structuralising minds that despise Ortega? Dogma makes them only into well-oiled pieces of machinery. Ortega is a *source*, a spring. He is so unpedantic, so unbombastic, that he is only barely a traditional philosopher at all: he seems so transparent that he is nothing, nothing but light. On any theme he ponders (Bullfighting, Sport, Communism), he sheds a noonday brightness, in which prejudices, idols of the tribe, entelechies, all dissolve. Ortega has been classified as *un grand Européen*, and so he was, but his Europeanism should not conceal the fact that he is a very Spanish philosopher, very down-to-earth, closer to the peasant, through his realism, or to the torero, through his precision and elegance, than to the "progressive intellectual."

But I must not gloss over his defects. One is his sheer intelligibility, which is such that one almost wishes he had written the works of Sartre, Michel Foucault, and Ivan Illich, as well as the books by his own commentators. (Think of that miracle, a jargon-free 20th century!) Another flaw is his rather romantic contempt for the shopkeeper, for trade. The ruling economism jibs at this kind of confession, this medieval scale of values which puts *le clerc et le paysan* at the top. It makes Ortega what one could call a pre-industrial philosopher.

He has been taxed with aestheticism, but isn't that merely the reproach of fanatics for non-fanatics, of ideologues for those who will not wear straitjackets? Like Montaigne, he might have said: "To the Guelphs, I am a Ghibelline; to the Ghibellines, a Guelph." His modernity and unfailing clarity of mind shine out in these lines: "There is a great deal of idolatry in our divinisation of culture, our permanent obeisance to it. We want it to save us and justify us, instead of justifying and saving ourselves. . . ." Other texts show Ortega as very attentive to the "telluric revolt" (the expression is Keyserling's) which is beyond dispute one of the major phenomena of this century. Despite Hegel and Marx, despite the advent of that new absolute, "History", Ortega believed in an eternal philosophy, a *philosophia perennis*, in an élite of sourcemen, more and more threatened by the mass-man, another name for the "last creatures."

How much longer are we to ignore this bracing intelligence, this philosopher who was among the first to condemn contemporary scholasticism? Reading recently *L'épreuve du labyrinthe* (a collection of interviews with Claude-Henri Rocquet, published by Pierre Belfond in 1978), how delighted I was to find Mircea Eliade as thoroughly astonished as myself. "In Germany all his books are translated", says Eliade. "I do not understand why Ortega y Gasset is so little known in France." Is he better known to his compatriots? Certainly

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR

UK	£15.75
USA/Canada	$36.50 (surface) $46.00 (air-speeded)
Elsewhere	£17.00 (surface) Air rate on request

Full-time students

UK £12.60. USA/Canada $29.20 (surface), $38.70 (air). Elsewhere £13.60 (surface). Please state place and course of study.

Payment by sterling or dollar cheque, money order, National Giro (no. 501 1752), or quote American Express account number.

Order by coupon below or similar letter.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — —

To: ENCOUNTER, 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS, England.

Please send me ENCOUNTER for one year starting with the ..... issue.

I enclose .....(payment)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....ZIP(USA).....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his works are to be seen all over Spain, but an excellent article in his defence (which appeared in the *Heraldo de Aragon* under the name of Joaquin Aranda) suggests that even in Spain Ortega has still to be discovered.

At a time when, in the historic wake of May 1968, all ideological systems have crumbled pathetically, is the intelligentsia at last going to give Ortega the position he deserves? Will all his books be translated at long last? [1] Byzantium is wary of true philosophers.

[1] Plon has published an anthology of Ortega's writings under the title *Le spectateur tenté*, with a superb introduction by E. M. Cioran.

London Commentary

Not Solidarity, Liquidity

The British Unions Under Assault—By EDWARD PEARCE

TEN YEARS AGO this winter the British trade unions had large and menacing crowds on the streets. They marched and countermarched to the three simple syllables of "*Kill the Bill, Kill the Bill!*" They were frightening and our Government was very frightened. Rather as Irish affairs and Irish bawling, under the generalship of Charles Parnell, paralysed Gladstone's second administration in the 1880s, so, under the masterly leadership of the late and much lamented Victor Feather, the Union campaign in Parliament, out of Parliament and, it sometimes seemed, *against* Parliament, shrivelled the hand of the unhappy Edward Heath.

Not, alas, that Vic could stop him getting us into "Europe" or launching the expensive and futile redrawing of the local government district map, or the payrolling of the various welfare service administrations. But the unions kept the government on the run until the Miners' strike, led by the former Communist Arthur Scargill, drove the exasperated Prime Minister into ill-calculated battle with them in February 1974. "*Who governs Britain?*" was his cry. "Well, you don't, that's for sure!" was the response. In fact, so detested are the British unions that Heath's judgment and/or courage needed only to hold up a little better. If it had, and if he had held his election three weeks earlier, *before* setting up yet another commission whose naked purpose was to approve the very wage increase which was supposed to be at the heart of the electoral contest, he would undoubtedly have won.

Still, there was no restraining a loser from playing a last losing hand, and thus, in the teeth of the evidence, a legend was created: the Government was brought down by the unions; further, it was brought down because of the legislation limiting the powers of the unions. The unions are all-powerful and government cannot exist without their consent. . . .

For seven years the Labour and Conservative Parties have acted on that assumption. They have endorsed the ignominious line of the cringing bureaucrat who headed the Confederation of British Industry, Sir Campbell Adamson, whose reference to "this hated Act" in the last days of the February 1974 election spoke for British feebleness everywhere.

It became the orthodoxy that on no account must the trade unions be offended. They were much loathed by the general public. So what? The Mafia does not get the highest ratings where it flourishes, but most sensible people want to be on its good side. The new Labour Government, led by Harold Wilson in a spirit of pure, almost crystalline cynicism, at once bought off the miners with the 31½% they had asked before the strike. A bit-part politician called Frank Beswick, elevated to the Lords to join half-pay politicians on short-hold peerages, was sent round the country to inspect the steelyards. Now the government knew very well, had known since the report issued in 1969, that substantial redundancies in steel would be necessary even if the world market held up, which it didn't. Beswick was given a conclusion to which he was required only to append a report. Nothing was seriously wrong with steel, no works need be closed. The link between Beswickism and half-a-billion sterling subsequently to be lost by the nationalised British Steel Corporation in a single year was inexorable.

AS EMPLOYMENT MINISTER Wilson appointed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Foot, now by a sort of divine oversight leader of the Labour Party, but in 1974 taking up his first Cabinet post after 30 years of soft militancy on the backbenches. The rich living of office did not agree with a political stomach accustomed to arrowroot biscuit and soda-water. Foot, who had once made a speech about the "red blood of our Socialist courage", not only abolished Heath's Act (with very little Tory opposition), and strengthened the Closed Shop, but instituted something called the Employment Protection Act. This made it punitively hard ever to fire anyone at all, and thus created long-term an illicit market in labour and, since firing was almost an indictable offence, induced a deep-seated aversion to hiring. Watching these Labour Government developments, the Conservative opposition sat huddled and unnerved, not that audacity was ever much of a Tory virtue.

For seven years, in Opposition and Government, the portfolio of Employment[1] was held by James Prior, a sort of dynamic feebleton whose trance-like obsession with the horrors of February 1974 was only matched by his truculence in support of a policy of weakness towards the unions. In particular, he showed extreme reluctance to disturb the Closed Shop. Letting his vocabulary be colonised by the argot of the brothers, he accused of "free riding" three railway clerical workers who had been dismissed by British Rail for not having the union membership ticket. When the same three men sought redress at the Court of Human Rights at The Hague, Prior used his Parliamentary private secretary or political runner, Fred Sylvester, to put it about that these foreigners with their notions of Human Rights could be brushed aside, presumably in the higher interests of Union rights.

The whole burden of Prior's approach to the unions was a tunnel-visioned combination of doing as little as possible to offend them and sedulously courting their leaders as great public servants to be propitiated. He even tried to join a trade union only to find that he had filled in forms for the wrong one. But in fairness only a few people in active politics were ready to say in 1979 when this Government took office that his general line, as against his own rather grovelling embellishment of it, was wrong. For then it was everyone's postulate that the unions were a sort of Industrial Grendal, liable to invade the King's hall and take off his men as a light snack more or less at will. There were no volunteers to play Beowulf. Harold Wilson was sourly known in some quarters as "the Deputy Prime Minister", an allusion to the capacity of Jack Jones, leader of the Transport Workers and a nationalist whose country was the working class of 1935, to exercise both prescription and veto over law-making. The unions were like some monstrous tribal gods, inspiring loathing and self-abjection.

SUDDENLY IT IS JUST NOT like that any more. It is an insubstantial pageant faded. So much of our unemployment is now seen as the self-evident achievement of the unions—the derelict docks created by wild-catting, the destitute car factories like Linwood in Scotland which ran at a loss for 19 years out of 20. So much of what survives is visibly the product of a different kind of employment protection—"stabbing the company in the back with a cheque-book", as the deputy Industry Minister put it, so there is not too much call for militancy at the moment.[2]

The unions not only contributed to unemployment but could offer nothing but vaporous rhetoric in resisting it. Much, not all, of the recent job massacre amounted in practice to the ending of artificial overmanning maintained across the decade by the influence of militant and moderate unions alike. The Iron and Steel Trades Federation was politically moderate, but it was able to keep hopelessly uneconomic steel works open by its discreet authority. However, this lasted only to a certain very late hour. Once the influence was

Poll

London

MOST PEOPLE, *including trade unionists, support proposals for industrial law reform put forward by Mr Tebbit, Employment Secretary, according to an opinion poll published today. Many said he could have gone further, the Market and Opinion Research International (MORI) survey found.*

More than three in four of the 1,026 adults questioned, including 321 union members, agreed with regular secret ballotting on an existing closed shop (79% of the public and 77% of union members).

According to the poll, conducted for BBC's "Panorama" programme, 70% of the public and 61% of trade unionists agreed that a company should be able to sue a union if it lost money because of a strike action called over a dispute which had nothing to do with the company.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

[1] The present Department of Employment, in the course of the great inflation of titles practised by Harold Wilson and Edward Heath, rose from the status of the old Ministry of Labour, but did so by way of the short-lived Department of Employment and Productivity. We didn't have too much productivity in the 1970s, and in consequence we now don't have that much employment. "Ministry of Labour" was all that was left.

[2] It survives of course in the castellations of secure employment like the Pits. And there is an interesting study to be done some time on "The Role of the National Union of Miners as Creators of Unemployment outside the Pits, 1972–1981." It also survives in Fleet Street where one national newspaper is paying each of its 72 linotype operators (the modern strigil-bearers) a wage of £31,500 per annum and is paying wages in excess of £25,000 to each of their 420 workers with lesser skills.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rejected at the swordpoint of necessity, Othello's occupation was gone. Suddenly the unions have lost their mystique; without, that is, having lost their unpopularity. The Closed Shop is still there. Arthur Scargill, the little Lenin of the South Yorkshire Coalfields, is not only there but has now taken on the national presidency of the entire Miners' Union. The unions are perceived still to be bullies, still obstructing productivity and efficiency (and increasingly operating as a club of the employed against the unemployed), still functioning as the most archaic and reactionary element in British life, White's Club not excepted.

Accordingly it becomes possible to do something about them. James Prior, playing his hand wrongly for the first time in years, had it rumoured that he would not accept lateral transfer to another job but would call Mrs Thatcher's bluff to sack him. Now Oliver Cromwell, if Irish readers will excuse the reference, once offered the Irish a choice between Hell and Connaught. Margaret Thatcher offered Prior the backbenches or Ulster. Having blown vast bubbles about how he would say "No", James Prior said "Yes." There has been no neater example in recent years of a politician eating a dog biscuit. All we have to do now is worry about Ulster. The Employment job went to Norman Tebbit, that very man who made the crack about stabbing-people-with-cheque-books. As a wise Fleet Street editor said at the time, "Mr Tebbit is noted for having a sense of humour. The effect of this upon the Trades Union Congress will be most interesting. . . ."

TEBBIT is of some fascination as a politician. As a backbencher in the House of Commons he was notable for a biting wit, and for playing politics in a way which his worst enemy would not call limp-wristed. The Labour Party affects to be shocked and to see in him a deplorable extremist. Those who haunt the observers' galleries and find ourselves instinctively issuing odds against politicians, or, if you like, trading them on our own Exchange, take a rather different view. The new Minister, who has run through Parliamentary Under-Secretary, by way of Minister of State, to full Cabinet Minister in two years five months flat, impresses as one of the two or three most effective politicians in the Commons.

From a style slightly reminiscent of a Renaissance assassin of the better sort, he has coolly adapted himself to a mastery of his brief and with something of a quiet menacing authority. He is that rare thing, a Tory politician of whom the Opposition are actually frightened. Tebbit was hired specifically to carry that battle against the unions which the mood of the earlier decade had proclaimed to be unthinkable. Now I do not want to be misleading: there has not been an overnight change. Mr Prior had been edged during his time in office into a rather firmer stand, partly by the Prime Minister, partly by backbench pressure including a huge tail of signatures garnered by the bright Member for North Cornwall, Gerry Neale. Parts of the Tebbit Bill derive from the Prior "Green Paper", a medium for tossing ideas about without a formal commitment to legislation.

Even so Tebbit's Bill would have been unthinkable a year ago. Rather deftly, it has thrown the mechanism of democratic choice against the Closed Shop. That device is to be subject to periodic ballots requiring a vote of 80%, perhaps 85% per cent, to sustain the agreement. Political strikes will be unprotected by any immunities from action in tort. The Bill outlaws "union only" clauses. Unions themselves, not individual members, become liable for actions in the courts for damages in unlawful industrial action. The damages run on a sliding scale from £12,500 for the smallest unions to £250,000 for the largest. Secondary picketing, which is technically illegal, can now have that rather declaratory law enforced against it by an action for damages—money. This is the bit which hurts. For the British unions with their investments are not so much "Solidarity" as "Liquidity." The old condition of the British unions enjoying immunities which did not apply to anybody else in the Realm is drawing to an end. But, learning from the technical error of the 1971 Act which created categories of "registered" and "unregistered" unions (and Victor Feather blew it up by organising a mass boycott of registration), the Minister has created no fancy franchises. He has simply extended liability in civil law. Two points wait in reserve: the unions are not yet to be compelled to elect officers by secret ballot (the Minister hopes to achieve this by the embarrassed consent of unions now very much on the defensive), and there is no "lay-off" clause, something for which those who have seen whole factories closed by stoppages in a single department will be lobbying very hard.

The irony is that although the Bill was duly denounced—with Mr Basnett, the laborious general secretary of the Municipal Workers, proclaiming that "History shows that governments who seek confrontation with the trade unions forfeit all electoral support"—nobody believed a word of the denunciation.

IRONICALLY, Mr Tebbit was actually criticised from the centre of the political spectrum by the SDP victor of the Crosby by-election, Mrs Shirley Williams—for not being "radical" enough. Now consider: Norman Tebbit, the Government's most strong-minded Minister, comes forward with a Bill which effectively abolishes union immunity from the law of tort, throws the Closed Shop into the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forum of a recurring vote, hardens up the law on secondary picketing with cash penalties, and lays the unions open to law suits worth a quarter-of-a-million sterling a time. Mrs Williams of the Social Democrats, lately of the Labour Party—and she voted for the Closed Shop element in Michael Foot's Trade Union Act, and for the Employment Protection Act—says, in the middle of a by-election campaign, that the Minister might have been tougher.

The late Dr Marcuse would call that a growth of political awareness, even a raising of consciousness. Most of us would settle for the view that those who once competed for the gracious favour of the trade-union barons have caught up with public opinion and are looking for a better barn-door on which to nail them. One Labour Party MP did mutter something about the unions in England having fewer powers after Tebbit than *Solidarity* had in Poland. But England, being a capitalist economy, cannot do and does not dream of doing the things that are done in Poland. . . .

Aron on Aron

By François Fejtö

RAYMOND ARON had the whimsical idea of writing his eagerly awaited autobiography[1] in the form of a reply to the questions put to him by two young men of the French Left, Jean-Louis Missika and Dominique Wolton, *gauchistes* who have always opposed both him and his work. The pair of them, who could have been his grandchildren, were subjected to a crash course of instruction and made to see why Aron, teacher, philosopher, sociologist, journalist and political essayist, turned out to be so different from the other celebrated intellectuals of his generation—Sartre, Camus, Merleau-Ponty—with whom, at first, he had so many causes in common.

How and why, from being a man of the Left, who had gone through the fire of Marxism, did Aron become a liberal—and horror of horrors—a believer in the Atlantic alliance, labelled in the student world as a *réac* (reactionary), "intelligent . . . but right-wing"? What shielded him, in the years 1950–70, from the great idolatries of European intellectuals—the cult of Stalin and of revolutionary mysticism, of Castro, Mao, and the *tiers monde*? At this point many of his one-time opponents belatedly render him justice by admitting that he was right, like that other grand old man, Boris Souvarine, and that he swam against the current at a time full of folly and unreason. This process of "rehabilitating" Aron began in 1975.[2] The intellectual value of his undogmatic "relativist concept of history" was then discovered, and many left-wing intellectuals came to the conclusion, as he had done earlier, that it is better to preserve our imperfect but perfectible model of civilisation, inherited from the 19th century—rather than leap into new adventures whose only outcome, whatever peculiar national form it may take, is a repressive totalitarianism.

IN READING what Aron has to say (it often sounds like a confession or a self-criticism), what strikes one about this man who is thought cold and distant is his warmth and humanity. He turns a clear-eyed look on the world, viewing people, things and events with engaged interest but with what looks like detached curiosity and amusement. From the outset of his career, he chose the role of analyst, which does not mean that (unlike Jean-Paul Sartre, *petit camarade* and close friend from the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*) he lacks passion—for instance, in his hatred of racism, of despotism, of war—though he tries, not always successfully, to impose a measure of reticence so as to avoid being carried away by it.

Aron's *maîtres à penser* were Machiavelli and Tocqueville, the "great realists" (and he helped to re-establish their intellectual reputations in the contemporary world), and above all Max Weber, whom he had read in Germany at the beginning of the 1930s, and from whom he learned the two rules which he tried to follow all his life: "On the one hand, the will to see, to grasp truth and reality; on the other hand, the will to act. . . ."

One of the most revealing aspects of this *entretien d'Aron sur lui-même*, this dialogue with himself, is the complex relationship with his own Jewishness which it discloses. He grew up in a completely assimilated, non-Judaic family, and discovered *le problème juif* and his own destiny as a Jew only in Germany with the rise of Nazism between 1931 and 1933. He could then have joined

[1] Raymond Aron. *Le Spectateur engagé* (Julliard 1981).

[2] See, in ENCOUNTER (September 1977), "Raymond Aron's 'Vindication' " by Leopold Labedz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those—admittedly few—who tried to rouse public opinion and put people on their guard against the threat of war which Hitler's National-Socialism represented. Fearing that he might be thought to lack "objectivity", he did not do so. For the same nervous reason, he abstained from stressing his anti-racism during the War, when he edited a Gaullist review in England (he was also temperamentally opposed to the Gaullist *fanatisme*). His odd indulgence towards Vichy can no doubt be explained by "an overcompensation of a Jew" ("I generally prefer to understand and to analyse rather than to abuse my opponents"). "It does me no credit", he confesses, recalling how as an editor in London he passed over in silence Pétain's Jewish laws and the subsequent round-up of the *Vel d'Hiv*. By taking such an attitude he was following the "convention of silence", the shameful silence about information on the Holocaust which reigned among the Allies (just as, later, the massacre at Katyn was not to be spoken of). Only during the Six Day War, when he feared for the destruction of Israel, did he emerge from his reserve. Indignant at General de Gaulle's notorious attack on Ben Gurion and the exultant Jews in Paris ("*peuple d'élite, sûr de lui-même et dominateur*—an élitist people, sure of itself and domineering") he wrote a pamphlet, *De Gaulle, Israël et les juifs*, in which he maintained—conspicuously passionate for once—that it was possible to be at one and the same time a "good Frenchman" and a Jewish supporter of Israel.[3]

"The fact is that the situation of the Jews is ambiguous, paradoxical . . . and each individual Jew must decide his own destiny." Aron chose a French destiny. He recalls that the theologian R. P. Fessard left among his papers a work called *Philosophie historique de Raymond Aron* (published posthumously), which interprets Aron's work as "*essentiellement sémite*." "It was his right to do so", says Aron. "But I must add that in spite of the great friendship I felt for him, his interpretation has not persuaded me. . . ." (Nor me; for Aron is so much closer to Tocqueville and Sartre than to, say, the Hassidic writers.)

REVIEWING his own life from 1930 onwards, Aron takes us through the basic stages in the contemporary history of France, and on each of them he throws new light that is original and demystifying. To him the Armistice of 1940, perhaps inevitable on a military level, was historically an answer to the Russo-German pact because it helped to "throw the Germans back on their ambitions in the East." (Pétain surely did not go so far in his thinking, but that was the consequence of what he did.) On 8 May 1945 France did not really feel herself to be a victor; a sadness gripped the land. From 1946 onwards he saw that the "resistance bloc"—to which he belonged, together with Camus, Sartre, and others—could not hold out in the context of the conflict between the USSR and the USA. He judges de Gaulle's first government (1945–46) very sceptically: "He had complete power, admittedly, but no telephone . . ."; meaning that he had not the means to exercise power, could not communicate with others.

In 1947 Aron joined *Le Figaro*, where he remained until 1977, despite the restrictions this frequently imposed on him (e.g., at the time of the war in Algeria which, in contrast to the paper, he strenuously opposed). He had made his choice: he drew all the conclusions from his anti-totalitarian views and never ceased berating (see *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, 1955) not only the Communists but the non-Communists as well—those who lacked the courage to adopt an anti-communist position and to declare their readiness to defend the liberal civilisation which actually protected them.

THE ANAYLSIS of Aron's relationship with Sartre, and also with de Gaulle and André Malraux, deserves separate treatment. Unlike his friend Malraux, Aron was never fascinated by de Gaulle; but he admits that his doubts about the General were not always justified. For instance, de Gaulle was right in November 1942 in thinking that Marshal Pétain, by refusing to go to North Africa, had lost the last chance of effectively justifying his behaviour. In 1947 Aron joined the *RPF* (the Gaullist party). In 1958 he supported de Gaulle, to whom he was grateful for having transformed the defeat in Algeria into a "victory of France over herself", and considered him a "legal dictator." However, in 1961 this did not prevent him, in his impatience, from writing a "wicked article" ("*Adieu au gaullisme*") which he now regrets.

Aron had great respect for de Gaulle, but it was never unconditional, and it always was without much affection. Jean-Paul Sartre he held both in respect and in emotional friendship, which survived—as they discovered during a chance meeting—"all stupidities."[4] Modesty and his own natural scepticism prevented Aron from setting himself up as a "universal conscience", and he was not enough of a Renaissance courtier to become an "advisor to the prince", neither to de Gaulle nor to Giscard d'Estaing. But his ceaseless curiosity, his spiritual subtleties, and his formidable intellectual talents make him one of the great witnesses to contemporary history and one of the most important thinkers of our time.

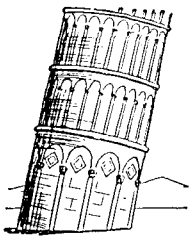
[3] See Raymond Aron, "The General & the Jews", ENCOUNTER, June 1968.

[4] See my account, "Raymond Aron and Jean-Paul Sartre . . . An Historic Handshake", ENCOUNTER, October 1979.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Italian Disease

The Missing Corpuscles—By INDRO MONTANELLI



PUTTING THE matter at its simplest, the anomaly of the Italian political situation may be reduced to what has come to be referred to as the "lack of alternative." The Christian Democrats, who won an absolute majority in the first post-War elections to the legislature (1948), and whose vote has never fallen lower than 38%, have been constantly in power for thirty years, and at present there seems to be no clear possibility of breaking up this kind of political "monoculture." The reason why is obvious: the one party which could take over from the Christian Democrats is the Italian Communist Party, yet experience shows that the advent of the Communists would involve installing a new kind of "monoculture", equally lacking an alternative. So what Italy needs is a force on the Left which could replace Christian Democracy without endangering the principles and structures of democracy as such. All observers are agreed that it is up to the Socialists to perform this task. That leaves the question of understanding why it is that the Italian Socialist Party has failed to do the job.

IT ALL BEGAN in 1892. Before that date, Italy had of course gone through a certain amount of industrial development, but a long way behind the other Western countries. Furthermore, this sluggish industrialisation process was confined to the two Northern regions of Piedmont and Lombardy. It had been encouraged by the agricultural prosperity of these particularly fertile and well-irrigated areas, which had enabled North Italian landowners to accumulate capital and to invest it in various processing industries. No great surprises so far. I believe that other European nations found the starting point for their own industrial take-off in cheese-making or similar activities. But what was missing in Italy was a system of credit which could guarantee to the early entrepreneurs the raw material of all capitalistic processes, namely capital itself.

Until 1860 Italy stood out as a constellation of petty States, very badly administered, with the exception of Lombardy and Venezia which had enjoyed the benefits of Austrian administration and were well developed. Each State had its own bank or banks, but they were all in the hands of a lord (whether Prince, Duke or Pope) who used them not to develop the economy but to line his own pockets. These banks were not all that different from pawnshops. They gave short-term loans at swingeing rates of interest, and in return for Draconian guarantees. Not many people would deposit their savings with such banks: nearly everybody preferred "the woollen stocking." The dying warning given by my own grandfather, who called himself "an enlightened liberal", to his sons and grandsons was: "A decent man can go with a whore, but never with a bank. . . ."

After Italian unification there was very little change in the banking system. Several banks went out of business, but all the survivors—they were a lot more numerous than the country's slim resources required, and hence that much more ferociously competitive—retained all their original vices. The sole activity for which they provided generous financing was speculation in building land, made extraordinarily profitable by a powerful increase in population. In fact in only a few years Rome had risen from being a little agro-pastoral village (though head of a universal Church) to become the capital of a country of thirty million inhabitants. But the banks continued to withhold, with fear and loathing, the only form of credit capable of fuelling industrial development, in other words long-term credit.

During the 1880s this Italy of peasants and small artisans, 80% of them illiterate, was saddled with the luxury of an imperialist, Germanophile Prime Minister, Crispi, whose ambition was to vie with France as a colonial power: this brought about the Triple Alliance (Austria, Germany, Italy) of 1882. France retaliated by denouncing the commercial treaty with Italy which had opened up the rich French market to Italy's fruit and vegetables, in fact to the very products which were the main Italian exports. Threatened with imminent collapse, Crispi turned for help to his friend Bismarck, who gave it in the form of two big Jewish financiers, Toeplitz and Joel. They came to Milan, where they discovered a remarkable spirit of initiative which found expression in a myriad small enterprises still in the cottage industry stage but impatient to "take off." In Milan they founded the Banca Commerciale, the first and for some time the only bank which would grant credit to industry and share in the risks.

That was in 1892. In that year, or immediately

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after it, thanks to financing from the Banca Commerciale, Milan saw the birth of the firms of Pirelli and Edison, and of the Falck steelworks, and Turin became the home of Fiat along with all its associated enterprises. This was the birth, or rather the explosion—with action delayed, but also with all the power of pent-up energies released—of Italian capitalism, cut-throat and lawless as young capitalisms always are, and based on exploiting the work force and holding down wages. Yet here was true capitalism at last, and no longer a string of cottage industries.

But 1892 also saw the birth of the Socialist party, at the Congress of Genoa, coming in the shape of a heresy from the anarchist movement in which it had previously been submerged. It carried no Marxist label. In Italy, Marx was known only to two philosophers. One of them was Benedetto Croce, the fountainhead of liberal thinking, who nevertheless discerned in Marxism a community with Hegelian idealism. The other was Antonio Labriola, who after trying in vain to translate and further the theories of Marx in Italy, took them off to diffuse them from the University in Brussels.

THE SOCIALISM which had taken root in Italy was the socialism of Bakunin, who had found a second homeland there. And this was not surprising. In fact the South of Italy in particular, where Bakunin made most of his converts, was no less underdeveloped than Russia: it was a region populated by inert, illiterate and reactionary masses who still regretted the loss of the old régime of the Popes and the Bourbons, driven out by national unity. This Southern population not only had not accepted the unitary State which the men of the Risorgimento had built on the Napoleonic model, but considered it an injustice imposed by Lombards and Piedmontese. All the same, devoid as it was of any revolutionary potential, it expressed its discontent in bloody peasant uprisings. In the provinces of the Centre-South, the fight against banditry had cost the Italian army more casualties than all the campaigns for independence, and left a legacy of resentments in which the anarchist teachings of Bakunin had found its most fertile ground.

Of the break between Bakunin and Marx, which had become irreparable over this same Italian question, not a word was spoken in Italy. Until the end of the century socialism remained one of the component parts of individualist anarchism, which was much more appropriate to the temperament of the Italian people and to their condition of socio-economic and cultural underdevelopment. But when it took root in the regions of the North, right at the moment of their industrial take-off, it lit the fuse of the contradiction between the two *Weltanschauungen* that exploded at the Congress

THE BYRON SOCIETY FOUNDED A.D. MDCCCLXXVI

THE BYRON JOURNAL

January 1982 Annual

Contributors to this issue:
Professor CHARLES J. CLANCY
Professor HERMANN FISCHER
Dr NANCY M. GOSLEE
Professor RONALD A. SCHROEDER
Dr KIRIAKOULA SOLOMOU

Book Reviews:
Professor LESLIE A. MARCHAND
Professor MALCOLM KELSALL
Professor JOHN CLUBBE
Professor ARNOLD GOLDMAN
MARTIN R. DAVIES
ELIZABETH LONGFORD
ARIS FINIEFS

A Scholarly Journal published annually with contributions from Professors and Scholars all over the world.
£3.00 per copy (plus postage)

Executive Editors:
ELMA DANGERFIELD, OBE
J. DRUMMOND BONE
IAN SCOTT-KILVERT, OBE
WILLIAM ST. CLAIR

Published by:
The Byron Society,
Byron House, 6 Gertrude Street,
London SW10 01-352 5112.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Genoa in 1892. Yet men like Costa, Turati and Treves—all Northerners—who rebelled against the anarchist majority and precipitated the schism had not absorbed their socialism from Marx, but from Proudhon. They founded the Socialist party and called it "revolutionary", but they did not manage to free themselves from a guilt complex about their anarchist "brothers." And these same brothers in fact, from the pinnacle of their martyrology—since it was they who had the monopoly of attempts to assassinate the King, as well as of the sentences of hard labour for life—continued to accuse the socialists of treason. The guilt complex persists to this day, when the terrorists of the Red Brigades, guilty of the murder of Aldo Moro, and disowned and denounced by the Communists, have found a rather uneasy moral collusion among Socialists who continue to see them as the "betrayed brothers" of 1892. It is mainly in this same mental backwater that the maximalism of the Italian socialist party and its indulgence towards the most subversive manifestations of the extra-parliamentary groups find their origin and justification. But that is another story.

FROM THE historical viewpoint, the key part of my thesis—which is bound to give rise to objections—is the twin character of the two processes of capitalism and socialism. In all the other Western countries, capitalism preceded socialism by at least a century. Consequently it was able to fulfil its function, which is the accumulation of wealth, without being conditioned by considerations of social justice. Socialism came in when this process was completed, and as a corrective of this process.

In Italy the contemporaneity of their development ultimately led to two stillbirths—that of capitalism, which did not have time to run its full course and to give Italy a European economic dimension; and that of socialism, which doesn't know how to perform its task as a redistributor of wealth for the simple reason that there is no wealth.

Our country's anomalies therefore stem from the coincidence of these two dates of birth. Italian capitalism, which is full of energy, remarkably enterprising, but immature and lacking in traditions, is sustained only by a spirit of initiative and a pioneer mentality which are incompatible with the kind of society we live in. Our native capitalism cannot even invoke a political force through which to express itself. Its aim is not so much to defend itself against the Stalinist, nationalising or expropriating enemy as to corrupt that enemy (and here, unfortunately, it has not been unsuccessful). It has allowed itself to be robbed of nearly all its power, particularly in the field of culture and the media. Yet it should also be said that if it is true that our capitalism finances Christian Democracy—which has itself fallen prey to populist trends, and so disowned its backer—and if it is true that our capitalism negotiates under the table with the Communists and trade-union bosses, then that is also because it does not see the Socialist party as being effective enough to be worth dealing with. It is a party still bound to the models and taboos of an underdeveloped society built along 19th-century lines, which capitalism itself has helped to prevent from developing in the direction taken by all the other Western societies.

SO WE HAVE the shoddy socialism that our shoddy capitalism has merited, although that is the fault neither of the socialists nor of the capitalists, who have likewise been the victims of their own twin birth. Harking back to the roots of the question, it has to be said that it was the Counter-Reformation that cut off Italy from the rest of Europe and made it impermeable to that Protestant spirit in which the great industrial revolution of the West found its motive force and moral standards. To understand this, it is not necessary to have read Max Weber or Sombart. You have only to analyse the Catholic-Communist elements of the so-called "historic compromise." Today it is still the Counter-Reformation which seeks to stand between Italy and its return to the Europe of free initiative and the market economy, thanks to the combined efforts of the two Churches, the black and the red, divided by their respective gospels but united by the cult of revealed truth and by the hatred of individual liberties.

The new alliance between liberals and socialists which is beginning to take shape, and which many observers see as going against nature, partakes fully in the logic of this distorted situation. This alliance is not due solely to the exigences of the defence of lay values against the dual clerical menace of the Catholico-Communists, values which these two forces embody, although in different and opposing ways. It also stems from the awareness now dawning upon the socialists of their lack of perspective in a system which stifles capitalist development. It is evident that if the Italian Socialist party is weak, and if it finds itself in a subordinate position compared with the very strong Communist party, it is because of the backwardness of Italian capitalism, since communism is merely the socialism of the underdeveloped areas.

It remains to be seen whether we still have time to repair the damage caused by the twin birth of 1892. In any case, one thing is certain: if Italy's liberals and socialists do not manage to live together, they are going to have to die together.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midnight's Children & Parents

The Search for Indo-British Identity—By MARIA COUTO

ONE OF THE MORE curious aspects of the annual Booker Prize is the fact that in the eleven years since its inception it has been awarded four times to novels set in India with the connecting leitmotif of the decline and fall of the British Empire. The first of these, J. G. Farrell's *The Siege of Krishnapur* (1973), is dominated by the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, which for Indian historians marks the first struggle for Independence. Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet*, the coda of which (*Staying On*, 1978) was awarded the Prize, covers the period between the "Quit India" movement in 1942 to Partition and Independence. *Heat and Dust* (1975) by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala goes back to the early 1920s, a period of relative tranquillity between the upheavals re-created by Farrell and Scott. Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*[1] takes in most of this history yet is altogether different. It is the view from within, of colonial and independent India from the midnight hour of 15 August 1947, the birth of Independence, and of a new generation of Indians.

Farrell's novel is essentially about the values of Western civilisation transposed to a colonial society, their relevance examined in the lives of a community at a time of crisis; it is apolitical but questions the moral implications of the policy of social aloofness and racial distance that marked the last decades of the Raj. Western values later began to permeate the dominant Indian classes after Western education was introduced by Government fiat. Westernisation opened up opportunities in the civil service, the armed forces, business, the Bar, engineering and medicine, so that between 1927–1947 India acquired a new class of Western educated élite. Both Scott and Jhabvala imply that what was being nurtured was a distinct culture, an Indo-British sensibility of shared values, created and perhaps conceived by a shared language. Should this sensibility stay on even after the sun has set on the Raj? The answers sharpen the poignancy of the characters, both British and Indian.

For those born after Independence, the inheritors of the Indo-British sensibility, as for Saleem Sinai, the hero-narrator of *Midnight's Children*, the search is for the validity of this legacy in modern India, where, as in all developing countries which have emerged from their colonial past, economics, religion and culture are all consumed by the great maw of politics. The novel poses the problem of culture and identity in terms of politics and morality, leading Saleem to seek his identity in terms of connections and places outside the chronological framework of Indo-British history, in the primeval time of India's villages. He uses the English language which he and so many of his contemporaries inherited, plucking out of its richness the words and patterns to convey the human situation of his generation. That he does this so vividly is as much an accomplishment of his feeling for the language as a testimony to the enduring legacy of Indo-British sensibility.

English as the official language in India dates from Macaulay's "Minute on Education" in 1835, which ensured the success of the Anglicists against the Orientalists who had wished to preserve and develop the languages and culture of the country. In consequence, a generation of Indians absorbed European political thought, mastering Western professional skills and English, the language of the ruling power, to spearhead the freedom movement. The story of Saleem Sinai begins with this generation and with the education of his grandfather Aadam Aziz. Contradictions were internally resolved; the secular outlook rationally adopted and kept firmly in place in the compartmentalised psyche of Indian identity. The fact that religion was rejected by this generation only in its outward expression is illustrated in the story of the grandfather who lives a secular life, yet in his old age goes back to his origins in Kashmir, and dies, angry and desolate, on the steps of a Hindu temple, symbolically affirming his spirituality and the Hindu-Muslim unity that existed before the prospects of political power created divisions. Books I and II unfold a cultural history at two levels—the Indian experiential and the Western

[1] *Midnight's Children*. By SALMAN RUSHDIE. Jonathan Cape, £6.95; Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rational. This juxtaposition is not without its comic possibilities, which Rushdie expresses vividly in the lives of the Aziz/Sinai family.

THE INDIAN ÉLITE, as it emerged, developed into two groups. There was "the hillock-top world cocooned in money and starched white clothes and things things things." And there was the group that sought the sources of cultural and spiritual renewal in Indian philosophy, religion, and history—finding these and expressing them, as did Tagore, Vivekanand, Gandhi and Nehru in English, in the richness of Indian tradition which European, British and Indian scholars had helped to rediscover. The tensions between the archaic past and the technological present were felt by India's new élite, and still remain unresolved. Whether they can ever be harmonised, or whether one set of values should give way to another, are the issues which Rushdie frantically grapples with. Book III is a cry of despair: time is running out before chaos and anarchy descend inexorably as they did in the past.

Moved by the perception that "what you are is forever who you were", Saleem goes back to times past, first evoking in Book I the twin strands of Western intellectualism and Indian tradition, urban values and rural customs, in his grandfather's home. Book II brings to life the vitality and joy of his own childhood until, as an adult, he pushes himself in Book III into the turmoil of violent social change, "partly out of a sense of fitness—a self-flagellant belief in the rectitude of his belated descent into poverty." The trouble is that he tumbles out of his "hillock-top world" into a crisis of identity. There is a magnificent glow in Books I and II that accentuates the best of Indo-British culture as experienced by the child Saleem in the cosmopolitan city of Bombay; Book III is a nightmare of violence and despair, with Saleem plunging through the worst aspects of the history of the subcontinent in the last decade.

More than anything else, Saleem's imaginative leaps struggle to recapture the particular inheritance of a generation of Indians and the special quality of their cultural development. Depths concealed by the forces of history are uncovered with the penetrating flash of an ingenious metaphor: Anglepoise light. While Saleem writes his story literally sitting in a pool of Anglepoised light, the metaphor suggests the divided sensibility as much as the dichotomies implicit in Saleem's history: Indo–British, Hindu–Muslim, rural–urban, non-violence–brutality. Rushdie's achievement lies in dealing with all of these squarely and honestly, and if the picture is both true and fragmented, does it not suggest that the Indo-British sensibility, originally born in the ruling class, must adapt and relate its ideals to the changing reality of modern India?

IT IS GENERALLY recognised that the modern novelist is "a special master of language in whom the energies of idiomatic usage, of etymological implication, declare themselves with obvious force", and that the main impulse of current literature is the search for ethnicity. *Midnight's Children* evokes this "lost centre" in language that conveys the ineffable and inescapable "Indianness" of the novelist. He dips into the rich store of religious and social customs, into the physical aspects of identity (such as the blue eyes and dominant nose of the Kashmiris), for a splendid array of metaphor drawn from Indian reality. The rhythmic flow and the high figurative content of Indian languages, myth, fable, belief and superstition are integrated into English prose in joyful profusion to suggest India's many-tongued diversity. In its meandering interpolations, its paradoxical statements, its parabolic patterns, the novel strives to suggest the formlessness of India's all-encompassing form, its ability to "swallow the lot", "to encapsulate the whole of reality." Traditionally, the women of North India were in purdah, and from within its confines peered at a limited view of the world. The metaphor of the hole drawn from this custom suggests the development of a fractured self, and the manner in which the novel is written—gradually, in vignettes of finely observed detail—reveals a mosaic of experience spread over three generations.

Saleem Sinai writes the story of his life; he also runs a pickle factory. The two occupations allow Rushdie's imagination to run the gamut of connections opened up by the "chutnification of history", "the symbolic value of the pickling process", the pickling of memory, time, history—all of which make the novel a pungent mixture, potent and personalised. Spices/distortions/exaggerations define the extraordinarily perceptive mind and sensitive palate of the suspect narrator—suspect because he gets facts wrong, contradicts himself, and thus enhances one of the novel's most engaging qualities—its pervasive tone of uncertainty.

Perhaps the most daring and comic aspect of Rushdie's creative genius is the liberties taken with the Kashmiri nose. It leaks, runs, sniffs, and enlarges into various metaphorical extensions to allow the penetration of public events into private life, but remains firmly rooted to ancestry and heritage. Aadam Aziz, the grandfather with a German medical degree, the patriarch with a secular outlook on life, hits his nose on the ground while attempting to pray, and resolves never again to "touch earth for any God or man." This decision, however, "made a hole in him, a vacancy in a vital inner chamber, leaving him vulnerable to women and history." Not for a moment does the narrative suggest that Aadam rejects spirituality. This dimension is held in check until the unifying thread of the self leads him, matured "above

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics", to the temple in Srinagar to die and symbolically reaffirm the power of the Indian spiritual tradition. Sadly, such returns do not come easily to generations twice removed from tradition, insulated by "hillock-top" security, and aware of communalism, fundamentalism, and other aspects of religious militancy devoid of spirituality that are part of the modern political scene.

THE THEME OF identity in *Midnight's Children* suggests immediate comparisons with G. V. Desani's *All About H. Hatterr* (1948). Published the year after Independence, the book is a kind of testament of the self-questioning of a whole layer of Indian society in the post-colonial world. The generation gap between the novelists (Desani was born in 1909, Rushdie in 1947) illustrates the social change. Desani is the more Anglicised, the less "Indo", so to speak. Born in Kenya, he interprets the heyday of the cultural connection when the upper middle class clearly opted for the Western way of life and all that this must have entailed by way of cultural reorientation. His writing is steeped in English literary allusions, colonial social values, and Indian religious traditions. Rushdie, born and raised in the multicultural city of Bombay, recreates the vitality and eclectic culture of urban India, with reference to history from 1919–1975, in particular the deep scar of Partition, the Bangladesh War, and the State of Emergency.

Desani reveals the more sharply divided self. Fragmentation is expressed in language that has none of the metaphorical content of Rushdie's rhythms. It is the language of dissonance, simultaneously disclosing cause and effect, cultural integration and the divided sensibility, affinity and incompatibility. Rushdie uses phonemes and word patterns to suggest the vigour and liveliness of folk culture, the pace and variety of urban life, the mythology of Bombay films, the brash exuberance of affluence, the violence simmering and on the boil. He introduces the Western reader to a vocabulary expressing the Indian experience that goes well beyond the *koi hai, tamasha*, and *funtoosh* of colonial times. Rushdie, apart from straight borrowings from Hindi—*jooloos, arre baap, ai o ai o, surahi*, and the ubiquitous *nasbandi*—delights with picturesque colloquialisms: hotch-potch-town, hankying and pankying, every which way, everywhichthing, Rani of Cooch Naheen, real ruputty joint, went phutt. His prose, liberally sprinkled with Urdu, Hindi and Sanskrit names, the deliberately uncontrolled flow of sentence with repetition and sonorous content, suggests the chant of Indian traditional texts.

Desani uses the English language, his experience of Western culture, and of Indian religious customs and beliefs, to create the chaos of cultural

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

FERDINAND BRAUN
A Life of the Nobel Prizewinner and Inventor of the Cathode-Ray Oscilloscope

by Friedrich Kurylo & Charles Susskind

"A clear, thoroughly researched, and lively biography. . . . Its publication is especially important because it supplements our understanding of one of the major social developments of the late 19th century, the convergence of science and invention in the service of industry."—*George Wise, Historian, General Electric Company*

"Kurylo and Susskind's sensitive biography of the multidimensional Ferdinand Braun is more than a good biography; it is also a searching examination of the early days of radio communications in Europe. . . . Their account lays bare the dynamic interaction between science and technology in Germany at the turn of the century." *Arthur L Norberg, National Science Foundation*

Ferdinand Braun's name has never been a household word even in his native Germany, yet he was one of the great scientists of his period and one of the most productive. He discovered the rectifier effect; he invented the cathode-ray oscilloscope; he made fundamental contributions to wireless telegraphy, the work for which he and Marconi were jointly awarded the Nobel Prize; he studied thermodynamics and developed magnetic compounds: modern technology owes much to Ferdinand Braun. Published October 1981, £21.00

THOMAS ALVA EDISON
An American Myth

by Wyn Wachhorst

To the American public in the late 19th century Edison was the Wizard, the worker of miracles designed to delight and ease the life of the common man. In the early 20th century he was seen as the All-American Boy, the self-made man with more than 1,000 patents to prove it. Wachhorst reassesses Edison from today's perspective as the figure who led America from the First to the Second Industrial Revolution in which communication overtook transportation and the consumer outstripped the producer in status. Edison and his dynamo "stand as traditional symbols between the brute snort of the locomotive and the soft dissonance of the computer." Published July 1981, £10.50

BENJAMIN THOMPSON
Count Rumford

by Sanborn C Brown

"Of what other man of science could it be said that he was a loyalist, traitor, spy, cryptographer, opportunist, womaniser, philanthropist, egotistical bore, soldier of fortune, military and technical adviser, inventor, plagiarist, expert on heat (especially on fireplaces and ovens) and founder of the world's greatest showplace for the popularisation of science, the Royal Institution? . . . Professor Sanborn Brown rises to the occasion with a warts-and-all narrative which is at once informative, definitive, and extremely readable." *William H Brock, New Scientist* Cloth £15.75, now in paperback £7.00

THE MIT PRESS

126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disorientation. Philosophical terms, Shakespearean archaisms, babu English, bazaar idiom, Indo-British colloquialisms, legal jargon and literary allusions jostle in the speech of Hindustaaniwalla Hatterr as he relates, in the manner of Saleem Sinai, the story of his life. The Club, ever the epitome of colonial hierarchies, is seminal; Hatterr's odyssey begins with the Club Incident and the trauma of being unceremoniously declared "a defaulter, blackballed and struck off." Whereas Saleem writes of his "clock ridden crime stained birth", affirming the centrality of Partition and Hindu-Muslim strife in his personal history, Hatterr writes of his "father European Christian-by-faith merchant merman (seaman), mother an Oriental . . . steady non-voyaging, non-Christian human (no mermaid)." The "merchant seaman" parentage is evocative of several layers of cultural history, and relates the Indo-British culture to colonial values and not to those of Western civilisation or a specific British tradition. This links Saleem and Hatterr to the Western-educated élite in all the British colonies, whose search for truth is blighted for reasons described by both with verve and candour. "Biologically I am fifty fifty", says Hatterr, a statement echoed in Saleem's view of himself as "a half and halfer", "neither this nor that."

Aspects of this class are admirably represented in one of Paul Scott's most memorable characters in *The Jewel in the Crown*. Lady Chatterjee describes herself:

> "What an old mess I'm in with my Rajput blood, my off-white skin, my Oriental curiosity, my liking for the ways of your occidental civilisation and my funny old tongue that is only properly at home in English. At my age I smoke too many cigarettes and drink too much black-market whisky. I adore the Gothic monstrosities of the old public buildings of Bombay and the temple by the sea at Mahabalipuram . . . the long vista from the Arc du Carrousel through the whole length of the Champs Elysées . . . the city of London deserted on a Sunday morning . . . the Malyan archipelago from the air . . . the toe of Italy from 40,000 feet up in a Comet . . . New York by night . . . Manhattan from the deck of a liner . . . an old woman drawing water from a well in a village in Andhra Pradesh."

There is a crucial difference, however, in attitudes to the post-colonial world. Lady Chatterjee accepts, with a mixture of cynicism and urbanity, the fact that she is an anachronism. Hatterr thought he belonged, is shattered to find himself outside, begins to "go Indian", is riddled with contradictions, and finally decides to "continue like hell" just as a human being. Saleem rejects the world of Methwold's Estate, where the new rulers of society ape Oxford drawls, learn about the cocktail hour and the correct diet of budgerigars. His mature years are spent trying to bridge the gap between Methwold's Estate and the slum, where his alter ego, Shiva, lives, with his contacts in the underworld. Sadly, they share neither language nor ideal.

Saleem's quest takes off from and extends the scope of Hatterr's history. Memory, rich sediment for the imagination, reveals Rushdie's phenomenal capacity for connection, echo, multiplicity, woven into an intricate pattern that encompasses India's past and present, its social history and political development, so that in seeking his own truth Saleem is indeed trying to define the reality of modern India. In the true spirit of Indian tradition, it eludes expression in logic and language. Desani's art consists, apart from linguistic virtuosity, in his ability to transmute the apparent incoherence of Hatterr's "rigmarole English" to coherence in terms of the human condition:

> "Things are. They are there. Good and bad. To hell with judging, it's take it don't leave it, and every man for himself! . . . I take it. I am not kicking. I am not complaining against Tyranny of Law. Every curse, every blessing, every justice, every injustice, every truth, every untruth, which is (or seems or feels so) is according to Law. . . .
>
> Maybe, damme, all humans—the Shem, Ham and Japheth—just like you say, come from one branched-off source: our grand-dad chimpanzee, our gorilla grandma, and the orang-patriarch. O.K. and granted. But, sans sense, primates, and progeny of puny primates! Why bite one another now, though your ancestors might have? . . .

Both Desani and Rushdie wrestle with the problem of the Western mind and the Indian psyche. Hatterr's story is related to his "good Indian friend" Banerrjee, who provides the down-to-earthiness, is a repository of tradition, and lights the way with sympathy and affection as Hatterr muddles on in the maze of Indian spirituality. His counterpart in *Midnight's Children* is Padma, both woman and goddess, captivating but hairy and muscular. Her dedication to Saleem is a complex blend of tenderness, selflessness and the tyrannical demands of loyalty. She is the lotus-eyed mother of mud and moisture, perennial, the "inner ear", "Padma the Source, the Mother of Time", the base of Indian identity.

Though Saleem relates his story to Padma, his adult experience is examined in the light of truths concealed in the stories of Mary Pereira, the ayah who was both more and less than a mother. It is through her that he has rare glimpses into the distant world of the underprivileged. Beyond Mary and Padma there is Tai, the boatman of Srinagar, suggesting Saleem's roots in rural India. Tai lays claim to an "antiquity so immense it defies numbering"; he is a "watery Caliban", who knows

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

although he cannot read, and who finally chooses death rather than see his beloved Kashmir fought over by India and Pakistan. These three characters symbolically unify Saleem's complex identity and define roots that Salman Rushdie clearly wishes to reclaim: Indian, Bombayite, Kashmiri Muslim, multi-cultural and trained in Western modes of thought and expression. The complexity of this identity comes alive in Books I and II with the delicate play of mind on deep feeling and vivid memory. Language here expresses identity in its most profound sense, re-creating time and experience in the timeless cycle of racial memory.

IN BOOK III Saleem emerges to confront modern India and himself. Though events are presented in the face of an adherence to human values and a steadfast faith in India, the personal and national history are not artistically reconciled. The rapid changes in narrative style to suggest disjointedness and incoherence lack the power of the earlier sections, where reality is invested with metaphorical content to reinforce idea. Form and content no longer cohere. Perhaps the problem lies in the attempt to establish contact with all the surviving midnight's children in a symbolic conference, to "encapsulate" the multiplicity of India into a central unity in the Western mould. Despite Saleem's honest efforts, matters get out of hand and the subcontinent is presented as a horrendous place of exploitation and hopelessness. A rapid series of events, the most painful of which are the Bangladesh War and the State of Emergency, is presented in chronological sequence; the long view is suddenly abandoned for an arbitrary survey of less than a decade and a final vision of extinction:

> ". . . it is the privilege and the curse of midnight's children to be both masters and victims of their times, to forsake privacy and be sucked into the annihilating whirlpool of the multitudes, and to be unable to live or die in peace."

The metaphor of midnight's children as expressing the birth of a generation born into the dawn of freedom could only have sustained its creative and emotive power if presented in historical perspective and not in the context of an individual life.

The despair, it seems to me, proceeds from Saleem's inability to establish a political identity. He plunges into the world of Shiva who grew up on the streets of Bombay while he remained cocooned on Methwold's Estate. Aware all along of the limitations of this life—the uncertain tone of the narrative testifies to this self-knowledge, as does the insistence on the Anglepoise-lit writing of the present and the "hillock-top" world of the past—he presses on, nonetheless, to wrest control or to find acceptance in Shiva's world. Both potential leaders are revealed as changelings, thus acquiring a complex heritage—Hindu, Muslim, British upper-class, underprivileged, to mention only a few of the layers of India's intensely stratified society. Undaunted, Saleem seeks truth within the political process without attempting a diagnostic understanding of it. Shiva in the meantime has acquired an army, violent, nonchalant, rough of tongue, crude in thought. There is no communication; Saleem, of course, cannot think in the languages of the masses of India. The utter disillusion is born, perhaps, from Rushdie's deep attachment, from the authenticity of a childhood world forever lost. It contrasts with the coldly detached view of India and the Emergency in *A Wounded Civilisation*, in which V. S. Naipaul expresses the hope "in the emergence in India of mind, after the long spiritual night." The nagging question remains whether the inherited Indo-British sensibility, uprooted from Indian reality, can encompass the paradoxes of India's strength and future.

The failure of Book III is the inability to encompass the contradictions in modern India. As Eric Erikson points out in his *Gandhi's Truth* (1969), the fragmented Indian psyche seeks integration in an event, in a cause. For Gandhiji, the event which combined the liberal Western values and Indian spiritualism was the British tax on salt and his agitation against it, which set in motion his reconciliation of the past and present, and his affirmation of a way of life that would set him and India free. For Rushdie, perhaps, the events are many, historic, and world-shaking, but none that would bind in a flash of illumination. His Anglepoise light only serves to deepen the encircling gloom.

Does it mean that Western thought and the English language cannot come to terms with the deeper wills of the Indian psyche? The spiritual tradition of India is articulated, if at all, in terms of experience, or attitude of mind, not in terms of logic and language. Religion for the Hindu is not an idea but a power, not an intellectual proposition but a life conviction. The most important aspect of the tradition is its ability to withstand attacks from without and within. The Indian tradition is one of wholeness, of assimilation, which developed its own values and continuity through the Aryan, Buddhist, and Muslim periods of its history. It was a process that continued even after the East India Company brought in the accretions of British rule, but still within a framework that motivated Warren Hastings to adopt Indian customs, cherish Indian traditions, and show himself proud to move as a native.

In a sense, the great Moghuls had also expressed this identity; they both assimilated and were assimilated, a process which revitalised the Indian tradition. The Empire shifted the control outside India and broke with Indian tradition, and with it came the righteous ignorance bred in an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atmosphere of studied aloofness and separateness. Into this compartment went also Western technology and science, couched in the terminology of secularism which was propagated as antithetical to the religious temper of the people. The confrontation, as Arnold Toynbee describes it in his *A Study of History*, is between the Westernised Indian intellect and the unconsciously religious Indian soul. Whether this is to be resolved on the universal plane in which both Toynbee and Gandhi believed, only the future can tell. In both the quest seems to have transcended the Indian scene, suggesting that the *angst* of modern India is symptomatic of a malady that afflicts most of contemporary civilisation. Perhaps if Rushdie had reached out rather than within himself a coherent vision could have emerged from the vortex of events of the last decade of sub-continental history.

What remains is language not as repository of Edwardian ideals but providing access to Western culture and technology. The infusion of this new vitality is at the centre of contemporary cultural change. Perhaps the future will embody the best of Indo-British culture; and certainly the English language will survive. It is not, however, the language that was brought in with Macaulay's Minute, but one enriched with vigour first brought to Indian shores by a civilisation that inherited the energies of the Tudors. Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children* bears witness that this language will endure, infused with the accents and rhythms of Indian tradition and experience.

Last Exit London

Two Englishmen in the US—By ANTHONY BAILEY

TRAVELS IN AMERICA by two Englishmen: Hugo Williams, son of an actor, went there to give readings of his poetry and cohabit with as many women as possible; he spent a lot of time on Greyhound buses, stoned, or drunk. His short book of "impressions"[1] contains the sometimes acute, sometimes hungover perceptions of a morning after. Jonathan Raban, son of a vicar, went there to satisfy an obsessive dream of childhood and write a book about the Mississippi River (which his mapmaker calls the River Mississippi, an inversion I've never heard).[2] He spent a lot of time in various waterfront towns and a sabbatical from the water shacked up with a girl in St Louis; his book is large, thoughtful, and rather slower-moving than the river. Williams's and Raban's paths intersect several times, in such places as Memphis and New Orleans, but they didn't run into one another. Both men were solitary travellers seeking company—both frequent that lonesome American institution, the singles bar—and the reader is occasionally given to think that their books might have been profitably less single-voiced if each had taken an alter ego or crew along, like Johnson and Boswell, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Both writers adopt a slightly self-deprecating stance—Hugo Williams's more wryly and spontaneously comic, Raban's a shade more calculatedly winsome, as if for the sake of the book he is writing. Both books in their different ways purvey a kind of melancholy, though it is hard to say if it is America's or in the eyes and hearts of these travelling Englishmen.

Raban's enterprise is in any event admirable. Often the most difficult things to write about are not the apparently original but what might be taken for old chestnuts. After Mark Twain set his stamp on it, who would have thought there was a likely 500-page book on the Mississippi? In fact Raban isn't in awe of his illustrious predecessor; he bravely establishes himself in the same line as an amateur and apprentice of the great stream. Yet where Mark Twain grew up in riverside Hannibal, yearning to be a steamboatman, and finally achieved his desire to become a cub-pilot, Raban (who read Huck Finn when he was seven) was raised near a Norfolk brook and reached the Mississippi for the first time thirty years later—the river took some finding in wrong-side-of-the-tracks Minneapolis. His boat, from a suburban boatyard, was a mustard-coloured, aluminium, open, outboard-powered skiff, 16 feet long; the boatyard proprietor had named it Raban's Nest. It was a frail, under-engined vessel for a novice setting forth upon those immensely powerful and fickle waters. Raban is a bit tantalisingly vague on what river-faring gear he had with him; he mentions a bottle of Jack Daniels, charts, and a veritable cargo of books, including Thoreau, Updike, Sterne, and one Zadok Cramer's 1814 guide for immigrants to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. And of course there were notebooks waiting for words. Raban writes:

"The book and the journey would be all of a

[1] *No Particular Place to Go*. By HUGO WILLIAMS. Jonathan Cape, £6.50.
[2] *Old Glory*. By JONATHAN RABAN. Collins, £9.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece. The plot would be written by the current of the river itself. It would carry one into long deep pools of solitude, and into brushes with society on the shore. Where the river meandered, so would the book, and when the current speeded up into a narrow chute, the book would follow it. Everything would be left to chance. There'd be no advance reservations, no letters of introduction. One would try to be as much like a piece of human driftwood as one could manage. Cast off, let the Mississippi take hold, and trust to whatever adventures or longeurs the river might throw one's way. It was a journey that would be haphazard and full of randomness, but it would also have the insistent purpose of the river current as it drove southward and seaward to the Gulf of Mexico."

But this optimism, which sounds somewhat contrived to convince a publisher, if not the author, of the project's worth, was overwhelmed by the river itself. It was altogether more immense, more potentially murderous; the barge tows were huge, sucked away the water or built it into steep seas; the landscape was monotonous and inaccessible. The first gigantic lock that Raban reached he entered too fast, after a tow had just left. Several million gallons of water were still swilling about like a milkshake, and he received the wrath of the lockman high above:

"You come in like that, you goin' to have to *luck-out*! How far you goin'?"

"Oh . . . New Orleans . . . ."

"*N'Orleans*?" His derision boomed off the wet walls. "I'm telling you, man, you get to N'Orleans, you can send me a fuckin' postcard!"

FOR A LONG WAY Raban's attitude to the river is vividly coloured with fright—as well it might be. Fast-changing weather can turn it into a destructive sea. There are stump fields, forests of rotten tree trunks, lying in wait a few inches below the fast-moving water. As in Twain's day the snags and cut-offs are always and always unexpectedly there, as the river constantly changes the river course, leaving riverside towns high and dry, channels shoaling, sandbars coming and going, and unmarked islands appearing. In the chutes Raban's boat is scarcely under control. Fear or respect give his words an edge—for instance, as he hits the wake of a tow, "the water felt as hard and fibrous as muscle tissue."

And, "the water, sheltered from the wind, was as dark as boot-polish."

Or, "the lake had the vacant gaze of an enormous animal's eye."

Or, "the rags of blown foam on the water were copy-catting the rags of high cloud which came beating north across the sky."

Or, "The boils were simply the points at which the Mississippi was finding it easier to run skyward than to head for the Gulf. The power with which the water came up from the riverbed was tremendous: I had seen a whole tow-fleet shuddering in mid-stream as it hit a boil; thirty thousand tons looking liverish and afflicted by the shakes."

A better sailor might not have written so well about water.

And yet the river remains an elemental force he can't quite relate to. Until—much lower down—he and his boat get a lift on a barge-tow, he is an innocent abroad on the surface of it. It is in a way too wide, too big, too long. The shore, to which he is regularly forced by the weather and nightfall, attracts him more. And there, in hotels, motels, in people's trailers or guestrooms, he finds that most seem to know even less about the river than he. Many towns have withdrawn from it, if it hasn't withdrawn from them. Old riverfront downtowns have gone and gas-strips and shopping malls on four-lane turnpikes have taken their place. There are towns like Caruthersville, "a muddy, fly-blown town" with "a line of unplated Chryslers . . . rusting on a dealer's lot", its streets "dotted with small fluttering heaps of garbage." On the old waterfront of Memphis, where some of the former warehouses "had been pulled like bad teeth", the

Travel/Study in Britain

Summer 1982 Programs

☐ **Oxford/Berkeley Program**—26 courses in many disciplines taught by British scholars. Two 3-week sessions: June 29-Aug. 11

☐ **Screenplay Writing in London** with British TV professionals, July 4-23

☐ **Canterbury**—two programs at the Univ. of Kent: medieval studies and British criminal justice, June 29-July 20

☐ **Birmingham**—innovations in the care of the elderly, July 12-30

Send this coupon with name and address to: International Desk 62R, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton, Berkeley, CA 94720; (415) 642-8840.

UC Berkeley Extension
Continuing Education for Adults

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground floors of others had been turned into bar-restaurants, with fake gas lamps and rustic shingles, where saxophonists played during Happy Hour.

Raban is a very good observer of the decomposition of American small towns. He is a diligent reporter, chasing up those best to talk to, ferreting through the Yellow Pages for interesting industries, listening to men talk about their lives making buttons, photographs, or grain alcohol, squiring for a night or so women who teach high school or broadcast on local radio, getting involved in a Black lawyer's campaign for mayor, and going to church after church, Mormon, Voodoo, Pentecostal. He attends pig roasts and harvest suppers and farmers' cook-outs. To start with he is perforce a dropper-in, a passer-by, an *Englishman*. One man resents this, and in a nicely detailed fit of Midwestern pride puts his case for being preserved from what he sees as one more instance of Eastern seaboard or in this case Old World condescension. Raban acknowledges that he is making "a long, careless drift through other people's lives, with the boat always moored ready for a fast getaway." Yet by the time he reaches Memphis the mooring lines have several times been made fast for longish stays; in Memphis he is absorbed into the Reverend Judge Otis Higgs's election campaign. Higgs tells him:

> "The river is this city's greatest natural resource, and we've turned our backs on it .... We have to return to the river. The big problem is that if you're black in Memphis the river has always meant one thing. Cotton. And cotton means 'Haul that barge, boy! Tote that bale!' So the Mississippi has been hated in the black community. If we can have blacks and whites together, living by the river as a matter of choice, then we'll know that the wounds of this city are healing over."

Higgs loses the election; Raban is moved.

HE NEEDS to talk. People, curious about this English wanderer, like to talk to him—"it's always easier talking to a stranger", even a stranger with a greedy notebook in his pocket. He's very good at catching the riverside lingo, and his pen cleverly reproduces the just-right phonetics of midwestern speech. It is the time when "Eye-ran" is affronting the "Yewnighted States" with the hostages, and American self-confidence is at a low ebb. Jimmy Carter is apparently pussyfooting around, Ronald Reagan strikes some as "a goddam liberal", and only the Polish Pope, the nay-sayer to contraception, abortion and women priests, seems a proper man. A number of the people Raban meets are, in their insecurity, plain mean: they flourish guns and knives at him; his cherished hat is stolen by Hell's Angels in a bar; on the river near the Kentucky shore he has a menacing encounter with two hunters:

> "I watched their eyes travel slowly over my boat and its contents. Last of all, they came to rest on my face: dim, indifferent eyes of the kind that a taxidermist might keep in labelled boxes."

As in the best of journeys, the writer is also in search of himself. A man shows JR his collection of photos; in one he's photographed sitting on the body of a stag. " 'That's me.' He wasn't simply identifying the character in the picture; he was trying to tell me who he really was."

So, I suspect, is Raban trying to tell us in this book, and perhaps find out for himself in the process. Here he is a little less successful. We have to piece him together from odd clues—the tranquillisers he's needed to get to sleep at home in London; the sense he has of being at a perpetually loose end; the impression he gives of being an expatriate from domestic life, whose foray back into it in St Louis with a girl called Sally only slightly gives our Ulysses pause—he is a "man with no gift for permanence." The lack drives him now and then to judgments that seem aimed too strenuously at just that. The tone becomes a little dogmatic. "Muscatine's secret", he begins, proceeding to give us the inside dope on a small town he's been in for a day or two; and we bridle a little. However, a page or so later his assurance, never perfected, drops away again:

> " 'You make a perfect figurehead' [he calls to a girl whom he is taking for a boat ride.] But the motor was too loud for her to hear. Head cupped in her hands on the prow, she was still mooning over the moral degeneracy of Eastern Iowa with its dirty beans, I think."

I liked that "I think."

Raban finally, exhausted, reaches the Gulf of Mexico; the whole thing has gone on a bit long, but the trouble with rivers is how to avoid going to the end, especially when the river is the Mississippi and you're in its grip. Past the last bayous, the water was "rich. Dark with peat, thickened with salt, it was like warm soup." Raban, game reporter to the last, tastes it to see. He doesn't say how his boat got home.

HUGO WILLIAMS DIDN'T SEE the Mississippi when he was in Memphis—or doesn't mention if he did. He took to America his poems, an address book, and something he got in his eye at London airport that, he says, made it hard to concentrate. The something was taken out in a New York hospital but he still seemed to find it hard to concentrate. All in all he was in a bit of a nervous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state. He spent money profusely, on a cab from the airport and innumerable records. He saved it by sponging bed and board off friends of friends, names jotted down back in England. He crashes parties, follows in the great D.T. (in every sense) tradition of being drunk when reading his poetry, and if he doesn't end up in bed with someone it isn't for want of trying; the solitary condition may result from a rare woman in the address book who says No or from the fact that Hugo is out cold on the bathroom floor.

Yet whatever else he has that's often swollen, it isn't his head. Williams is fairly and even very humorously modest about his performance with Maggie, Paula, Denise, Vicky, Amy, Su-Su, Rose, and I forget which others. He doesn't get anywhere with the lovely April Stanley in Hollywood. He stands at her front door, hoping for the best:

> "I was just wondering what happens to me now", I said. "Why don't you come to my place?"
>
> "What happens to you?" said April. "I'll tell you what happens to you, you go back to England, that's what happens to you."
>
> "Really?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> She made me a cup of coffee and we stood in the kitchen making last minute gestures at a map of New York State. Then April put out her cigarette and offered me her perfectly formed cheek. I kissed it and went back to England.

In fact England at this point is still several weeks away, beyond Chicago and another round with Vicky in New York. But Williams for the moment is feeling so let down that back in his borrowed LA pad he phones his family in London. His family! The free-wheeling poet revealed as family man!

> My daughter answered the phone. "Daddy, you sound American", she said. "Do you sleep with girls?" "Of course not", I said.

Funny, but also a little equivocal, a little sad, I thought. Or maybe there is a considerable information- and generation-gap between writer and reader here. Williams refers recognisably to Thom Gunn, Rilke and Apollinaire, but other members of his pantheon are dumped down without ceremony of introduction, like one Lou Reed, whose apparently well-known but otherwise unidentified body is asleep on the floor at a New York party Williams barges in on. While he sometimes takes the mickey out of his own public ponderosities on Current Poetry, he may have his own measure. At a party after such a lecture Williams meets a man called Scott Donaldson, who

> "had written a book on a minor William Carlos Williams follower, Winfield Thurley Scott. 'He should have been called Winfield Thurley Winfield?' I suggested, drawing a blank."

Robert Stone
A FLAG FOR SUNRISE

"One of the most interesting and gifted novelists in America . . . the wit, the intelligence that never lets up and the beautifully taut and allusive writing. In 'A Flag' he has taken a calculated and ambitious risk by picking up where Conrad's 'Nostromo' ended. On his own original, utterly contemporary terms, he has brought it off magnificently . . . the best novel of the year."
A. Alvarez, **Observer**

"An exalted thriller! The best novel of ideas I've read since Dostoyevsky."
John Leonard, **New York Times**
£6.95

Joseph Hone
GONE TOMORROW

"His 15-minute talks translate easily and effectively from a Radio 4 concert interval to the bookshelf. When printed they are exciting to read. Vivid pictures—clear and simple to understand in complicated situations. . . . Jo Hone is very, very good—in the first division of travel writers in our language at this time on a serious world scale."
Ray Gosling, **The Times**

"Mr Hone is an attractively opinionated travelling companion."
Colin Thubron, **Sunday Telegraph**
£6.95

Julian Gloag
LOST AND FOUND

"It is brilliant . . . Mr Gloag writes like an angel. There are marvellous descriptions of French food, French bad weather, and being drunk . . . *Lost and Found* deserves to be a great success." *A. N. Wilson,* **Spectator**

"Mr Gloag confirms what I suspected with his first novel in 1963, that he has formidable talent and would be recognised as a major novelist if novelists were still allowed to rate."
Auberon Waugh, **Daily Mail**
£5.95

Secker & Warburg

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As well he might have done, since the man should have been given his right name, Winfield Townley Scott.

Eventually the role that Williams seems to be playing, and which demands a new joke or bright impression a minute, begins to be wearisome—to him as well, I suspect, and therefore doubly to us. His journey rarely allows him to stay anywhere long enough to get beneath the partying surface. On the Greyhounds, as he notes, it's hard to tell which town you're stopping at. His opinions are often delivered with the immediate authority of a tourist—for example, "It seems that when Americans get cleaned up they all look like homosexuals." His metaphors and similes are sometimes plain *weird*: a girl's small breast is described as "like a little poker-faced gentleman waiting behind a curtain before doing something wicked."

Yet his flip and sassy sense of wonder gets him by. And other poets planning a reading tour may find practical advice here:

> "I'd written two hundred letters to colleges all over the States, but most of them said the money had been allocated for that year and to try again next year. You have to get to them at least eighteen months in advance, otherwise the funds have been snapped up by the lecturer in Dunlopillo and the Belly Dancing Club. . . . Poetry is so far down-market they have to pump air back to it. I realised later that the gimmick is to say, 'I'm planning to be in your area,' then the college secretaries relax a little and you plan your itinerary accordingly."

But I would think that anyone trying for a booking in any of the places Williams had been might be advised to wait for a few years yet.

Then & Now

From Eden to Berlin—By MAX BELOFF

THE PROBLEMS of the makers of foreign policy in democracies have a family resemblance between countries and between generations. Democrats will usually be sated Powers wishing to preserve the existing distribution of territorial sovereignty rather than to add to their own share. Except at moments of high excitement they also tend to be pacific, and thus to seek to achieve their aims by methods short of war.

When confronted by those who may be trying to alter the international scene to their own advantage, several possible courses of action present themselves. They may deny the evidence for the other side's aggressive tendencies and dismiss preoccupation with it as "war-mongering." They may examine the grievances and desires of the other side to see whether they can be removed through diplomatic means without endangering their own vital interests. They may for purposes of deterrence accumulate power through adding to their own armaments, enlisting allies, or both, though neither rearmament nor the quest for allies is without cost. Or, finally, they may decide that the situation has become intolerable and that with deterrence seen to be failing they have no option but armed resistance. Any student of American-Soviet relations over the last few decades would have no difficulty in analysing American policy in these terms, nor in noting the most effective of all the pro-appeasement arguments: if one is not mild oneself, one risks encouraging extremists over there. It is better to give something to the "doves" than risk the coming into power of the "hawks."

In the contemporary case, however, two problems confront us as we try to make up our minds as between the arguments put forward. In the first place, even though so much of US policy is conducted and debated in public, there are aspects of it that must be carried on behind closed doors, particularly when we have to take into account America's relations with its allies and not just with its potential adversaries. Second, and more important, we do not know what the outcome of the contest will be. Indeed on one scenario, no one will ever know—since World War III, a possible outcome, will destroy the human race itself and leave only an empty and sterile planet.

When, however, we look at an episode that is now in the past—as far as anything in human history can ever be altogether relegated to the past—such as the contest of wills brought about by the ambitions of Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese expansionists in the 1930s, the position is a different one. We have most of the material—though there are gaps, for instance, in respect of Soviet policy which may never be filled—and above all, we know what happened.

DR DAVID CARLTON, a professional historian of distinction, is fully aware of the problems of writing the history of "Appeasement"; and his new biogra-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phy of Anthony Eden makes this perfectly clear.[1] Indeed he goes so far in the matter of waiting for the evidence that he deals only provisionally with the period of Eden's premiership and the Suez affair, promising a second edition of his book when the British documents for the period are opened to the scholars. We do know from Eden's own account of his years as foreign secretary and then premier (after the return of the Conservatives to office in 1951), that he believed that lessons had to be drawn from previous experience of "Appeasement" and that a determination to avoid what he saw as the errors of the 1930s was an important factor in his determination to secure the overthrow of Nasser.

Dr Carlton is not a biographer in the full sense, still less a dabbler in the fashionable but dangerous craft of psychobiography. He tells us very little indeed about Eden's early and presumably formative years or about his personal life and non-diplomatic interests during his ministerial career. It is a study of Eden as the maker and executant of foreign policy, designed to correct the widespread impression confirmed by Eden's own autobiographical writings that he had always been a dedicated opponent of "Appeasement" in sharp contrast to the Chamberlains, the Halifaxes and the other "Guilty Men", as they were styled with unconscious irony by that whole-hearted apostle of "Appeasement" today, Mr Michael Foot. Dr Carlton has been seen by some people as embarking essentially upon a denigration of the subject of his own study—an unusual course for a biographer—but unless one believes that biographers must take those they study at their own valuation, this seems to be unfair.

What Dr Carlton has done is to show that, at the time, Eden was just as much in the dark as to the right course for the Western democracies, and especially for Britain, as anyone else. He shared the same hopes of peace, the same unwillingness to believe that any European statesman could seriously want war or take his country into it if he did. How to assess the importance to attach to Nazi or Fascist ideology was no easier for him than for anyone else trained in the rationalist power politics of the modern age. Like other British statesmen of the period, he did not dispute either the financial impediments to an all-out drive for armaments, or the pacifism engendered by the Great War in which he had played a soldier's part. Like his colleagues in government as the world scene darkened, he realised that Britain did not have the strength to fight simultaneously against Germany, Italy and Japan, and that at least one of

[1] *Anthony Eden: A Biography*. DAVID CARLTON. Allen Lane, £20.

The third book in an extraordinary series of novels that sums up middle America. We saw Rabbit running at 26, redux at 36, and now, at 46, we see him with money . . .

John Updike
Rabbit is Rich

'By turns bawdy and quiet, *Rabbit is Rich* is a superb *vanitas* tale in the guise of a supremely assured comic novel.' *Booklist*

'*Rabbit is Rich* positively hums with vitality . . . a superlative comic novel.' *Time*

£7.95 ANDRE DEUTSCH

John Updike by David Levine © Copyright New York Review - Opera Mundi

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these must be detached from the hostile combination. Which of them was, of course, a question about which opinions fluctuated from year to year and month to month, with individuals having their own particular outlooks on the question.

Churchill from early on—though not as early as is sometimes thought—saw that Nazi Germany was the main source of danger which must be isolated if possible and defeated when necessary. Chamberlain was inclined to hope that something could be done to heal the rift with Japan and, when this proved out of reach, to try for an accommodation with Italy. Eden was more inclined to view Mussolini as the incorrigible and to rule out agreement with him except for guarantees of good conduct unlikely to be forthcoming or seriously meant. Like all his colleagues, and rightly, Eden mistrusted the intentions of the Soviet Union, the likely *tertius gaudens* in any European conflict. One might explore what could be made of the apparent switch by the Soviet leaders to a "collective security" position in 1934–35 but not take it at its face value. Yet this also was not based on any deep analysis of the Soviet system or its ideology; thus, for a good part of the War after the Nazi attack upon Russia, Eden was the great protagonist within the Cabinet of meeting Russia's demands. Dr Carlton's description of Eden's attitude towards Russia at this time as a "prolonged phase of near-infatuation" (not shared by Churchill) is harsh but supported by the documents. It is balanced in Dr Carlton's book by his conceding that though nothing could undo the consequences of the decisions to "make fascism the sole enemy" in the period 1938–1943—and though Eden cannot be exonerated from "his share of the responsibility for the handing over of half of Europe to communism" (it may be questioned of course, whether any alternative existed)—he was more realistic himself than Churchill in his Fulton mood as to how to rescue what could be rescued from the wreck of Europe.

IN TWO OTHER WAYS, however, Eden differed from his senior colleagues in the Cabinet, and both were a matter of age. Eden found it easier to appreciate and use the post-1918 language of League of Nations idealism and collective security than those of an older generation. His popularity which helped to propel him into the foreign secretaryship at the age of 38 was not due to his having different opinions from his colleagues but to his being able to offer a different style. In the second place, being young he was not unnaturally ambitious. He did not wish to separate himself from the Conservative Party to which he owed his position or from its leaders. Churchill could stand years in the wilderness; and if he had not returned, he would still have left a mark on British history. Eden could not. And this both delayed his parting with Chamberlain and made him reluctant after he left office actively to denounce what was being done. He would not contemplate leading a cave within the Party, still less reaching out to members of the Opposition. And this enabled him as soon as War came to accept without difficulty a return to office even outside the war cabinet.

No one has ever worked so diligently to prepare himself for the highest office. His journey from being Stanley Baldwin's protégé to becoming Winston Churchill's heir-apparent is a good illustration of the detours of democratic politics and of the role of chance. It was ironical in the extreme that partly because of Churchill's clinging to office after health should have persuaded him to withdraw, Eden attained his goal when for him, also, it may have been too late. It was not only circumstances but temperament that foredoomed his premiership—and temperament is largely a matter of physique.

Dr Carlton deals somewhat cursorily with the divergences over policy towards the United States that were another source of strain between Chamberlain and Eden, and in particular the handling of the Roosevelt "peace initiative" of January 1938, where Eden's case for giving it priority was in his view of "such an exaggerated character" as to justify Chamberlain's belief that all Eden cared about was delaying the proposed talks with Mussolini. But Anglo-American relations are of course central to an understanding of British policy in the period and indeed for the whole of the era in which Eden was active. There has been a good deal of study devoted to this topic but a young British historian C. A. MacDonald, has now written a challenging study of it from the specific angle of "Appeasement."[2]

TWO THEMES DOMINATE Dr MacDonald's treatment of his subject. The first is that there existed in the inter-War period no preordained harmony of British and American positions and interests. Nothing could be further from the "hands-across-the-sea" school of Anglo-American historians. In the 1930s, Britain became engaged in an attempt to deal with its internal economic problems by developing the preferential aspects of imperial trade; and this ran counter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull's absolute and absolutist commitment to non-discrimination as the key to American policy and to world recovery. To this friction,

[2] *The United States and Appeasement, 1936–1939.* By C. A. MACDONALD. Macmillan, £15. It might be pointed out that the author of what was an Oxford doctoral thesis should know that the Senate has a Committee on Foreign Relations, not Foreign Affairs. As the old Washington jest went: Senators have relations; Congressmen can only afford affairs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neville Chamberlain's pursuit of appeasement added the suspicion that what Chamberlain was seeking was some economic carve-up of Europe with the Germans which would again defy the US conception of the proper path to recovery. The second theme is that while President Roosevelt could see the dangers that the Dictators presented, United States opinion was difficult to arouse and, in his view, would only be aroused if the rest of Europe was seen as combining to resist them. "Appeasement", and still more Chamberlain's language in its defence, made his task harder.

> "It was useless [writes Dr MacDonald] for the President to attempt to repeal the Neutrality Act and educate the American people about the axis danger if Chamberlain denied that any threat existed."

To some extent the need for at least a sympathetic response from the Americans to British efforts to build up resistance in 1939 was appreciated by Chamberlain as much as by anyone. To be sure, when informing the Cabinet in April of the decision to introduce National Service, the Prime Minister made it clear that American as well as French pressure for such a step had influenced the outcome. Indeed the great merit of Dr MacDonald's study is that he enables one to see how the actions of each country were affected by what the other did, so that the policy of neither can be studied on its own. The weakness of the treatment is the failure to give due attention to the role of the Dominions (and especially of Canada) in the history of "Appeasement", more particularly as it affected Anglo-American relations. To some extent and perhaps inevitably, Mackenzie King was Roosevelt's voice in the councils of the Empire. Without him the story is incomplete.[3]

ONE FIGURE who does, of course, play a considerable part in Dr MacDonald's story is Joseph Kennedy senior. How he came to be Roosevelt's ambassador to London and what he did there has intrigued other writers; but a young American historian has now given us a picture of the relationship of the two men which, although covering much more than this episode in Kennedy's career, does help to explain it.[4] To some extent it is clear that while Kennedy was useful to Roosevelt at home during the early years of the New Deal, he had become an embarrassment: yet not one that could merely be pushed aside. London was, thus, a

[3] Once again, there has been a good deal of recent work on this aspect of the matter. See e.g. my own article "The Imperial Factor in Appeasement" in *Culture, Science et Développement: Mélanges en l'honneur de Charles Moraze* (Toulouse, 1979).

[4] *Kennedy and Roosevelt: The Uneasy Alliance*. By MICHAEL R. BESCHLOSS. W. W. Norton, $14.95, £8.50.

Introduction to work study

3rd (revised) edition. 2nd impression

The new edition takes full account of recent advances in work study, especially with respect to working conditions, work measurement, predetermined time standards, standard data and modern developments in work organisation. "It is remarkably complete as well as being extremely well presented. With a wealth of illustration material rarely found in any textbook, it deals exhaustively with its subject." (*Industrial and Commercial Training*, Northampton)

ISBN 92-2-101939-X £6·25

Managing and developing new forms of work organisation

Edited by George Kanawaty

2nd (revised) edition

This revised edition provides practical guidelines for developing and introducing new forms of work organisation in enterprises. It analyses the implications for the various areas of enterprise activity and shows how a change in work design in one area can trigger off and be reinforced by corresponding changes in other areas of management, as well as the organisational structure.

ISBN 92-2-102707-4 £6·25

Workers' participation in decisions within undertakings

This important study provides an overall picture of the machinery of participation, from self-management to collective bargaining and trade union action, and including works councils and representation on management bodies. After an outline of the objectives, methods and scope of workers' participation in decisions in undertakings and the objections raised to some of its forms, a general introduction draws attention to some key factors that influence the efficiency and acceptability of the infinitely varied arrangements that are covered by the general concept of participation.

ISBN 92-2-101987-X (hard cover) £10·00
ISBN 92-2-101988-8 (limp cover) £7·50

Industries in trouble

by Robert Plant

When an industry finds itself in difficulties because of technological developments or some basic change in the demand for its products, the resulting unemployment is known as 'structural'. For workers affected, the industry's difficulties are reflected in a decline for their traditional skills—often acquired after long apprenticeship—and in the considerable trouble they may have in finding another job. This study examines the problem of structural unemployment in a number of industries that have been particularly badly hit, and suggests possible responses to the challenge of adjusting to new inventions, new production methods, new competitors and changing population patterns.

ISBN 92-2-102678-7 (hard cover) £7·50
ISBN 92-2-102679-5 (limp cover) £5·00

The impact of micro-electronics:

A tentative appraisal of information technology

by Juan Rada

After describing various aspects of the technology and referring to the probable emergence of a large variety of new products and to changes designed to save capital, labour, materials and energy, the author considers the implications for employment and for the international division of labour. He examines possible consequences for developing countries, which may lose their existing comparative advantages in international trade. "... a new, precisely argued account of how new technology affects work." (*New Scientist*, London)

ISBN 92-2-102383-4 (hard cover) £6·90
ISBN 92-2-102378-8 (limp cover) £4·40

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

London Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
LONDON SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dignified exile. It was something for a Boston Irish Catholic to hobnob with the King and Queen. On policy there was little meeting of minds. Even when determined to avoid involvement in the European imbroglio, Roosevelt could never ignore it. Kennedy's instincts were isolationist from the beginning, and those elements in British society with which he felt most sympathy were precisely those dedicated to "Appeasement." Unlike Roosevelt, Kennedy was essentially a timorous man, terrified that war might destroy his fortune and bring crashing down the society into which he had climbed. When war did come, he was afraid of what might happen to him in an air raid. Unlike his sons, Kennedy had no heroic streak. The mystery lies rather in why he stayed at his post as long as he did. Kennedy did not resign despite the fact that the President clearly ignored his advice (and bypassed his embassy as he bypassed so many formal channels in his extraordinary habit of making policy by indirection). He did not do so partly because he had some awe of the President and partly because he did not want to appear to be cast into the outer darkness. Roosevelt did not get rid of him for fear that he would make difficulties for Roosevelt at home as the third-term issue became the dominant one in domestic politics.

That Kennedy wished to be President himself was no secret—if not now then later. The same intricate political considerations prevented Kennedy ever wholly aligning himself with the forces opposing the steps by which Roosevelt brought aid to the Allies and was eventually drawn into the conflict. It is only through an angle of vision of this peculiar kind that the ambiguities and hesitations of Roosevelt himself can be fully revealed. Despite the somewhat idiosyncratic work of Mr Maurice Cowling we still await studies of comparable intimacy of the British domestic background of "Appeasement."[5]

TRADITIONAL PRESS
presents
THE GREAT DEBATE SERIES Vol 1
EQUALITY OR INEQUALITY?
by
Raymond de Havilland

Editors of Major Publishing Houses:
". . . interesting in context and format."
". . . I found it interesting, provocative and, above all, a good read."
"It is attractively written . . . ."
"It is an interesting, original piece . . ."

Birmingham Evening Mail:
". . . a debate into the deepest implications of two of the most misused words in the English language."

Read this provocative book and your views on "equality" will never be the same again.
Join in the debate, now!

Available from all good bookshops or send £6.50 plus 50p p & p to: Traditional Press, Room 113, Daimler House, 34 Paradise Street, Birmingham B1 2BJ.

IN WARTIME, the problem of "Appeasement" comes up not only in respect of the terms to be offered to the enemy and his associates but also in respect of relations between allies. Anglo-American relations after the United States entered the War provide many examples of both, some of which are dealt with by Dr Carlton and almost all of which are illuminated in the closely packed pages of Professor Herbert Nicholas' admirably edited selection of the weekly summaries of the Washington scene sent from our Embassy to the Foreign Secretary.[6]

The despatches are, of course, best known by repute, since they offer the origin of the celebrated story that Churchill asked to have Isaiah Berlin invited to lunch at Downing Street and found himself confronted with an understandably perplexed Irving Berlin. For although Sir Isaiah modestly describes himself as only one of the team that provided the Ambassador with the drafts of these summaries, Professor Nicholas points out that they all bear the marks of Sir Isaiah's own distinctive style and personality and are much more than a chronicle of events.

Unlike Professor Nicholas himself, who was at the time in the American section of the British Ministry of Information, Sir Isaiah took up his duties with only a minimum acquaintance with the United States and no formal grounding in American history or politics. The despatches thus have the additional elements of freshness, representing one man's exploration of the tangled administrative and political scene in Washington and of the ways in which it accommodated itself to the demands of war—never "total war" as in Europe, and the methods, often highly idiosyncratic, of a President who varied, as it was said, between allotting four jobs to one man and one job to four men.

American foreign policy was affected both by the continuance of party politics still polarised by the New Deal, and by pressure-groups of a vocational, ethnic, confessional, and ideological kind. It could

[5] Mr Beschloss is less certain of his material when he comes to deal with Kennedy in London. Members of the Foreign Office certainly write minutes but not in "minute books." And the misdating of a printed document by a whole year allows Kennedy to be seen talking to the German Ambassador in London in October *1939*. It may have been a "phoney war" but not to the extent of keeping Hitler's Ambassador around.

[6] *Washington Despatches 1941–1945*. Edited by H. G. NICHOLAS, with an introduction by ISAIAH BERLIN. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also be affected by individual preferences, not least the President's (as the long saga of the Roosevelt-de Gaulle feud makes clear). It was a much more varied scene than that in London at the time; for in Britain there seems to have been relatively little argument over War Aims, coupled with a good deal of criticism of the way in which the War was actually being fought. Yet throughout, the House of Commons could at any moment dislodge Churchill as it had Chamberlain. Roosevelt, was of course, safely ensconced in the White House, but with the inescapable election of 1944 ahead of him. Not least of the interest of these despatches is the light they throw on the run-up to that election and the rise and fall of Wendell Willkie, that forgotten figure who for a brief time seemed to encapsulate the most endearing as well as the most irritating aspects of American idealism.

For the despatches do make clear that idealism was not something that the United States could forgo in a major war. The War began by being unpopular—the course of public attitudes was quite different from that in Britain, where "Appeasement" had been tried and was generally agreed to have failed. The Americans—uncertain of why they were in the War at all, and told by some powerful voices that they should not have been—needed some vision of a better future to reconcile them to it. They were not—except towards the Japanese—assisted in enduring what had to be endured, by hatred of the Enemy. The demands for a "harsh" peace only secured widespread approval after direct perception by Americans of what had been happening in the Nazi concentration camps. As far as the Italians were concerned, the Americans found it hard to believe in them as enemies at all, and the despatches make much of the success of the propagandist efforts of Italo-Americans compared with the poor showing of Polish-Americans when it came to resisting Soviet demands.

The volatility of American feelings was manifest both in the reactions to the ups-and-downs of the War news and in their relations with their Allies. The personal impact made by Churchill—were the laudatory accounts of these visits what first interested the Prime Minister in their author?—helped to balance the deep underlying suspicions of British policy, never wholly silenced. Britain was fighting to retain an Empire, latterly to uphold monarchies in Greece and elsewhere; and at the same time seeking to undercut American commerce abroad in the post-War settlement. All these were commonplaces among most of Roosevelt's supporters. It is not difficult to see why support for "Appeasement" had seemed the safest thing before the War; but the President and his associates at the centre of government managed not to let these feelings, or the anti-British bias of various groups of "hyphenated Americans", make the partnership unworkable.

MUCH MORE REMARKABLE in retrospect is the extent to which most Americans at most levels of government and politics, and in the public at large, were prepared to make allowances for the Russians. Once it had become clear that the Soviet Union would play a massive role in winning the War, it became an axiom that the United States and the Soviet Union would have to get on together afterwards. Nothing much that Stalin did could dispel the belief that this should be possible. New suspicions of the British arose from the belief that they were determined to remodel Europe on "anti-Soviet" lines. In the light of this dissection of American opinion, Roosevelt's own conduct at Teheran becomes much more explicable.

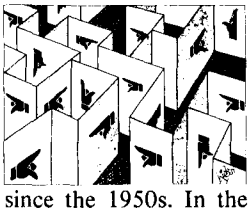
What it also does is to make untenable the view of the so-called "revisionist" school of American historians that the "Cold War" was initiated by the Americans. On the contrary, it becomes clearer than ever that, without any real understanding of the Soviet régime or its ideological foundations, the Americans were ready to go a very long way to "appease" Soviet suspicions of the West. If the Russians had wished for it, the two countries could together have dominated the post-War world; it was their rigidity and intransigence that turned the scales. But by then Sir Isaiah was back in Oxford and this fascinating series of despatches had come to an end.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are the Germans "Collapsing" or "Standing Firm"?

What the Public-Opinion Polls Report on Changing Attitudes

By ELISABETH NOELLE-NEUMANN



NOT FOR THE first time, the people of West Germany are currently resisting a wave of public anti-Americanism. This has been a frequent phenomenon ever since the 1950s. In the early '60s the population still reacted fairly strongly; in the early '70s, with the Viet Nam war and Watergate, very much less so. A campaign in the spring of 1980 made virtually no impression; but now, as I write, we are having a boomerang effect for the first time. An Allensbach poll conducted in late September/early October recorded one of the most pro-American results of the last thirty years, with 56% of those interviewed saying "*I like the Americans*" and 22% "*I don't like them*" **(see Table 1)**.

Probably hardly anyone in West Germany today recalls the mini "anti-American" campaign of spring 1980. It is largely through a coincidence that I remember it myself, since I was a visiting professor in Chicago at the time. One was more aware of the campaign abroad. Not only the German foreign correspondents in the United States but also American friends and colleagues who kept up with the German newspapers and magazines spoke anxiously of the "surge of anti-American feeling" in West Germany. Yet the findings of the opinion polls sent to me from Allensbach showed no evidence of this.

WHEN THE MOOD of a large section of the media and the mood of the population part company, a somewhat complicated situation ensues. One could shake one's head in despair over the inconsistency of people's opinions on the subjects of anti-Americanism and NATO defence. Possibly such inconsistencies are the inevitable outcome when for years the views of journalists have failed to coincide with those of the population as a whole. An initial poll conducted with identical questions among journalists and a cross-section of the population back in 1976 already showed quite different frequency distributions. At that time 40% of the population regarded it as urgent

> "*to strengthen NATO and the West German army in order to stop the Russians gaining an ever-increasing military advantage over the West.*"

Only 15% of journalists considered this urgent.

For anyone interested in the propagation of disinformation on the basis of public-opinion poll results, such a situation offers rich pickings. He can show that the population is absolutely inflexible while at the same time being undecided and highly susceptible to influence. He can present an entire population of doves—or one of hawks. Take, for example, the slogan "*Make peace without arms*" (*Frieden schaffen ohne Waffen*). Initially in March 1981 and then again in July a representative cross-section was asked:

> "*A new slogan that has been heard more often recently is 'Make peace without arms.' What do you think of this slogan?*"

In March (and in July) 80% said they liked the slogan. On a ten-point scale from "like it very much indeed" to "don't like it at all", nearly 40% of the population in March and in July chose the highest possible value, with only between 5 and 6% taking the extreme negative view.

In answer to a subsequent question as to which of 18 ready-made statements suited the slogan "*Make peace without arms*" best, most people (51%) opted for "*If everyone wants it, it can be done*", while 44% considered that "*good sense dictates it*" and 42% called it "*the only responsible*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solution." Less than one-fifth chose to qualify "making peace without arms" as "*idle talk*", "*no way to set about policy-making*", or "*a dangerous simplification*" (each of these three statements being thought suitable by 18%).

However, not only do people applaud this slogan put about by certain sections of the Protestant Church; a majority also supports the doctrine of Deterrence. The following question has been asked five times since the beginning of 1976:

> "*If someone said that an attack from the East could best be prevented by deterrence when the West was itself adequately armed, would you agree with him or not?*"

The last time, in July 1981, more than 50% were still saying "*I agree*" **(Table 2)**.

THIS HELPS TO ACCOUNT for how well the population, normally hostile to such ugly modern contractions, has learnt the four initials NATO and how its reaction to a popularity test conducted in May 1981—"*Does the word NATO have a congenial or uncongenial sound for you?*"—was for 65% to answer "*congenial*" (*sympathisch*) and 17% to answer "*uncongenial*" (*unsympathisch*). Asked "*What do you think personally—should West Germany remain a member of NATO or should she withdraw?*", people replied in May 1981 exactly as they had 12 years earlier (in January 1969): nearly 80% said "*remain in NATO*" against 6% saying "*withdraw*."

A withdrawal of American troops from Europe would be regretted by more West Germans today than between 1969 and 1976. A question on this point—it has been asked eleven times since 1956—runs:

> "*If you read in the paper tomorrow that the Americans were pulling their troops out of Europe, would you welcome that or would you regret it?*"

"*Welcome it*", said 17% this autumn, while three-fifths (59%) said they would regret it.

FOR EIGHT YEARS NOW. Allensbach interviews have asked "a general question concerning German foreign policy":

> "*Should we in future cooperate equally closely with America and Russia or more closely with Russia or more closely with America? What do you think?*"

"*More closely with America*" is what 49% thought in October 1977 and what 50% thought in July 1981, with hardly anyone (2%) saying "*more closely with Russia*." 38% said "*equally closely with America and Russia*" in October 1977; in July 1981, 37%.

These figures give a deceptive impression of stability. In current-affairs questions where people are unable to fall back on their own experiences and attitudes, opinions are moving in a direction critical of America. This can be seen in opinions about Ronald Reagan: in other words, in an area where people are wholly dependent on media coverage.

> "*A question about the American president, Ronald Reagan: Do you think that, on the whole, President Reagan's political line is too hard, too soft, or just right?*"

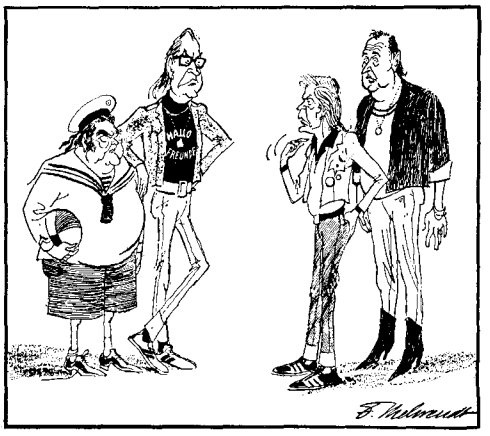
Between spring and autumn 1981 the view that it is "*too hard*" (*zu hart*) spread from 25 to 38%.

A further example is provided by attitudes to the so-called neutron bomb. The first time a question was asked about this in spring 1978 opinions were undecided, with those feeling that "*the West needs the neutron bomb*" (42%) outweighing those who took the opposite view, that "*the neutron bomb is not necessary*" (33%). Now (in the autumn of 1981) the mood of the people has turned quite unambiguously against the neutron bomb. When asked "*Do you or do you not agree with the Americans manufacturing the neutron bomb?*" 26% answered "*agree*" and 54% "*do not agree*" (*nicht einverstanden*).

A question about the climate of opinion, asking for an assessment of the way most people are thinking, produced a similarly unambiguous result.

> "*Disregarding your own opinion for the moment, do you think that most people in West Germany are for or against the Americans building the neutron bomb?*"

To this question 14% replied that they thought "*most people are for it*", while 59% thought "*most people are against it.*"



"But we're all part of the youth movement! . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPINIONS are also in a state of flux with regard to the question of whether the Russians even want to negotiate at all. In January 1980, following the occupation of Afghanistan, belief in the Soviet Union's good intentions reached its lowest point in more than 20 years of observation. "*The Russians sincerely want to negotiate with the West*" was the view of only 16% at that time, while 70% said "*they do not.*" Eighteen months later (in July 1981) the pendulum had swung in the opposite direction and belief in Soviet good will reached a high-point of 36%. Only once in 22 years, namely in 1970, was scepticism regarding Soviet intentions less in evidence than in the summer of the "new Peace Movement" with its 48% (**Table 3**). This swift recovery of belief in the Soviet Union's good intentions is politically important. It is the key to people's fascination with the slogan "*Frieden schaffen ohne Waffen*" and to their favourite reading of that slogan as "If everyone wants it, it can be done."

THE CONTRADICTIONS in people's views—this stability with regard to the basic principles according to which West Germans want to see their Alliance and Defence policies conducted, coupled with highly unstable reactions to current questions—this whole apparently confusing situation simply shows that a fierce struggle for public opinion is going on in West Germany at the moment. We are looking, in fact, at a kind of theatre of war.

It is not a question of liking or not liking the Americans. It has to do with America, certainly, with the "throw-away society", with the rule of the rich, with President Reagan's tough line. But in fact what is at issue is defence readiness on the one hand and, on the other, the hope that a nuclear war in Europe can be averted by adopting an ostentatiously pacific stance. America stands for defence readiness, and "anti-Americanism" is the medium through which the battle for public opinion is being fought in order to create a climate of opinion in which the stationing of modern medium-range missiles will become politically impossible.

OF THOSE WHO LIKE the Americans, 57% approve of the NATO *Doppelbeschluss*, the two-track resolution to make an effort to negotiate with Moscow on reduction in armaments, and failing that to go ahead with a missile programme. Of those who do not like the Americans, only 40% approve; of those who like Americans, 18% are against the NATO two-track resolution; of those who do not like the

TABLE 1

Relationship to America

QUESTION: "Do you in fact like the Americans, or do you not particularly like them?"

	January 1957	April 1961	July 1962	May 1965	January 1967	May 1973	March 1975	August 1979	Sept. 1980	July 1981	Sept. 1981
Like them	37	51	54	58	47	48	42	50	51	45	56
Don't particularly like them	24	16	18	19	24	24	21	23	22	22	18
Undecided	18	17	17	13	16	17	21	17	17	20	17
No opinion	21	16	11	10	13	11	16	10	10	13	9
%	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100

TABLE 2

Deterrence

QUESTION: "If someone said that an attack from the East could best be prevented by deterrence when the West was itself adequately armed, would you agree with him or not?"

	February 1976	January 1978	September 1979	March 1981	July 1981
Agree	58	58	55	50	53
Disagree	23	22	21	25	22
Undecided, no opinion	19	20	24	25	25
%	100	100	100	100	100

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans, 35% are against. To put it another way, a clear majority of those who like the Americans—57% to 18%—agree with the NATO two-track resolution; those who do not like the Americans are split almost down the middle on the question.

The combination of anti-Americanism and opposition to arms increases finds strongest expression in the West German "*Grüne Partei*" (or Green Party). The 8% of the population—approximately 3.7 million people over sixteen—who list the "Greens" as the party most congenial to them (and of whom two-thirds are under thirty) have in the course of events since the adoption of the NATO two-track resolution at the end of 1980 formed a combat force that is mentally speaking as distinct from the rest of the population as are soldiers from civilians.

ONE GENERAL EFFECT of the intricate network of relationships within which the population lives is that sub-groups seldom vary by more than 10 or 15% in their attitudes to particular questions, regardless of whether one looks at age groups or professional groups or the supporters of the three main political parties, CDU/CSU, SPD, and FDP. The "Greens" are quite different: it is not unusual for them to diverge from the rest of the population by as much as 30 or 40%.

"*Amerika*" has a congenial sound to 65% of the adult population of West Germany but to only 25% of the "Greens." "*USA sounds uncongenial*" to only 17% of the population but to 45% of the "Greens." If they read in their newspaper tomorrow that the Americans were withdrawing their troops from Europe, 59% of "Greens" would welcome the fact (population average, 17%).

The NATO resolution on arms increases was rejected by 68% of "Greens" in autumn 1981 but by only 22% of the population as a whole. And while in answer to the question whether they were interested in Arms and Defence policy 56% of the population as a whole said they were "*very*" (*sehr*) or "*quite*" (*etwas*) interested, an interest in Arms and Defence policy was admitted to by 73% of "Greens", which hardly tallies with the gentle image associated with the party's choice of colour.

IN THE TENSE ATMOSPHERE of this debate about West Germany's future, people react sharply to specific cues.

TABLE 3

Willingness to Negotiate

QUESTION: "Do you believe that the Russians are today basically sincere in their desire to negotiate with the West, or do you not believe that?"

	April/May 1959	April 1965	April 1966	March/April 1970	June 1971	July 1974	February 1977	January 1980	July 1981
Do believe it	17	23	26	33	35	29	27	16	36
Don't believe it	57	56	54	46	51	55	60	70	48
No opinion, undecided	26	21	20	21	14	16	13	14	16
%	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100

TABLE 4

Pacifism

QUESTION: "No one knows what will happen, but what do you think? If we are one day faced with the choice of either letting Europe become Soviet or defending ourselves against such a fate by every means, which is more important—to defend democratic freedom, even if it means a nuclear war, or to avoid war at all costs, even if it will mean living under a Communist government?"

	May 1955	July 1960	March/April 1976	February/March 1979	May 1981	July 1981
At all costs avoid nuclear war	36	38	52	52	48	45
Defend democracy	33	30	28	23	27	30
Impossible to say	31	32	20	25	25	25
%	100	100	100	100	100	100

SOURCE: Allensbach Archives, IfD polls 083, 1044, 3027, 3065, 4103, 3098.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*West Germany has in recent months seen an increase in the number of petitions, demonstrations, and other events directed against the East-West arms race. What is your own view? Are you on the whole in favour of demonstrations against the East-West arms race or are you fundamentally against them?*"

Asked this question, 46% of the population answered that they were "*on the whole in favour.*" But when the question indicated that Communist groups took part in the demonstrations, the proportion of those "*on the whole in favour*" fell to 35%. The proportion of CDU/CSU supporters in favour of such demonstrations with Communist participation was only 26%. Of "Greens", however, 95% were in favour.

In a parallel poll the question concerned not demonstrations against "the East-West arms race" but demonstrations against "the stationing of medium-range missiles in West Germany", whereupon the proportion of those "*on the whole in favour*" in a cross-section of that population dropped to 29%. With the additional reference to Communist participation, the figure for CDU/CSU supporters in favour was as low as 15%.

The strength of the "Green" position lies in their exceptional public visibility. In all test questions they outdo the rest of the population in their readiness to come out with their convictions in public, to defend their views openly even among opponents, to wear badges, and to put stickers on their cars. This is true in general, regardless of the subject. It makes them appear numerically stronger than they really are.

NOT THAT supporters of the NATO resolution are backward in coming forward either. This is shown by the so-called "Railway-Compartment Test" (*Eisenbahntest*), which in the context of a poll interview examines people's readiness to bring their views openly to bear in the public, i.e. unprotected, setting of a conversation in a railway compartment among people who share those views with them but also among people who represent the opposing standpoint. The question is worded as follows:

"*Suppose you have a five-hour railway journey in front of you and someone in your compartment starts talking and says the most important thing is finally to call a halt to the arms race and not allow any more nuclear missiles on German soil. Would you want to talk to that person or would you set no great value on doing so?*"

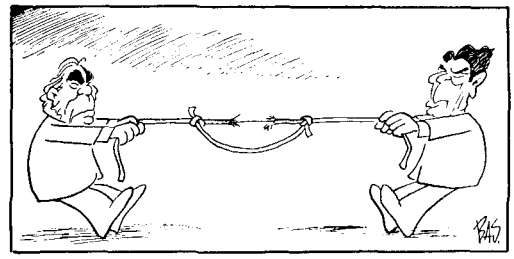
Readiness to participate in this kind of public discussion is equally pronounced among supporters and among opponents of arms increases. This is in itself remarkable, because most people have the impression that opponents of arms increases by the West are in the majority. The stability of supporters of arms increases emerges even more clearly from a comparison of their own defence readiness among persons of like mind and among those who take the opposite view. Those who are against the stationing of modern medium-range missiles in Europe become somewhat less talkative when they feel themselves "among the enemy", as it were; 56% of them feel like speaking up among persons of like mind but only 32% among opponents. In the case of supporters of the stationing of new missiles, however, their preparedness to discuss the subject remains pretty well unaffected, with 49% willing to do so among persons of like mind and 43% among opponents.

These are important symptoms when it comes to assessing the climate of opinion. It does not look as if supporters of the NATO resolution are easily driven on to the defensive, which in turn means that even the more timid among them are not going to be afraid to express their view and thus influence the climate of opinion around them.

ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION of the stability of that part of the population that advocates a convincing defence capability is the sheer length of time for which this discussion has been going on. The almost incomprehensible immobility of the basic positions suggests that no rapid change is to be expected as far as the immediate future is concerned, despite such dramatically shared public experiences as the Protestant *Kirchentag* and the October peace demonstration in Bonn.[1]

At short intervals over a five-month period from the beginning of May to the beginning of October 1981 people were asked this question:

"*For some time now we have had the so-called NATO two-track resolution. In this the NATO countries agree, on the one hand, to counterbalance the Soviet medium-range missiles by themselves stationing appropriate missiles in Central Europe and, on the other hand, to begin disarmament talks with the Soviet Union. Do*



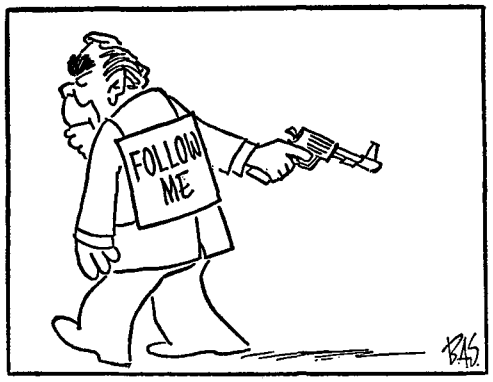
[1] See in ENCOUNTER (January 1982), Horst Krueger, "The Peace Warriors."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you find this two-track resolution on the whole a good thing or not (gut oder nicht gut)?"

At the beginning of May 53% said they found the two-track resolution "*a good thing*" and at the end of September/beginning of October 50%. In the spring 20% said "*not a good thing*", and in the autumn 22%.

Extending our perspective backwards over more than twenty-five years even gives the impression that, rather than a wave of pacifism visiting us now, we had one in the 1970s. The question usually abbreviated as "Better Red than Dead" (*Lieber rot als tot*)—and often quoted abroad, together with its findings, against the West Germans—has since 1955 been worded as follows:



"*No one knows what will happen, but what do you think? If we are one day faced with the choice of either letting Europe become Soviet or defending ourselves against such a fate by every means, which is more important—to defend democratic freedom, even if it means a nuclear war, or to avoid war at all costs, even if it will mean living under a Communist government?*"

The highest level of readiness to forgo defence in the event of war was recorded in 1979, with 52% wanting at all costs to avoid nuclear war and 23% giving priority to the defence of democracy. In 1979 the "*no nuclear war at all costs*" camp was nearly 30% ahead. In July 1981 the gap between the two camps had narrowed to 15%: 45% wanted at all costs to avoid nuclear war, while 30% opted to defend democracy (**Table 4**).

It's no U-turn, but it represents a measurable improvement on the mood of resignation prevalent in 1979.

£5000 REWARD

THE SINCLAIR PRIZE FOR FICTION is an annual award for the best full-length novel with social or political significance. It is worth **£5000 plus** possible publication by the Sinclair Browne Publishing Co.

For rules and entry form write to **Barbara Buckley, NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE, Book House, 45 East Hill, London SW18 2QZ,** enclosing a stamped addressed enevelope.

Final entry date for manuscripts is 30th June 1982.

The sinclair Prize for Fiction 1982

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Waiting for Fortinbras

The Rise & Fall of Scandinavia's "Middle Way"

By DAVID GRESS

IN THE mid-19th century, a famous Danish priest, educator, and folklorist, the colourful Copenhagen figure N. F. S. Grundtvig, proclaimed in one of his many songs the ideal society: one in which "few have too much and fewer too little . . . ." Those words engraved themselves on the Danish mind and became something of a motto for the social-democratic movement as it arose some 30–40 years later. Today, the aim is achieved; yet all is clearly not well in the state of Denmark, or in Norway and Sweden either. Intimations of unease had been registering for some years, heralded by the notorious Danish suicide rate, taken in the 1960s to be a sure sign of the inner disharmonies of an affluent society. By 1981, these intimations had reached gigantic proportions and failed to impress only those who had been conditioned by local ideologies to an enduring worship of "the Scandinavian model." What had happened? More to the point, what did and does the crisis of the welfare state, of Scandinavian social democracy—or of the vaunted "middle way"—portend for the rest of Europe?

Seen from outside, the symptoms fell into two general categories. On the one hand, there were the political and strategic considerations generated by the growing military imbalance in Europe and Soviet efforts to establish and consolidate its superiority—even in the Baltic, the "Sea of Peace"—while trying to uncouple Western Europe from America. Within this framework of Western concern, events in Scandinavia took on a sudden significance around 1978 (and I will return to these). On the other hand, there were all the *internal* problems: the growth of the public sector; the prevalence of a therapeutic and overbearing mentality among the army of "helpers" employed at public expense to make absolutely sure that no one was sick, unhappy or maladjusted; the consequent budgetary problems and the growing tax burden; the rise of a "black" (or "underground") economy; the beginnings of vandalism and violence in the towns; the decline in educational standards; the pervasion (and perversion) of public debate and the main media by an amalgam of what Raymond Aron calls "the Marxist vulgate" and a parochial, unproud, and undignified neo-nationalism. All these trends coalesced into a vague but clearly evident sense of worry and impatience that affected most Scandinavian groups, parties, and organisations.

[1] When I say Scandinavia I refer to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. I shall speak mostly of Denmark in what follows, because of personal experience, but will make reference to events and ideas in Norway and Sweden. The problems of Finland are rather special, and Iceland (pop. 200,000) is too small to merit special attention in this context; by and large its attitudes and developments parallel those in Norway and Denmark.

The Age of Lost Innocence

WHAT IS this Scandinavian model, this "middle way" which progressive American social scientists used to swear by? How much was reality, and how much ideology? Sometime, somewhere, every reader must have encountered a casually dressed and smooth-talking spokesman for official Scandinavia[1] who praised the delights of the Scandinavian system. Perhaps he was exaggerating, but not all that much. The Scandinavian lands *are* good places to live in. In Copenhagen, the only Western city I know where a female can walk most streets safely alone at three in the morning, the police are friendly and courteous; health care is free; and the creakings in the machinery still do not outweigh to any reasonable observer the astonishing social accomplishments. The countryside appears uniformly rich and well-tended. The standard of housing is high; so is the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general level of education. And yet these things have also become part of a myth, a modern Scandinavian saga, which may be why the intrusion of a new reality, of predictable consequences of earlier policies and habits, is so painful. The practical, tentative flexibility of the Scandinavian model became its own absolute ideology; and it has become difficult to live with.

The reforms which created modern Scandinavia were to a large extent carried out under the auspices of Social Democratic parties which were in their local incarnations the outgrowth of peculiarly Scandinavian cultural features. In the period since the major reforms, even those liberal and conservative parties formerly opposed to social democracy have come to accept all the "progressive, forward-looking" ideas as their very own. The "social democratic consensus" was probably nowhere else as effective or as widespread, and it is now almost impossible to distinguish the development of Scandinavian social democracy from the development of modern Scandinavia.

IT ALL TOOK PLACE mainly in the inter-War years, during the great world crisis of the 1930s. But the roots go much further back. By the early 19th century it was already clear that no Scandinavian country was really still able to conduct an active foreign policy. This end to Scandinavian independence was symbolised by the British seizure in 1807 of the Danish fleet, the third largest in Europe, in order to prevent its capture by Napoleon. The angry Danes joined the Continental Blockade—and were rewarded for their loyalty to Napoleon by being deprived of Norway which had been under Danish rule since 1380. Later in the century the issue of nationalism in the German-Danish border area of Slesvig became a problem; progressive democrats among the German-speakers demanded that a revolutionary German government (which was to issue from the uprising of 1848) should end the rule of the Danish absolute monarchy over the province. On that occasion the Danes won, mainly because Prussia at a crucial moment declined to support the rebels; but the problem was not solved, and in 1864 Bismarck sent Prussian and Austrian armies to do what the nationalist-democrat German rebels had failed to do in '48. Slesvig was conquered by Prussia; and Denmark, led to expect Swedish armed assistance and foolishly relying on British guarantees, lost a fifth of the territory that remained to her (in 1658 Sweden had seized the eastern third of the country).

These events made a profound and permanent impression not only in Denmark but throughout Scandinavia. Small countries were at the mercy of their more powerful neighbours. No help could be expected from other powerful states unless some immediate interest was involved. The best and safest course for small countries must therefore be neutrality (armed or unarmed), an unobtrusive posture on the international political stage, and a general concentration of energies on domestic affairs. These lessons were etched in acid on the Scandinavian mind, and (particularly in the Danish case) go far to explain the attitudes and expectations of 1914, 1940 and 1980.

THE LAST DECADES of the 19th century were not, in Scandinavia, years of industrialisation—not yet—but years of popular education, religious revival, and a naturalistic literature. The Danish idealist N. F. S. Grundtvig died in 1872; but his influence continued to grow, especially through the Folk High Schools (*folkehöjskoler*) and his remarkable contributions to the Danish Hymn Book. He incorporated several particularly Nordic characteristics; he believed in "education for life, not for school"; he wanted to build the basis of a true popular culture and break down the German distinction between *bürgerliche Bildung* and *Volkskultur*; and he was a fervent, if by Lutheran standards slightly heterodox, Christian.

The religious revival was perhaps stronger in Norway and Sweden, but even here Grundtvig's opposition to the puritanical and revivalist "Inner Mission" movement gained a great deal of ground among smallholders and small-town craftsmen. Carl Dreyer's film *Ordet—The Word* (1954), from Kaj Munk's drama of the same name—brilliantly captured the social and religious tension between "Grundtvigians" and "Inner-Missioners" during these years.

Literature also became involved in the spirit of progress and change. In 1871 Georg Brandes began his famous lectures at the University of Copenhagen (under the title *Main Currents in 19th-Century Literature*) with the sentence, "The vitality of a literature is demonstrated only if it puts problems under discussion. . . ." The kind of problem he meant dealt not with traditional inner life and feelings, but with social and personal conflicts, morality, sexuality, and psychology. Within a few years, "naturalism" had become the catchword for all that was innovative, daring and radical in Scandinavian culture; and a cultural tradition began which has had at least as much influence as the Social Democratic tradition in politics. The Scandinavian versions of "cultural radicalism" in the 1930s and the 1960s can be understood only in the context of the enduring legacy of Georg Brandes and his circle.

SHORTLY BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, the social democratic tradition in politics began in the cities—although only Copenhagen and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stockholm had either an incipient proletariat or a real *bourgeoisie*—in the towns, and not least among the rural poor, the smallholders and day-labourers whose life is described in the novels of Martin Andersen Nexö (1869–1954). By the 1930s, the Social Democratic parties had established themselves as reformist movements based on strong trade unions and an optimistic view of the future, but always concentrating on popular education and culture. I emphasise this, because nowhere in Scandinavia was to be heard at this time the idea often mooted in Germany or in France: that the workers must create their own, "proletarian" culture and destroy that of the middle classes. The Scandinavian cultural ideas of social democracy were concerned rather with the means of making national culture available to all. In this social democrats were helped by the smallness of their countries, and by the fact that a distinctive *bürgerliche Kultur* never really had existed there as it did in Germany.

The 1930s were the crucial decade. It saw the emergence not only of "the Scandinavian model", but also of the *ideology* of "the middle way." The world crisis was faced in all three countries by concerted action on the part of Social Democratic governments in alliance with the agrarian interest—the two economic poles of the countries coming together to solve problems as best they could. Part of the deal was the introduction of a range of social services unprecedented for industrial democracies. The key figure was the Danish Minister for Social Services, K. K. Steincke, who in 1933 began to reduce and modernise the laws concerning charity and assistance to the needy and to abolish the civil disabilities (such as disenfranchisement) which had previously been the consequence of receiving public aid. Now the only principle governing aid was whether or not the person was himself responsible for his state of need: as most people in the 1930s clearly were needy through no fault of their own, the personal principle was both fair and straightforward. The change in the 1960s and '70s to a purely economic principle of need—and most recently to a principle of arbitrary decision by the Welfare State's Social Worker—is one of the most sinister changes in our social policy and marks the effective abandonment of the historic Steincke reform.

Such a degree of public care for the people's welfare attracted widespread Western attention. Published in 1936, Marquis W. Childs' famous book *The Middle Way* describes only Sweden, but the beliefs and values of both the society and the author were common to all Scandinavia. Remarkably enough, Childs issued a new edition of his book in 1977 in which his admiration was preserved unchanged. Was it still well-founded? Had he failed to see what had happened in the 40 years in between?

Our "cultural radicalism" was common enough throughout Western Europe, and is partly explicable by reference to the rise of dictatorships in Mussolini's Italy, Hitler's Germany, and Franco's Spain. We did have a few declared Communists—mostly among the intellectuals—but the movement of most significance was the so-called "cultural-radical" movement (*de kulturradikale*) which began in Copenhagen in 1935. The cultural-radicals saw themselves as the heirs of Georg Brandes and his naturalists, and claimed merely to be adding a social and political dimension to criticism of the established order. They were, of course, opposed to German National-Socialism; but their most enduring trait has been their blindness to Russian National-Communism. Their lasting influence in Scandinavian culture up through the 1960s and even the '70s has had a disastrous effect on the ability of the New Left and the growing common culture of the media and the universities to distinguish sensibly between freedom and oppressive tyranny in the world.

IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR Denmark surrendered within hours; Norwegian resistance lasted a few weeks; and Sweden remained neutral. Ever since 1940 the official attitude in Denmark has been: "You cannot fight a war on a football field." The neutralism and pacifism of the 1930s was justified, they claim, since (as in 1864) a small country is helpless if big neighbours become angry or aggressive. This neutropacifism was shared by the Social Democratic government, but its most powerful roots lay in the "radical liberal" party, *det Radikale Venstre*, formed in 1905 and led by members of the Copenhagen intelligentsia. Their paper, *Politiken*, founded in 1884 by Georg Brandes and his brother Edvard, is still widely regarded as the organ of the young in mind and spirit, progressive intellectuals, radicals, freethinkers, and cultural *enfants terribles*. As elsewhere in Europe this attitude quickly became both a habit and a tradition, hardening into a conformism worse than that which it replaced. Much of the cultural crisis of the 1970s can be laid at *Politiken*'s door.

However, the most important feature of the radical-liberals was their pacifism. During the 1930s, the Foreign Minister, the radical-liberal P. Munch, an urbane and sophisticated Danish gentleman, tirelessly advocated neutrality and accommodation; and during the first years of the German occupation, his successor Erik Scavenius from the same party became identified with the "collaborationist line." Perhaps most remarkable of all, in my view, is the utter shamelessness with which radical-liberals then and later (except for a few years just after 1945) have defended their neutralist posture. (Today, of course, they have found a new audience for their ideas, to which they

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have added a judicious measure of ecological concern and economic reformism.)

The debate is not quite one-sided. The anti-neutralists recently published a book arguing that the defence of Denmark against the 38,000 invading German troops would have been not only possible but also within the economic means of the government. Denmark's population at the time was about 4½ million (Norway's just under 4 million); and a deterrent army of 100,000 men could have been fielded. To overcome this force Hitler would have needed such an apparatus that the *Wehrmacht* offensive which began on 10 May 1940 would have been seriously delayed. The cost of seizing Denmark and Norway would have been just too high in relation to the possible gains for the Third Reich, and Hitler would have settled for a neutrality where he could have exercised some pressure, perhaps, but far short of military occupation. Such was in fact the hard reasoning of the Swedes, who did "appease" Hitler in the early War years to a considerable extent, but at the same time increased their armed forces and made it unmistakably clear that any occupation would be resisted. This difference in attitudes to defence has remained with us ever since, and today becomes more and more apparent.

DENMARK AND NORWAY joined NATO in 1949, and for a time there was indeed a new spirit abroad in Scandinavia. From about 1950 to 1965 we had the "golden years" of social democratic government. The material standard of life was far less than today, but the psychological standard was arguably far higher. This is not merely an argument from nostalgia, but a recognition that "the middle way" and the social democratic vision of society were best suited to a period of slow but steady economic growth, with expansion of social services, and a massive effort on the part of almost the entire population to "become educated", to "work for the common good", and not indulge in unrealistic expectations. Political radicalism (apart from the special Danish radical-liberal variant) was dead; the Communist vote, high for a time after 1945, plummeted; and in 1960 the Social Democratic leader Viggo Kampmann proclaimed, "It's lovely to be a social democrat. . . ." On the cultural front, there were small and interesting experiments (such as the publication of the literary journal *Heretica* in the 1950s), but few signs of the storms and disruptions to come. Danish academic culture enjoyed prestige abroad in a few scholarly areas (e.g. historical linguistics, neurology, Norse studies). The mechanisation and rationalisation of industrial processes continued, tempered by the fact that the vast majority of Danish industrial enterprises had under twenty employees; and the problems of management and industrial relations were far easier than in a heavily industrialised country. Around 1960, industry finally surpassed agriculture and forestry as Scandinavia's chief foreign-currency earner. All seemed set fair for an indefinite future of "prosperity" and "cultural enrichment."

Intimations of Disharmony

WARNING VOICES had not been lacking. During the immediate post-War years a dramatic debate on "democratic values" raged in Denmark with serious voices—such as that of Vilhelm Grønbech (1873–1948), a famous historian of religion and mythology and an important cultural figure in his own right—questioning the moral basis of mass democracy and its ability to fulfil deeper needs. The experience of German occupation and hopes for a wholly "new beginning" in politics and culture after their expulsion fired a whole range of initiatives and dreams—but they were shattered when the old party system (and the old faces) reinstated themselves with hardly an apology for the national disaster which had just occurred.

Many of the "cultural radicals" of the 1930s were by this time well-established or retired professors of literature (including Elias Bredsdorff, for many years Reader in Danish at Cambridge and a stalwart Communist, now *guru* to the latest manifestations of the old and the new leftism and revolutionary literary criticism). Scandinavia did not have an Arthur Koestler or a George Orwell and no one was intellectually challenged to face the problem of Communist, i.e. "progressive",

Statism

Copenhagen

THE FALL of the socialist Danish Government has focused attention on the difficulties of yet another of Scandinavia's formerly model societies.

Mr Anker Joergensen, the Social Democratic head of a minority left-wing government, was voted out on a proposal for channelling more investment into the languishing private sector. But the roots of the problem lie deeper. The entire balance of the economy is distorted by an overblown public sector; the budget and external current account are in deep deficit; economic expectations have been raised to levels which cannot be satisfied in the present-day world.

One third of the workforce is employed by the public authorities as civil servants, teachers, postmen, and the like. Add in old-age pensioners, the unemployed and others dependent upon transfer payments, and you find that more than half the adult population is kept in one way or another by the state.

FINANCIAL TIMES (*London*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

totalitarianism.[2] The old skeletons were still very much in the closet. The combination in the 1960s of domestic tranquillity, a sense of unease and impending revolt among students and younger writers, the US war in Viet Nam, and the lack of any coherent self-definition by the ruling "social democratic-bourgeois political culture" marked the starting point of renewed radicalism. There were signs of division within the Social Democratic parties themselves. Thus, in 1966, a spokesman for *Socialdemokratisk Samfund* (a political discussion group within the party) argued that now the capitalists had been made to treat the workers well (in their own interest) it was time to look ahead and plan the "total transformation" of work and of society generally. "Lack of socialist principles" in the ruling party was bemoaned, and a call was made for "fundamental" political goals.

Were these "socialist principles" in conflict with the existing "freedom and democracy"? If it meant the extension of political democracy into the social spheres, then we were still within the well-known limits of Bernsteinian revisionism. There was still no sign of the student radicalism which was soon to break out with its denunciations of "bourgeois" freedoms, of Social Democratic "capitulation" to capitalism, or of "structural violence" embedded in peaceful Danish society. But Dr Marcuse was coming.

The breakdown of the Social Democratic consensus was not a product of tension within the movement or of any economic crisis, but was caused by the renewal of a "cultural radicalism" among the Copenhagen intelligentsia and by the emotional effects of May '68 in Paris. And it was accompanied, in bureaucratised society at large, by the relentless growth of the public sector (especially the "social security" establishment).

LET ME SPELL OUT the main trends.

1. The revival of literary and cultural radicalism, and the student leaders' rediscovery of on the one hand Marx and Lenin, and, on the other, of the still-surviving leaders of the movement of the 1930s (who were exempt from the terror directed at almost all members of the liberal academic establishment). A literary radicalism also became the common style of most of the younger writers who emerged in the 1960s in Denmark, such as Klaus Rifbjerg, Anders Bodelsen and Ebbe Reich. Reich is particularly typical of the Danish version of radical chic. He adopted the name Kløvedal, the Danish translation of Rivendell in Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, but seems to have absorbed little of that book's traditionalist, nostalgic message. Instead he combined a vague interest in mysticism and astrology with a rigorous cultural Leninism and Maoism. He established a collective known as "Mao's Retreat" in a fashionable and expensive Copenhagen suburb. Subsequently he took to writing lengthy pseudo-historical novels, which carry the explicit message that Denmark has always been a nation of collectivists and populist radicals, and that the two most serious dangers we faced were "individualism" (incorporated in the bourgeois definition of liberty) and "privatism" (incorporated in the Roman Law idea of property and now threatening to swallow us up in Danish adherence to the European Community).

Ebbe Reich and his two popular fellow authors are published by Gyldendal—Denmark's biggest publisher and comparable in its cultural role to Suhrkamp in Frankfurt, although here there are no "conservative" publishers of equal size to balance the radical and trendy output. Throughout the 1970s this renewed cultural radicalism—with its added flavour of anti-Westernism and anti-Americanism—revolved around Gyldendal's activities. The blindness of its editorial directors to intellectual re-evaluations, to the emerging anti-totalitarianism of the new philosophers in France (influenced by Solzhenitsyn if not Koestler and Orwell) and to the new critics of egalitarianism and collectivism in the USA and Britain, provides one very good reason why our ideological tide has not turned as it has elsewhere in the West.

2. The emergence, in the growing public sector, of the "therapeutic" mentality, and of officials who, treating citizens as immature clients, assumed an omniscient air of authority. This attitude was partly a heritage from Scandinavia's authoritarian past and the traditions of our Prussian bureaucracy in which the civil servants were agents of the King, not of the people. There was in Scandinavia (and particularly in Sweden) no tradition of popular opposition to administrative decisions and practices; and the notion, common in America, of challenging bureaucracy in the courts has only recently become even conceivable in Denmark. In Sweden it is still utterly unheard of, as demonstrated by many of the examples cited by Roland Huntford in *The New Totalitarians*, a trenchant indictment of Swedish society which appeared in 1971 and has been all but ignored in Sweden. However, in the 1960s and '70s the rapid growth in the number of public employees meant that the old bourgeois (and largely conservative) ideals of the bureaucracy were replaced by more radical, "progressive", and even "revolutionary" ideals. The new "enlightened" bureaucrat was the old Prussian official writ large. A new bureaucratic

[2] With the notable exception of the Norwegian poet Arnulf Øverland and, in a different sense, the Social Democrat Haakon Lie (also Norwegian, who during the War was liaison officer to European labour for the AFL-CIO in New York). Lie has recently been the only major figure in the Norwegian Labour party to speak out decisively for NATO and for increased defence spending.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conformism began to appear, most obviously in the educational and social-service sectors, based on a stiff materialistic view of man and society, on belief in the environmental origins of intelligence, culture and habits, and on an unspoken but omnipresent suspicion of the old-fashioned individual.

3. The decline of the Social-Democratic consensus in foreign policy. After Denmark and Norway joined NATO, with Sweden deciding to continue her policy of "armed neutrality and total defence" (even today Sweden can mobilise 800,000 men in 72 hours to repel attack), the pacifism and "defeatism" of the inter-War Social Democrats was exchanged for an explicit commitment to the Western Alliance—a commitment made easier by the new and powerful role played by social-democratic labour parties in Britain, West Germany, and France. By the late 1960s, however, leading Social Democrats (including the Danish Prime Minister, Jens Otto Krag) began to lose sight of the original purposes of NATO, and were as greatly attracted by the promises of *"Détente"* and "peaceful coexistence" as were the leaders of the Social Democratic or Labour parties. In his last period as Premier (1971–72), Krag began to dismantle post-War Danish defence policy, planning a reduction in length of service and in the number of each year's potential conscripts to be actually called up. The result of this non-defence policy, passed in 1973 by Krag's successor Anker Jörgensen (Premier until 1981), has been a drop of about half in the Army's effective strength and a vast increase in the proportion of the budget devoted to pay (now about 40%). By contrast, in Norway service pay is much lower—on a par with West Germany—but far more are called up, so the state of deterrent preparedness in peacetime is far higher.

Krag's defence plans and policies were a symbol not only of the veil which was being drawn over the resistance purposes of NATO and the challenge of Soviet power, but also of the general criticism of the whole idea of a Western Alliance which began to be heard within the Social Democratic party. It grew stronger throughout the 1970s, until by 1981 a good third of all Social Democratic voters believed that the defence budget need not be increased; about a fifth wanted to leave NATO. Almost one half of the party membership believed in 1981 that the USA was "a bigger danger to world peace" than the Soviet Union.

THESE THREE TRENDS each had their own logic and effects, but by the end of the decade they reinforced each other in a way that threatened to bring to an end the Social Democratic consensus which had ruled Scandinavia since the 1930s. Some typical examples of this mutual reinforcement deserve mention.

Educational tolerance, a hallmark of Danish culture over many years, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Danish system compared with that of Sweden, where private schools are barely permitted and various financial measures have been adopted which make it almost impossible for them to continue. A private school in Sweden must now survive for three years before it is eligible for any sort of public support. The result has been the death of all but one or two of the old and famous institutions of the Stockholm middle classes and the almost complete homogenisation of the primary and secondary school system. It is widely recognised that the Swedish school law of 1965, which abandoned the principle of "objective skills" in favour of such ideals as "solidarity . . . collectivity . . . egalitarianism", has been a disaster; but even the so-called Centre-Right parties in Sweden dare not nowadays reject that law or its consequences.

In Denmark, private schools are not only tolerated but encouraged; in fact they can receive 85% of their staff salaries from the state. As a result, one of the happier developments of the 1970s has been a proliferation of small schools, some with fairly radical and even revolutionary goals, and others simply designed to offer an alternative to the big comprehensive schools. One of those founded in the '70s was the "alternative" Folk High School and teacher-training college at Tvind in West Jutland, whose openly declared goal is that of building an "alternative consciousness" within bourgeois society. Tvind is probably best known abroad for its enormous windmill (built largely by the unpaid labour of its pupils); it sends its students off on expeditions to the Third World to carry out various "projects."

These seemingly innocuous, and useful, practices were tolerated with interest by official Denmark, until in 1979 allegations of "brainwashing" (and even "personal torture") began to emerge from Tvind. Members who had "escaped" told horrifying tales of the "destruction of personality", the absolute power of the Group (i.e. of the Leaders of the Group), of deliberate undermining of the pupils' individuality, and of miserable physical conditions in some of the Third-World camps to which they were sent. A document appeared, supposedly stating the principles of Tvind and the rules of adherence, in which the aspirant was told: "You are never right—the group is always right. . . . Don't get involved sexually with other people, sex is a form of bourgeois domination. . . . Belief in friendship and love must be destroyed: you must realise that they represent an unforgivable indulgence in reactionary romanticism. . . . You can have friends to visit, but remember they are not *your* friends, but those of the group", and more in the same vein. The echoes of Nazi and other totalitarian indoctrination practices were frightening.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The image of Tvind as a happy haven for Third-Worlders, long-distance revolutionaries, and idealistic ecologists was rudely shattered. The reality of an ideological empire of total domination, run by a narrow power-clique of dogmatic and skilful indoctrinators, was so alien to normal Danish culture that it has yet to make its full impression. I cite the case of Tvind because it is in many ways typical of the 1970s: the need for a new Master to solve all problems, the belief in the wickedness of bourgeois society and in the new purity to come, the adulation of a third world. Needless to say, the Tvind empire was built and still survives on vast public subsidies; the Social-Democratic government is too weak to acknowledge a mortal threat to the pluralism it used to stand for.

I should add another example: Villy Sörensen's *Revolt from the Centre* (published in Danish in 1978 and in English translation in 1981). Sörensen is a self-styled philosopher and Communist sympathiser; he had as co-authors a left-wing physicist and a former leader of the radical liberal party. The book, an attack on Western industrial society, contained most of the tired clichés of academic radicalism: e.g. the legal system is unfair because it punishes petty theft by a poor charwoman more severely than the "crimes of capital" committed by bankers and corporation directors; we all suffer from induced "over-consumption"; our wealth comes from "exploitation"; we are over-individualistic and have no regard for the collectivity; and we neurotically fear revolutionary new beginnings. What was most strange about this work was that it claimed to oppose Marxism and to be (as its title claimed) a "revolt from the centre"! The centre, in this case, turned out to lie somewhere between Dr Herbert Marcuse and Chairman Mao. The positive recommendations consisted of a call for decentralisation and "de-capitalisation" of the economy, for the abolition of party political democracy and its replacement by "folk-meetings" representing the "actual interests" of the People, and for rejection of traditional law courts in favour of "trial by peer group." It was, alas, all very influential and even critical readers were not heard putting hard questions about the dangers of petty intolerance and totalitarianism in the new system or about the grotesque suspicion of all personal and private efforts, not to mention the putative advantages (and indeed the moral superiority) of "collective forms" of habitation and family life.

Revolt from the Centre would hardly be worth comment, any more than the numerous radical manifestos which littered the universities in the early '70s—except for the astonishing fact that it sold, in Danish, over 110,000 copies. In a population of five million, almost every single household either owned or had heard of the book, or had had it presented to them in Folk High Schools or study groups. It remains the manifesto of a "brave leap" into the future. No matter that it was replete with anti-liberal and anti-Western prejudices, or that elsewhere the international debate on these matters has long since recognised, if grudgingly, the historical and logical connection of democratic capitalism and political liberty, of economic collectivism and political tyranny.

I am afraid that efforts to point out the logical inconsistencies in the book or to raise questions regarding the picture of ideal happiness presented in this vision of a non-capitalist future have to date been met with a mixture of offended silence and angry denunciation.

THE TVIND SCHOOLS, *Revolt from the Centre*, bureaucratic arrogance mixed with revolutionary fervour and collectivist passion—what explains these and other disparate phenomena? Possibly the beginnings of an explanation can be found in Tocqueville's predictions for democratic society, for in few other countries have his expectations been more clearly fulfilled. (Tocqueville has been, by the way, utterly ignored in Scandinavia, and a translation was published for the first time only last year.) Personal loneliness, the pressure to conform, belief in the progressive state and distrust of any entrepreneur with daring ideas in commerce or scholarship—all the Tocquevillean traits are there to excess, summed up and powerfully strengthened by the egalitarian drive of the educational system. This was expressed most concretely in the plan known as *U-90*—for *Uddannelse* (i.e. Education) *1990*—promulgated in 1978 by Denmark's Minister of Education, Ritt Bjerregaard. In this document, the entire life of man was divided into four parts: education, work, social, and personal. The idea of education in the future must be to equip the individual to cope with the other three parts of his life, and above all, to make him as "equal" as possible. Equality-of-result was the stated goal; the idea that objective skills should be taught or that individual differences deserved reward was rejected out of hand. It is true that *U-90* did not become law; but the Ministry of Education remains the haven for former student radicals and egalitarian reformers, and the fact that such a document could be issued as a statement of official policy signals a present danger. A very great number of egalitarian and collectivist ideas have in fact been introduced into Scandinavian society not as a consequence of laws passed by politicians but as a consequence of administrative directives issued by ideologised bureaucrats. (This trend is especially marked in Sweden, where the bureaucrat has always enjoyed greater prestige than the politician.)

WHY WAS Scandinavia especially vulnerable to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tocquevillean deformations of democratic ideals and practices?

There was, first of all, the ancient collectivism of the tribe—partly a myth but sufficiently real to be a formative factor of the national culture in all three countries. Secondly, there was the relative absence of a middle class with cultural standards that might have held trendy amateurism at bay somewhat longer. Thirdly, there was the constant political reminder of the cruel fate of small countries in a hard world.

New Illusions, or a New Realism?

IN 1977 the Council of Ministers of NATO agreed in principle an increase of 3% per annum in real terms for the Defence budgets of its various member countries. By 1978, however, it was already clear that Denmark would not fulfil this obligation, whereas Norway would (and it has to date more or less kept to an absolute increase of that order). The Danish government gave the excuse of economic difficulties, which were genuine enough; but underlying this was evident scepticism as to the justification for such an increase. This scepticism came into the open in December 1979, when the NATO Ministers decided to call for the deployment in 1983 of Pershing II missiles to counter the Soviet *SS-20* medium-range ballistic missiles already in place. Kield Olesen, the Danish Foreign Minister, asked for any decision to be postponed for six months pending negotiations with the Soviets (negotiations had been going on for years without results). And when Ronald Reagan was elected President, Anker Jörgensen, Denmark's Prime Minister, made some rather rude remarks, and his Minister of Labour, Svend Auken, contemptuously referred to "the former third-rate actor" now in charge of the most powerful nation on earth. Most recently, the Foreign Minister deplored the American decision to build missiles and bombers; although he referred to the Soviet build-up his statement was clearly formulated to give the impression of an *equal* danger to world-political stability. The expression "*Denmarkisation*" was invented to denote the situation of a country which does not quite pay its way in the NATO alliance but yet expects full protection. Instead of feeling embarrassed at the mild rebuke, the Danish Foreign Minister promptly began arguing publicly that to view security in East-West terms was an extremely narrow definition—aid to the Third World must also be counted a form of security policy and, after all, on this score Denmark did very well. Curious listeners were not told just how low-interest and other assistance credits to Zimbabwe or to Tanzania would help the Danish army repel Warsaw Pact landings. (I myself once put the question to the Foreign Minister, but to no avail.)

If the attitude of the Social Democratic government of Denmark is ambiguous in its evident suspicion of American motives and apparent lack of concern for the Soviet build-up (not least in the Baltic area), it is still very pro-Western compared to the populistic rhetoric of the "Peace Movement" and its Cooperative Committee for Peace and Security (established in 1974). It was an outgrowth of a Moscow "Peace Conference", and has never denied its roots, but two things at least seem clear. On the one hand, there are a number of members and adherents from the revolutionary movements of the '70s, including the "Copenhagen group of *Revolt from the Centre*", various anti-nuclear groups, and a large number of prominent writers, journalists and other intellectuals, not all of whom are normally regarded as being on the Extreme Left. On the other, there are some obvious examples of Communist or fellow-traveller organisations in the popular front, something which seems to have caused no worry at all. The customary response to the question of whether it is not even a little bit dangerous to collaborate on such an important matter with forces known to oppose political democracy and freedom, is: "We cannot afford these outdated prejudices. . . ."

In general, Defence and Foreign Policy debate in Denmark and Norway is bedevilled by the refusal of those opposed to defence spending—or to NATO altogether—to specify their alternative plans. They reject the idea that anyone is "threatening" Danish or Norwegian security (other than the adventurist Americans); but one of their arguments against increased defence is that it would "provoke" the Russians. Another line of debate is that since war is utterly wrong and resistance to aggression therefore immoral, and since any war today would become a nuclear holocaust in which little Denmark could or should play no part, defence effort is a waste of money which would be better spent on the Third World. Attempts to demonstrate the true deterrent value of a conventional defence in Europe are rejected as naive illusion—mindless support for "warmongering" NATO generals with their delight in "hardware." This line is propounded by Denmark's largest-circulation daily, *Ekstra Bladet*, a Left-populist paper which claims to be on the side of "the little man" against the System, but which calls for a total rejection of anything that smacks of international cooperation or solidarity (NATO, or the EEC, etc.).

The Nordic "Peace Movement" in the two NATO countries is, in my view, unquestionably the most urgent danger to our external security and internal political peace. It has grown up with amazing speed in the last two years, and it has succeeded—because of weakness, or fear, or stupidity or sheer apathy on the part of the governments and their spokesmen—in monopolising "morality" in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussion of security policy. Anyone opposed to the unilateralism of the "Peace Movement" (with its belief that it is America that is threatening peace by provoking the Soviets with huge new armaments) is a warmonger, a McCarthyite, a slavish follower of "the NATO generals." The movement has, apparently, unlimited funds, and though it doubtless receives large subsidies from well-meaning and often wealthy supporters in Denmark and Norway, I am not alone in the belief that much of the money comes from the Soviet Union via various West European channels.[3] The Russians would be delinquent in their Bolshevik duty if they didn't do their damnedest to get support to these groups on the march.

SCANDINAVIA has thus become known in the last couple of years for pacifism, neutralism, "Denmarkisation." Again, Sweden is the odd man out. Though Prime Minister Olof Palme compared Nixon to Hitler (on the occasion of the Christmas bombing of Hanoi in 1972), Sweden has never allowed foreign-policy radicalism to affect domestic defence; and *per capita* contribution to defence ($455 in 1981) is greater than that of any NATO country, including the United States. For Norway, however, pacifism is new.[4]

Apart from defence, the biggest problem facing Scandinavia is undoubtedly the growth of the public sector and the consequences of what I have called the "therapeutic" mentality. In Denmark it was estimated that by 1980 1.9 million persons were receiving some or all of their income from the public sector, either as employees or as beneficiaries of aid. Only 1.7 million were employed full-time in the private sector which provided the revenue to pay for the others. Although there have been shrill complaints of "reductions" and "cutbacks", these have been, up till now, merely a fiction; there has been no reduction in the number of public, state, county, and municipal employees, whose numbers have continued to grow at the rate of 12,000 a year.

Should not even the Social Democrats recognise here a mortal danger to "the Mixed Economy" most of them still believe in? In Denmark at least, the signs so far are few and far between; but they do exist. The Minister for Social Services, Ritt Bjerregaard (sponsor of the egalitarian and collectivist *U-90* educational plan and long known for her uncompromising belief in the need to "transform society" and ultimately "abolish private capitalism"), has admitted the looming collapse of a system which was simply not designed to deal with all the problems it is now expected to solve. For example, the 1976 law on public aid (it replaced a labyrinth of older laws which in turn had obscured the elegant simplicity of Steincke's reform of the 1930s) states that, if a person suffers a sudden drop in income, he or she should not unduly suffer a consequent drop in the standard of living. As a result, large numbers of people—those who have had a drop in income, or whose wives have lost their part-time jobs—have been applying to the social-service officers for help in paying mortgages, electricity or telephone bills, rents, and the like. Many municipalities are being bankrupted while others, with a better tax base, have been paying out heavily. The picture today is complete chaos; a difference of a few hundred yards in your place of residence can mean a difference of thousands of kroner in what you can receive from the local services.

The social worker rules, and it's not OK. Most of them share the "progressive" and semi-Marxist values of the dominant media culture, and are, quite naturally, interested in teaching the "clients" their own beliefs about "the structure of society" and their remedies for its ills. We have been witnessing a consistent and pervasive indoctrination of large numbers of people by means of the social-service bureaux; the client is invariably in a vulnerable and humiliating position because the benefits he receives are dependent on the good will and beliefs of the social worker. There is here a clear and alarming tendency away from equal treatment, the principle fundamental to any rule of law; but so far the power of the large social-service bureaucracy has prevented open and honest discussion of this problem.

A FEW LAST WORDS on the public response to these signs of doubt and crisis.

In Sweden the Social Democrats were turned out of office in 1976 for the first time in 44 years; but the governments since then have done nothing to change the direction of policy inherited from Olof Palme's régime. In fact, more industries are nationalised now than then and the restrictions on private behaviour—on alcohol consumption, for

[3] This belief became certainty when (in November 1981) the Danish government expelled a Soviet diplomat and KGB agent caught channelling funds to the Co-operative Committee and generally seeking to influence Danish opinion-makers. One of these was the writer Arne Herløv Petersen, now charged with espionage. He is the first Western intellectual (this time round) to be accused officially of disinformation and working for the Russians, and his case is therefore of more than local interest. It was ironic—and unfortunate for the Soviets—that these revelations occurred just as a Soviet submarine had run aground in Swedish territorial waters while spying on the naval base at Karlskrona.

[4] A recently published study—John Berg, *Atomstrategi* (Dreyer, Oslo, 1981)—has documented the shocking ignorance and the perversions of fact of the "Peace" advocates, some of them well-known academics and senior civil servants, and also the remarkable decline in the level of debate, far below what they would accept in their own special field of studies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

example—are even greater. The bureaucratic consensus survives.

In Norway, on the other hand, the Conservative victory in September 1981 may herald a real change, away from public-sector growth and the therapeutic mentality. Unlike Sweden and Denmark, Norway has a conservative party which is not afraid of its own principles and values. Clever electoral campaigning and years of preparation made it socially respectable and even desirable to belong to and vote for *Høyre* (the Right) and its leader (the new Premier, Kaare Willoch). It is conceivable that in this one instance a newly elected democratic Scandinavian government may in fact do something to break away from the patterns of the past.[5]

For the crisis of "the middle way" and of the Scandinavian model is a real crisis of economic expectations and performance, of confidence in the "Mixed Economy", of confidence in NATO, in justifications for West European security and in freedom in general. At the moment, the political parties almost without exception—the main exception being Norway's conservatives—are adrift, on a sea they do not know and without reliable pilots or compasses. The Social Democrats, mismanaging a vast public sector by deficit financing, have forgotten their original commitment to the citizen's freedom and to the libertarian West; they remember only the old ideological fear of "the strong individual" and the need for egalitarianism to still all personal grievances. Yet all complaints are not stilled; and our traditional courtesy and tolerance between social groups, political parties, and individuals—for which Scandinavia was justly famous—has declined markedly. A radical intelligentsia has taken over the universities; and, armed with an anti-science bias, it is also threatening to undermine secondary education (pupils are told that to study natural sciences is not only "difficult" but also "a sell-out to the bourgeoisie"). Recently a gathering of female teaching and other personnel of the Danish universities demanded "sexual parity" in all functions, to be achieved by preferential firing of men and hiring of women. One serious complaint against men was that they had a silly idea about "objective knowledge" and a tendency, as scientists, to work much too hard; this was denounced as "unfriendly" and "unfair. . . ."

Our radical intelligentsia has, I feel, also betrayed its own most essential function as critical conscience in its adamant refusal to recognise or discuss Solzhenitsyn, the *nouveaux philosophes*, or any other representative of the new anti-totalitarianism in the Western world. The equation of the "USA" and the "USSR" is still popular even among highly educated Danes. Indeed, polls show that opposition to NATO and distrust of the United States is *highest* among those with a university degree and under 35 (i.e. the future leaders of the country). Much is made of our cherished myth of Danish resistance during the German occupation; but any mention of the fact that occupation by a foreign tyranny is still a threat, and that the next occupation would inevitably be more ruthless than the first, is rejected as alarmist, idiotic, simplistic. Sophisticated political scientists, who are far from being Marxists, will tell you that any idea that one political system is "better" than any other is ridiculous, that the Americans are just as "dominated" by their "system" as the Russians, and that there is nothing really worth fighting for. Genuine debates on foreign policy and the world situation are rare, and these subjects are usually discussed, on TV and radio or in the press, by people who already agree on the basics—usually a distrust of NATO and America and a belief that if *only* we would help the Third World and forget about "outdated confrontations" all would be well. In education there are signs of a resistance to egalitarian conformism and collectivism; but the forces of opposition, I must concede, are scattered and weak, and need time to gather and marshal their arguments.

THE SCANDINAVIAN NATIONS, then, are today in a period of uncertainty and of partly self-caused delusion. The people are discontented and uneasy—not because the economic crisis has really had any serious effects that the "safety nets" cannot take care of—but because they have been told for years by experts, advisers, and professionals that their lives are deeply unhappy, that they are suffering from "false consciousness", and that what is needed is renewal through a general transformation of an otherwise unspecified nature. The popular success of *Revolt from the Centre* showed that people were hungry for ideas and visions, even such paltry ones as were offered in that pathetic book. More serious attempts at a political philosophy which is not totalitarian or anti-humanist (like Per Stig Møller's four books on Marxism, conservatism and democracy) have had little effect. The literary generation of those in their mid-40s, the prominent voices in the arts, uniformly supports the "progressive" and "critical" com-

[5] The Danish elections of December 1981 were inconclusive, and, as I write, no government has yet been formed. The Centre-Right made gains, but not enough to form a majority, although chances are that a government based on these parties will emerge, with partial support from the radical liberals (who were weakened at the election and probably dare not risk causing another).

If a Centre-Right government is formed, then all three major Scandinavian countries will have non-Social-Democratic rule for the first time since 1935. So far, however, only Norway seems to be taking this change of pattern seriously.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monplaces of ten (and fifty) years ago.[6] The signs of genuine new thought and genuine attempts to re-create a democratic (or even a "social-democratic") consensus on a free and individual basis, "uncollectivised", are hard to find.

But enough of mid-winter Nordic gloom and doom. My personal belief is that the signs of authentic renewal are there and are growing. There is a diffuse impatience with bureaucratic arrogance and ideologised radicalism which only needs articulation. (Indeed seems to have found it in Norway, not only in the recent elections, but in the debate growing up around *Kontinent Skandinavia*, an anti-totalitarian quarterly edited by Tore Stubberud.) Even in Sweden, the land where public dissent is rarely expressed and usually sublimated, there is a dissident movement for "humanistic education" including such unlikely supporters as Jan Myrdal (the Maoist son of Gunnar Myrdal). In Denmark, where political ideologies are never taken too seriously, a rough realisation that "enough is enough" is spreading: the public sector must be cut; a new compromise or social contract must be found among the various social and political interests; cultural and educational standards must not be levelled and down-graded (especially in a country that relies on the intelligence and inventiveness of its inhabitants in lieu of any natural resources).

Scandinavia seems to be waiting for Fortinbras . . . its ideals spent and forgotten, old certainties gone. There is no comfort in the past, and the modern ideologies have become (in Orwell's phrase) "smelly little orthodoxies." Will Fortinbras arrive—will the people accept an historic submission to totalitarian domination from without, from within? I continue to doubt it. Sometimes I have difficulty finding reasons for my doubts.

[6] One notable exception is Henrik Stangerup, whose vivid novel *The Man Who Would Be Guilty* (Marion Boyars, 1981) can be read as an ironic—and, alas, prophetic—commentary to the Scandinavian *malaise* I have been describing.

Mrs Kirby

A Protestant lived in our house.
We rented the place downstairs,
She had a room on top.
I knew she was different

Because people said she was a Protestant
As if she had measles
Or came from the North Pole.
Once when we giggled in church

The woman behind said
That I was as bad as a Protestant.
On Christmas Day when I was six
A game of rings

And a huge bar of Bournville chocolate—
I remember that because it tasted
Different from a sixpenny Cadbury's—
Were slipped under our door.

My mother said that they came from Mrs Kirby.
At last I knew what a Protestant was
Though I had always thought
That Father Christmas was one of us.

Tim Cunningham

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Prague & Warsaw

THERE IS MUCH to be said in favour of Ota Filip's comparison between the Prague Spring of 1968 and the Polish Summer of 1980/81. (ENCOUNTER, November). Quoting Goethe I am inclined to exclaim "*Wie anders wirkt dies Zeichen auf mich ein!*" (How different is my impression . . .) Right from the beginning, all laudable endeavours in Czechoslovakia to build a better future were hampered by the fact that the men in power, the leading Reform-Communists, were both unable and unwilling to make a clean break with a shameful past. Even the "Action Programme" of April 1968, the most liberal document ever to be published by a Communist Party, insisted, though in a watered-down form, on the "leading role" of that party.

But Filip paints a wrong picture by minimising the Prague Spring as a mere "struggle for power between young Party members against the decrepit old Stalinists." There were two factors which alone made the changes of 1968—with all their limitations—possible. The first one—and it is amazing that Filip who is a writer and not a politician is silent about it—was the magnificent fight of the Czech writers against the Stalinist leadership, culminating in their defiant Congress of June 1967 and vividly described in Dušan Hamšik's *Writers against Rulers* (London, 1971). Some of them had been Communists before; but some of them, like Kundera and Havel, had never even formally joined the party. It seems unjust to me not to mention this fact.

Furthermore, Filip is wrong in stating that all that happened in the trade-union field was that the existing "trade-union organisation" was "allowed to introduce some small first measures of democratisation within the factories, but the leadership . . . remained safely in the hands of tough old Party loyalists." The story is unknown in the West because nobody cared to describe a rather involved development; but the facts are that the allegedly inactive Czech workers (Slovakia is a case for itself) purged in the first months of 1968 the so-called "Unified trade-union movement" (not deserving that name before 1968 and after 1969), threw out the discredited leadership and insisted on a resolute change of direction. Long after the Soviet occupation, the thus purified organisation arranged a congress in March 1969, adopting a programme which included the demand for the right to strike. True, they had no Lech Walesa in their ranks. Some of the new leaders had a more or less dubious past, but by no means all of them. They all were forced to disappear from the scene again, when "normalisation" was introduced. Since then, the Czech workers are inactive to a degree which drives the leading dissidents to desperation.

The attempt of some courageous old Czech Social Democrats in 1968 to rebuild their party, suppressed in 1948, brought them (although they had only a P.O. box as address) within two weeks 200,000 applications for membership from all parts of the country. This greatly embarrassed the Dubček leadership, which neither dared to say No to the Social Democrats nor to give them the green light. I have not heard so far of any attempt to renew in Poland the glorious tradition of the Polish Socialist Party (PPS), brutally suppresssed by Gomulka in 1948.

J. W. BRUEGEL

London

"Candu"

IN THE ARTICLE by Mr Norman Moss "Has Non-Proliferation a Chance?" (ENCOUNTER November) he makes reference to Canada as a supplier of uranium, but not as a supplier of nuclear technology. This is the more curious in that the Canadian technology used in the CANDU reactor has specific application to two of the points he notes as problems.

Unlike most reactors, the CANDU does not require enriched uranium as fuel. It uses natural uranium, which is fairly plentiful in nature, and can even be extracted from seawater if necessary. Thus, it frees the reactor-owner from the strictures of such countries as the United States and the USSR, which are the major sources of enriched uranium. Further, the waste from the CANDU reactor cannot as easily be used for making nuclear weapons as the waste from American light-water reactors. However, the Science Council of Canada (of which I was the former secretary) drew attention some two years ago to the fact that it seems likely that CANDU waste can be recycled with thorium. Should this turn out to be feasible on an industrial scale, it would to some extent make breeder reactors less attractive.

LESLIE MILLIN

Vancouver

I DID NOT give space to Canada's role as supplier of nuclear technology in my brief survey because, apart from the gift of a reactor to India, it has not been important. Perhaps it should have been: a House of Commons Select Committee said the CEGB should have looked more closely at the CANDU reactor.

It is true that the CANDU produces less plutonium than light-water reactors, but it is more dangerous from a weapons proliferation point of view in other respects. As Mr Millin says, the user is less susceptible to pressure from the suppliers of enrichment services and therefore more free to use the reactor for any purpose he wants. (He is not entirely independent of outside suppliers unless he has a domestic uranium mine, however; nobody has extracted usable quantities of uranium from seawater.) The fact that fuel rods can be removed while it is operating complicates inspection.

NORMAN MOSS

London

The Irish Debate

EDWARD PEARCE (ENCOUNTER, August) says that world opinion is blinkered to the excellence of the "astonishing" British Army in Northern Ireland and suggests that the world should give the British forces "a prize for peace."

He says that the IRA is "a fascist organisation" with-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out analysing what that much abused epithet means in the Irish context. He never mentions the para-military UVF which has not yet been proscribed by a British government supposedly doing its "brave best" to keep separate the internecine "tribes" of Ireland. His "peaceful, cleansing, beneficent and endlessly frustrated" army murdered eleven people in Londonderry in 1972, many of whom were shot in the back. Little is known of the savage underground war conducted by the SAS in their cross-border raids. All lurid examples of IRA atrocities have to be balanced by examples of outrage on the "other" side.

There is no attempt to examine the resurgence of IRA violence or to find a peaceful solution. Nothing is said of the serious abuses of power exercised by the Stormont régime prior to the outbreak of troubles: nothing on plural voting, discrimination against Catholics in jobs and housing which did so much to create the "tribal" belligerent mentality. Mr Pearce also declaims against the "soiled politics" of the Haughey government but says nothing of the infinitely more sordid British creation of the gerrymandering Ulster state in 1921 and, perhaps more damning, the blind eye turned by every British government since then to the institutionalised discrimination within the Ulster state. The trouble with people like Mr Pearce is that they condemn the Republicans for remembering too much, too vicariously. The real problem is their convenient amnesia. There has been no gain made by Republicans throughout history from a persistently obstructionist British Parliament except when it had been preceded by violence. Britain is now doing penance for its legacy of historical sins in Ireland. It is only when Britain is historically forgetful that they can deride the symptoms of the Irish curse and deny that there is a solution to it.

Therefore, we cannot speak of IRA atrocity without British Army atrocity, hunger-strikers without "Diplock" courts, "feuding tribes" without a history of persecution, a divided Irish island on grounds of religion and heritage, and a unified British island on the same grounds. In the Republican vision of things, which is understandable to understanding men, the British army conjures up atavistic hatreds of occupation, Auxiliaries, torture and outrage. So if the only possible policy for Northern Ireland is "the keeping of the Queen's Peace by the Army . . ." then we are inviting more years of fruitless deadlock in which a full-scale war would be the only outcome. The age-old British policy of muddling through to the next débâcle with manufactured, unworkable compromises has been seen to be both useless and tragic in the last twelve years. Some moves must be made to unify Ireland while simultaneously safeguarding the heritage, culture and political persuasion of the "tribes" occupying the Irish island.

Impasse and social atrophy thrive upon Mr Pearce's anti-idealistic plans; the idea that everyone will grow tired of struggling for a united island because the security forces can and will eradicate terror and that everyone must break out of the prison of history because it is foolish is the British attitude towards Ireland throughout the ages in microcosm. Unfortunately for Britain, Irish memory and conviction are stronger than deterrorisation, and whenever complacency and forgetfulness return as British standards, then the IRA will jar the ex-colonial power back to life, brutally.

CHARLES J. DOYLE

Paris

AS FOR MR DOYLE, the fascism of uniformed masked men under paramilitary discipline does not require analysis, merely eyes. He lists the wrongs of Stormont and forgets Conor Cruise O'Brien's just observation that these did not justify the breaking of a single leg, let alone a death. He speaks with approval of the IRA's ability to "jar the ex-colonial power back to life, brutally", and talks of my "anti-idealistic plans." How right he is. What Ulster and the Republic need supremely is a period of benign disbelief . . . that, and the mentality of adults.

EDWARD PEARCE

London

F.D.R., "Only Child"?

TO MY SURPRISE Mr Averell Harriman makes the following remark in his interview with George Urban [ENCOUNTER, November 1981]: "I knew Roosevelt pretty well. His brother was in my class at school. . . ." I think I have consulted most biographers of F.D.R. but no one mentions the fact that he had a brother (there was, of course, a half-brother, much older than F.D.R.). I would be happy to know which Roosevelt it was Mr Harriman went to school with, if only because this revelation ruins all explanations of Roosevelt's character based on his being the only child of Sara and James.

A. LAMMERS

Koudekerk Aan Den Rijn
The Netherlands

Urban's "Horizon"

THE LATEST OF George Urban's brilliant series of interviews, that with Averell Harriman in your issue of November, contains a couple of points that should perhaps not have been let pass by one or other interlocutor. (Incidentally, the article might also have mentioned that Harriman was actually US Ambassador to the Soviet Union, from 1943–6.) Harriman is quoted as saying:

> "If we had refused to evacuate the Soviet Zone [of Germany, in 1945] the Soviets would most probably have retaliated in Austria by refusing to withdraw from *our* zone of occupation there, in which case Austria would be a Soviet satellite today."

In fact, the only portion of the agreed Western zones in Austria—apart from our sectors of Vienna—that the Russians occupied militarily at the end of the war was the (British) province of Styria: and, by contrast, that part of Upper Austria, north of the Danube, which had been allocated to them was initially occupied by US forces. A reciprocal hand-over duly took place later in the year.

As to Soviet policy for Austria, I have no wish to repeat arguments I have developed elsewhere (e.g. in the July 1981 journal of the British International Studies Association). But briefly, it became evident from the outset that this was not only to treat Austria as a separate case from Germany but also to reject as impracticable any division of the country on German lines—let alone any attempt to take over the whole of it, which would have brought armed conflict with the West.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vintage Words

London

THE ENGLISH *language is there to be complained of. When we bother to stop and think about the stuff we use to talk and write with, it is usually because we are irritated.*

Some clod has been misusing the notorious adverb "hopefully"; *a split infinitive has been sighted; or somebody has been described as* "disinterested" *when what was clearly intended was* "uninterested."

You then have an argument between the "Fowler's English Usage" supporters and the Humpty Dumpty theory of language: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less." The argument is a drawn match, inevitably futile, since neither side can prove the other is wrong.

IT IS MORE FUN *to watch from the pavilion and observe, without taking sides, the changing styles of play. And increasingly what seems to be the dominant reason for changes in language is the fear of being laughed at.*

Perhaps that is nothing new. It was the reason, I suppose, why privy was changed to water-closet and water-closet to w.c. and w.c. to lavatory and lavatory to toilet (I'm not sure I have got the order quite right): one didn't wish to be thought crude, but inevitably each euphemism became tarnished by association with the natural functions. At Winchester College, that most refined of academies, I believe they call it the "topos", *Greek for the "place."*

IT SIMPLY SEEMS *to be less embarrassing to say "I'm in refuse disposal" rather than "I'm a dustman." At the other end of the scale, there is the inverted snobbery of saying "I bash bits of metal for a living", rather than "I'm a steel extrusions executive"; or "I'm an old hack for my sins," rather than "I'm an editorial executive with the Standard."*

In all such cases, we only wish to avoid being thought ill of, either as being too common or too pompous.

EVEN WINE CATALOGUES *have been afflicted by the fear of mockery. You used to be able to wallow in prose of the most unashamedly juicy purple:*

> *"This impudent young demoiselle pouts her rosy lips at you and whispers of the enchantments hidden in the bosky gorges of the pouffeuse. Château Soupçon is not so much a wine, more a dangerous rendevous."*

Wine prose has unfortunately never fully recovered from the shock administered by the immortal Thurber cartoon of the host saying to his guests:

> *"It's a naive domestic Burgundy without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption."*

Now I notice, a newer, sterner style of winemanship is employed. The writer talks of wines in the tones of an old-fashioned headmaster reviewing the term's exam results.

THE LATEST CATALOGUE *from the Wine Society constantly speaks of wines as possessing "length" and "backbone." The 1979 clarets are said "to show signs of greater character than was at first apparent", rather as though an inky little squirt had surprisingly matured into promising prefect material. It is a matter of time before we are told that last year's Burgundies "lack moral fibre."*

Better still apparently, "the '79s are more complex than the succeeding year." The '80s class, one fears, may not be up to their O-levels. The most outstanding wine of the 1978 vintage is said to be the "Château Léoville-Las-cases, *a St Julien 2nd growth which no serious cellar should be without."*

At a mere £105.48 per dozen, can you afford not to buy a case? Would you really like it to be known that you keep a shallow, frivolous cellar?

IN THE CASE *of* A Guide to Etiquette and Modern Manners *(Debretts), the primary object of not being laughed at is obvious. And yet it is remarkable how more elevated reasons continue to be given for bringing out such guides.*

In his preface, Sir Iain Moncreiffe of That Ilk says that "manners' object is to put everybody at their ease, whatever their age or rank." We are enjoined to remember the words of Cardinal Newman that "it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain."

Alas, the world is not such a kindly place, and the original version of that saying was "a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain without meaning to." And the effect, if not the intention of all such rules of behaviour is to distinguish between those who know the correct way to eat peas and those who don't, thus adding to and not subtracting from the general store of unease.

IS IT A QUESTION *of acting natural to follow the Guide's firm instruction to bring in the dessert knife and fork on the dessert plate with the finger bowl? As far as naturalness goes, would you not put your guests more at their ease by sticking your dessert cutlery behind your ear?*

"Candles", we are told "are indispensible" (though correct spelling, it seems, is not) "both for setting the mood and making the table—and the people round it—look their best." The rule for hostesses is "the shorter the candlestick, the taller the candle"—not, as some may have thought "the taller the candle, the shorter the hostess."

And I am sure you are already aware that "a conversational gambit which is always taboo is malicious, ill-natured or ill-worded gossip about someone who is not present." Such advice is, of course, strictly followed in all the best houses.

Ferdinand Mount

in THE STANDARD (*London*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In other words, however parlous the situation may have seemed at times, there was no real basis for Austria becoming a Soviet satellite.

I feel, however, that Harriman was right in playing down the practical importance of the "percentage" agreement between Churchill and Stalin in Moscow in 1944: and that Urban himself when quoting from Churchill's own memoirs, might have included such passages as:

> "We were only dealing with immediate wartime arrangements. All larger questions were reserved on both sides for what we then hoped would be the peace table . . . ." [and] "it is not intended to be more than a guide . . . nor does it attempt to set up a rigid system of spheres of interest."

In any case, the determining factor in the eventual absorption behind the Curtain of the three countries in question—Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria—was not this (or any other) scrap of paper, but the brute fact of occupation by the Red Army.

MICHAEL CULLIS

Bushey Heath
Hertfordshire

French Definition

ON "DÉTENTE" Mr Hugh Ragsdale (ENCOUNTER, September) should also have consulted a good French dictionary.

PETIT LAROUSSE (1960)

***"Détente** n. f. Pièce du mécanisme d'une arme à feu, en agissant sur la gâchette, permet de faire partir le coup.— Diminution brusque de la pression d'un gaz par augmentation de son volume.—*
FIG. Distraction, repos: 'ces enfants ont besoin de détente'.—Diminution de la Tension entre Etats.
FAM. "Etre dur à la détente", ne donner de l'argent qu'avec peine."

"Détente": a Semantic Post-Mortem?

A. J. SALINGER-HORST

The Hague
Netherlands

ENCOUNTER acknowledges financial assistance from, among other generous donors, the Arts Council of Great Britain.

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS
Leading academics

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS
Experienced honours graduates

TRANSLATORS
Qualified, most European languages

ARCHIVISTS
Editing and indexing by word processor

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
25 Woodhayes Road, London SW19
Phone 01-947 5614

AUTHORS

Clive Sinclair's collection of short stories, *Hearts of Gold* (1979), will appear in a Penguin edition in April, to coincide with the publication by Allison & Busby of his latest volume, *Bedbugs* (the title story was included in the November 1979 issue of ENCOUNTER).

Julian Lewis, who took a doctorate in Strategic Studies at Oxford University in 1981, is a consultant on international affairs. In 1976–78, with a fellow undergraduate, he organised a campaign against Trotskyite infiltration of the Labour Party.

Theodore Draper is a Fellow of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton University. He is the author of a history of American Communism (2 vols., 1957, 1960), and of works on Cuba (1962, 1965), on US policy in Viet Nam (*Abuse of Power*, 1967), and on *Israel & World Politics* (1968); he is working on a two-volume study of America and World Power. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Intellectuals in Politics" (December 1977) and "The Idea of the 'Cold War' & Its Prophets" (February 1979).

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

David Mata is a French writer who contributes regularly to *Contrepoint* in Paris, where his article first appeared.

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph* in London.

François Fejtö is Paris correspondent for *Il Giornale Nuovo*. He is the author of *The French Communist Party* (M.I.T. Press, 1967) and *History of the People's Democracies* (Penguin edition, 1974).

Indro Montanelli, an Italian historian and journalist, is editor-in-chief of *Il Giornale Nuovo* in Milan.

Maria Couto was born in Goa. She has taught English literature at the University of Delhi, and is currently living in London, writing a book about Graham Greene.

Anthony Bailey's most recent book, *America Lost and Found* (Faber, 1981), described his experiences as a British evacuee in the States during the Second World War. A collection of his *New Yorker* essays, *Acts of Union: Reports on Ireland 1973–79*, was published by Faber in 1980.

Max Beloff was until his recent retirement Principal of the University College at Buckingham; he became a Life Peer in 1981. His most recent book (as co-author) is *The Government of the United Kingdom* (Weidenfeld, 1980).

Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann is Director of one of Germany's leading public-opinion-poll research organisations, the Institut für Demoskopie in Allensbach. She is a Professor in the School of Journalism at the University of Mainz.

David Gress, a young Danish publicist and historian, is co-editor of *Indblik*, a Danish weekly newspaper which begins publication in April. He read Classics and History at Cambridge and at Bryn Mawr College. His interest in political philosophy resulted in a book on the subject, which was published in Denmark in 1978; he is now completing an introductory study of the modern European state.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life & Letters Today

Brighton

BROTHERLY CHARM: **Having given Denis Healey a victory that looked like a defeat and Tony Benn a defeat that looked like a victory, the Labour Conference yesterday returned to the business of planning its idealistic brave new world [Andrew Alexander writes].**

The Conference Centre echoed to phrases like "crush", "pull down", "smash," "topple," "eliminate," "mobilise,"—all those charming terms which seem to come so easily to those preaching the brotherhood of man.

DAILY MAIL

London

IRONICS: *Much of my time [Bernard Levin writes] is spent trying to dispel the belief that my words mean the exact opposite of what they say, such an assurance being necessary in view of the apparently unshakable determination among many readers to misunderstand them.*

As for trying to be funny—well, long ago the late Tom Driberg proposed that typographers should design a new face, which would slope the opposite way from italics, and would be called "ironics". In this type-face jokes would be set, and no one would have any excuse for failing to see them. Until this happy development takes place, I am left with the only really useful thing journalism has taught me: that there is no joke so obvious that some bloody fool won't miss the point.

THE TIMES

Madrid

PEACE: **On Armistice Day yesterday, Denmark signed a peace treaty with Huescar, a small mountain town near Granada. The treaty was signed by the Danish Ambassador, Mr Mogens Wandel-Petersen, and the Mayor of Huescar, Mr Jose Pablo Serrano. It ended a 171-year war during which no one died in combat.**

THE GUARDIAN

READERSHIP: *Some years ago we engaged a famous firm of management consultants to do a survey of our organ and its procedures. They carried out a market survey among a carefully selected sample of* Times *readers to discover which parts of the paper they read [Philip Howard writes].*

It is an office legend that one section of the paper (wild Shetland ponies will not drag which one out of me) attracted a **nil** *return, with no reader admitting ever to have looked at it. But it is true that one reader indicated on his questionnaire that he never read* **any** *of the paper. Presumably he bought it to carry under his arm as insignia, a sort of Field Marshal's baton for Top People.*

THE TIMES

New York

OLA KALA: *The discussion about the origin of the affirmative expression O.K. is getting out of hand. The letters O.K. derive from the Greek words* **ola kala**, *which mean all is fine or everything is good. The initials, which were used by early Greek sailors, were soon picked up by many foreign navigators and became international.*

TIME MAGAZINE

London

RIOTS: *I am astonished by the statement of the former Dachau prisoner, Miss Mirian Rosenthal, that the police in Moss Side, Manchester, are "as bad as the Gestapo and SS." I speak as a former Auschwitz prisoner, writes Josef Garlinski.*

Of course when Miss Rosenthal was in Dachau, she paraded there with a dog wearing a coat with the slogan: **"Stop SS harassment! Drop all charges, Fight for freedom and human rights."** *And naturally after this kind of demonstration she had an interview with the German press.*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Paris

EUROPE TODAY: *"Nothing less than a disaster" is what an official French cultural report calls the teaching of foreign languages in France today. Professor Pierre Bertaux summed up his conclusions to the French Ministry of Education by noting that some 90% of French pupils and students after seven years of instruction were incapable of reading a newspaper article in the taught language or to have a simple conversation with a young person of their own age coming from abroad.*

DIE WELT

London

IN & OUT: **In Weekend TV the producer of "Brideshead Revisited", is reported as saying (of the ascription to the Bishop of London of jurisdiction over the Roman Catholic chapel at Brideshead): "If that was wrong, Waugh was wrong."**

In fact, the fault was not Waugh's. In the broadcast, Lord Brideshead said: "Did I tell you I'd seen the Bishop OF London? . . . He wants to close the chapel." But Waugh had written: "I saw the Bishop IN London last week. . . ."

It was the accidental substitution of "*of*" for "*in*" that gave rise to the ecclesiastical blunder.

THE STANDARD

GODAWFUL: *The Independent Broadcasting Authority has just vetoed a proposed title for London Weekend's new Friday night current affairs show. To catch the weekend mood, LWT planned to call it* "Thank God, It's Friday." *But the IBA has ruled that titles with the word* "God" *in them can only be used for religious programmes.*

THE LISTENER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Splendid Documentary History of the "Other" Founding Fathers

The Complete Anti-Federalist

Edited by **Herbert J. Storing**
with the assistance of Murray Dry

The Anti-Federalists, in Storing's view, are entitled to be considered among the Founding Fathers for it was largely due to their efforts that the Constitution was so quickly amended to include a bill of rights. This unprecedented collection of documents should restore them to their proper place in history.

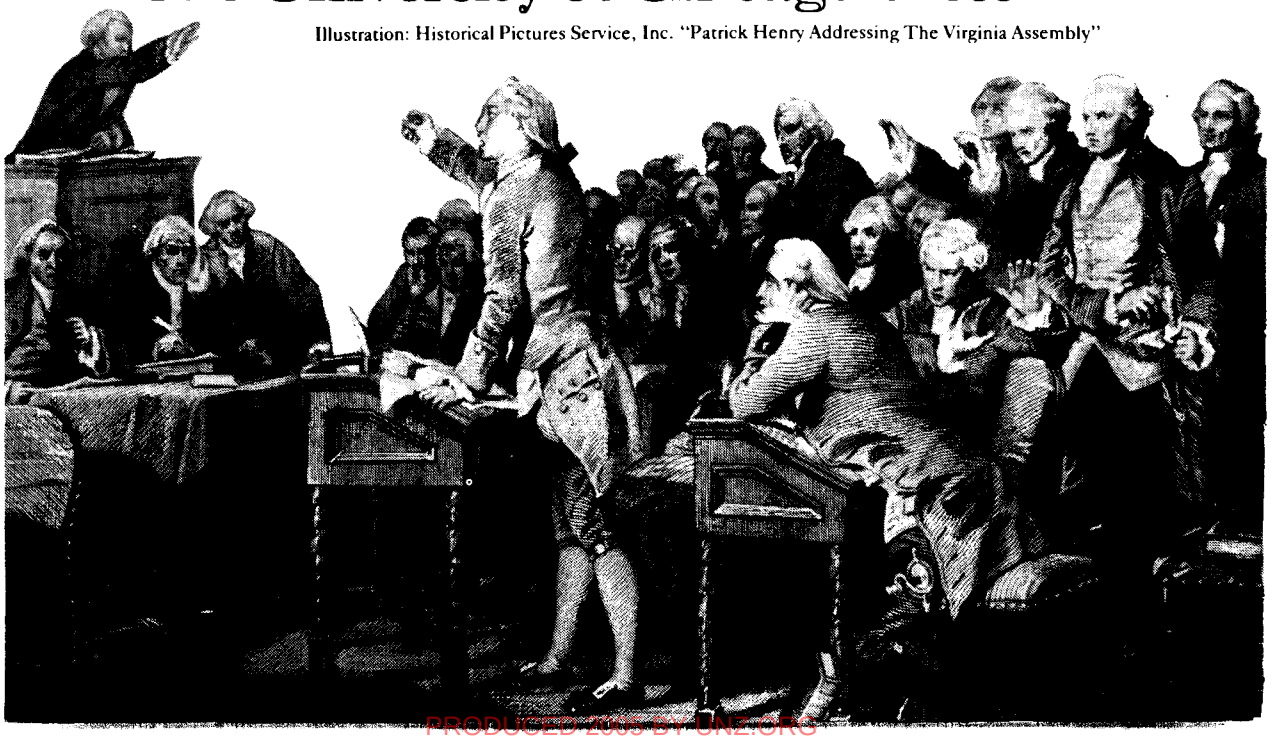
Here are pamphlets, newspaper letters and articles, essays, speeches, and manuscript notes laying forth the arguments of the Anti-Federalists. About two-thirds of the items have never been reprinted since their original publication in 1787 and 1788. None are available in any other book except in abridged form.

Although there was no single Anti-Federalist position, their central concern is perhaps best expressed by Patrick Henry: "The first thing I have at heart is American Liberty; the second thing is American union." Many of the anxieties voiced by the Anti-Federalists have a decidedly topical ring. They worried about the expense of big government, taxation, the growth of power and influence in Washington, dishonest politicians, military spending. The sense of urgency with which these mainly ordinary people sought to help shape the future of their country is preserved, undiminished, in this monumental work.

7-volume set. 1,856 pages. £122.50
Volume 1 "What the Anti-Federalists Were *For*," a brilliant exposition by Storing of the thought, principles, and arguments of the Anti-Federalists as they were understood in their own time, is available as a separate paperback. £3.50

The University of Chicago Press

Illustration: Historical Pictures Service, Inc. "Patrick Henry Addressing The Virginia Assembly"



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED